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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

A Girl Must Wait A SHORT STORY BY **Ernes**

JUNE E THOMPSON
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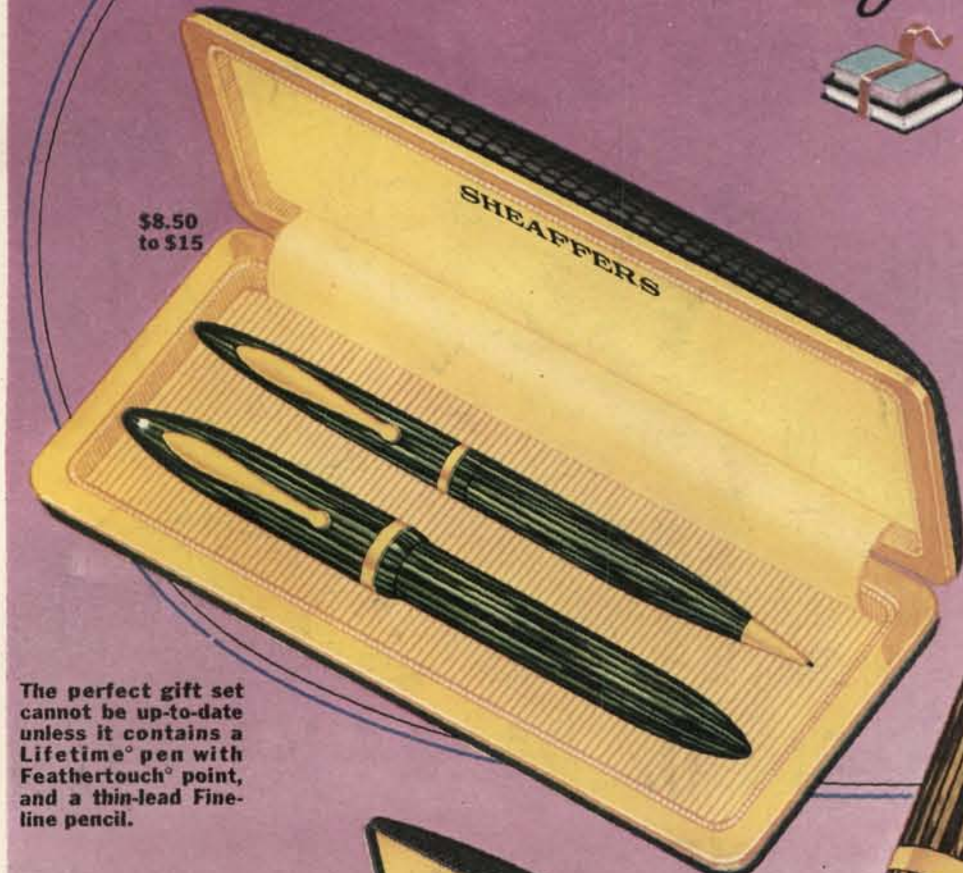
SEPT. 2, 1939

SHEAFFER'S
LIFETIME°
IDENTIFIED BY THE WHITE DOT

SHEAFFER EQUIPS THEM
for School, Career and Life

PENCILS FROM $1—PENS FROM $2.75
ENSEMBLES FROM $3.95

Writing is the most important single activity in school—writing in class to get an education—and then writing the results throughout life. Therefore it is a sorry mistake to equip students with any but the finest writing instruments. Sheaffer's Lifetime° is the finest, is America's greatest value; you can have Sheaffer pens at $2.75 up; pencils, $1 up. Unfailing performance is insured by Sheaffer's Flo-rite feed, and by the 2-way-writing Feathertouch° point that has platinum in the channel. And be sure you get the thin-lead Fineline pencil. It makes neater papers, helps get better marks!



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The perfect gift set cannot be up-to-date unless it contains a Lifetime° pen with Feathertouch° point, and a thin-lead Fineline pencil.

←THERE IS ONLY ONE LIFETIME° PEN IDENTIFY IT BY THE WHITE DOT

All Sheaffer pen points are made of genuine 14K gold for longer life and better writing qualities. Some companies are substituting cheap gold-plated brass and steel to increase profits. Have your dealer guarantee the pen you buy has a genuine 14K gold point. If you buy a Sheaffer this guarantee is not necessary.

All Lifetime° Pens are unconditionally guaranteed for the life of the owner except against loss and willful damage—when serviced, subject only to insurance, postage, handling charge—35c

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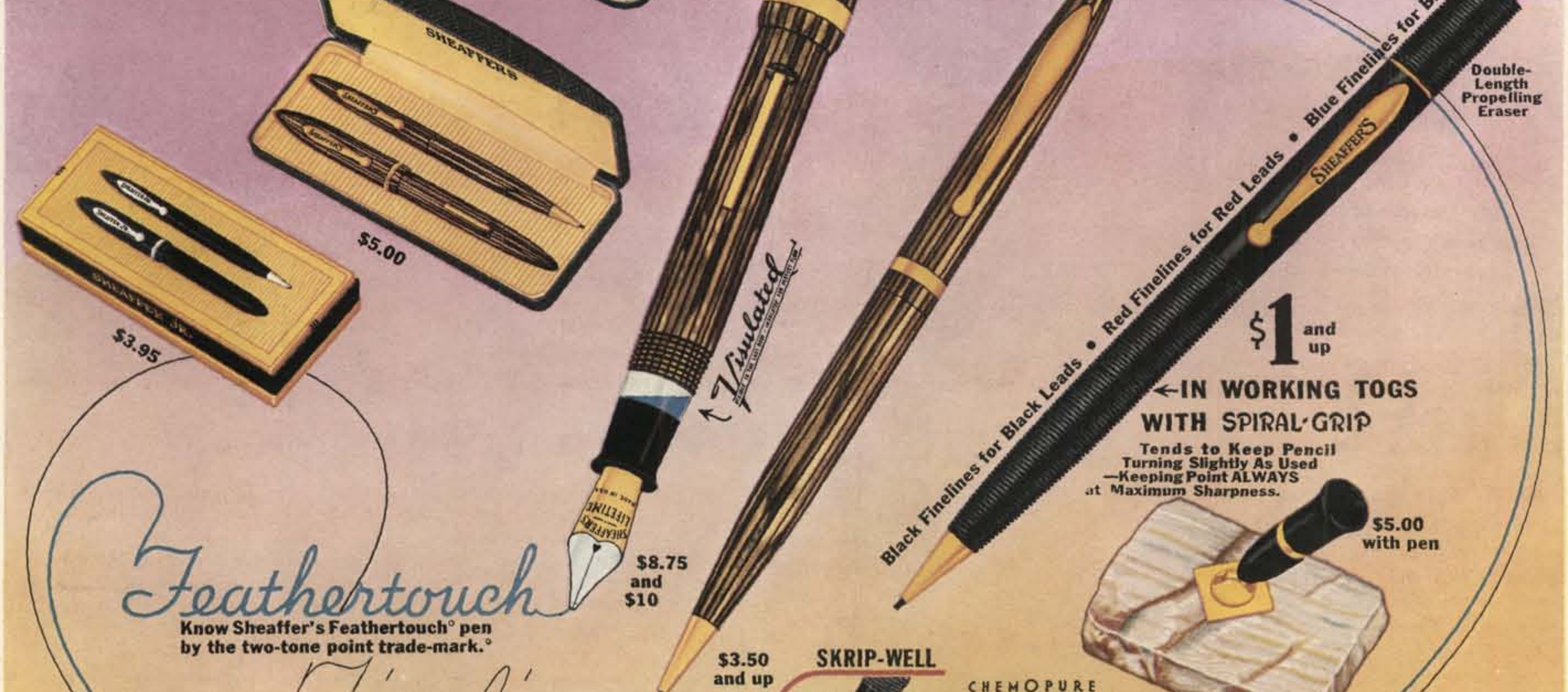
SHEAFFERS
SHEAFFER JR.
SHEAFFER'S LIFETIME
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Black Finelines for Black Leads • Red Finelines for Red Leads • Blue Finelines for Blue Leads
SHEAFFER'S

$5.00

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$8.75 and $10

$3.50 and up

Double-Length Propelling Eraser

$1 and up

←IN WORKING TOGS WITH SPIRAL-GRIP

Tends to Keep Pencil Turning Slightly As Used —Keeping Point ALWAYS at Maximum Sharpness.

$5.00 with pen

Feathertouch

Know Sheaffer's Feathertouch° pen by the two-tone point trade-mark.°

Fineline

New thin lead discovery! Developed for Sheaffer by Joseph Dixon Crucible Co. 39% smaller writing point.

SKRIP-WELL

Uses the Last Drop

CHEMOPURE
Skrip

CHEMOPURE **SKRIP, successor to ink, 15c Economy size, 25c**

Fineline
SHEAFFER'S LEADS

DOUBLE-LENGTH LEADS—Finer, Smoother, Stronger. Regular Pkg. 15c. Economy Pkg. 25c.

SHEAFFER'S
Para-Lastik

PARA-LASTIK, the NEW way to paste, 15c up.
SKRIP-GRIP Liquid Paste or Mucilage, 10c up.

°Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
Copyright, 1939
W. A. Sheaffer Pen Co.

THEY'RE ENTHUSIASTIC ABOUT
Listerine for Dandruff

"Since using Listerine Antiseptic as a preventive for dandruff, I really feel safe as to my appearance in public."
Henry W. Schleter, *Oshkosh, Wis.*

"I have used Listerine Antiseptic for a number of years now. I like its stimulating effect on the scalp. It is the most effective treatment for dandruff that I have ever tried."—Mrs. S. C. Sloan, *W. Palm Beach, Fla.*

"I have been a dandruff victim for years. As a last resort I tried Listerine, and in a short time it was entirely gone. Now I have not the slightest trace of it."—Richard Schnackenberg, *New York, N. Y.*

GET RID OF DANDRUFF WITH LISTERINE...*the proved treatment that attacks the germ.*

This new scientific method—so easy, so delightful—also brought quick relief in most test cases

Dandruff stamps you as a careless person and often is inexcusable.

If you have any evidence of a dandruff condition, do something about it now, before it gets serious.

The Tested Treatment

Start with Listerine Antiseptic and massage right now. This is the scientific treatment developed after the discovery that a stubborn little germ, Pityrosporum ovale, causes dandruff. It is the method that has had such amazing success. It is the treatment found effective in a substantial majority of cases by clinics where scientists supervised the examinations and carefully checked the results. When the evidence was all summed up, they could no longer doubt.

Kills the Germs

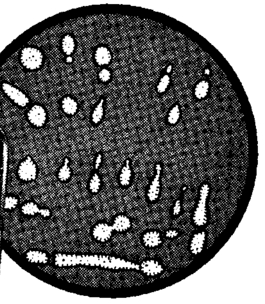
Rabbits inoculated with the dandruff germ were relieved of dandruff by daily Listerine Antiseptic treatments in 14 days on the average. Men and women, with typical dandruff conditions, were instructed to apply Listerine Antiseptic twice daily; 76% showed either marked improvement or complete disappearance of the symptoms of dandruff within 30 days.

And why not? Listerine Antiseptic gives the hair and scalp an antiseptic bath, killing Pityrosporum ovale, the causative germ. Ugly dandruff flakes begin to disappear. Itching is alleviated. Once the germ condition is improved, the scalp and hair are aided in regaining normal tone and vigor.

Start now with the easy, delightful Listerine home treatment. Tests show that quick improvement is noted in most cases.

Lambert Pharmacal Company
St. Louis, Missouri

LISTERINE
LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
Tested and Approved
SERIAL NO. 4602
by Good Housekeeping Bureau
Conducted by GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE



Pityrosporum ovale, the germ that causes dandruff, magnified many times.

THE TREATMENT

MEN: Douse Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp *at least once a day.* **WOMEN:** Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic right along the part with a medicine dropper, to avoid wetting the hair excessively.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage with fingers or a good hair brush. But don't expect overnight results, because germ conditions can not be cleared up that fast.

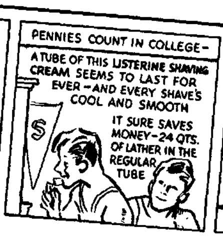
Genuine Listerine Antiseptic is guaranteed not to bleach the hair or affect texture.

IT SOLD THEM FOR LIFE—
THIS OFFER OF
20 FREE SHAVES!

—THAT 20-SHAVE FREE SAMPLE SOLD ME FOR LIFE. —THE BEST EVER FOR A WIRY BEARD AND A TENDER SKIN
A CREAM SO GOOD IT LATHERS EVEN IN ICE WATER GETS MY DOUGH.

WHAT OUTDOOR MEN SAY—

PENNIES COUNT IN COLLEGE—


A TUBE OF THIS LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM SEEMS TO LAST FOR EVER—AND EVERY SHAVE'S COOL AND SMOOTH
IT SURE SAVES MONEY—24 QTS. OF LATHER IN THE REGULAR TUBE

NOT SO MANY RAZOR BLADES THIS MONTH, HOW COME?
LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM—IT WILTS MY BEARD SO SOFT, BLADES HAVE AN EASIER JOB AND LAST LONGER

EASY ON BLADES, TOO—

Clip this coupon
20
SHAVES FREE

Lambert Pharmacal Co., Dept. 94, St. Louis, Mo. Please send me free and post-paid your large sample tube of ☐ Listerine Shaving Cream; ☐ Listerine Brushless Cream. (Check whichever is desired.)

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Collier's

September 2, 1939

WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
ROBERT McCORMICK Washington
W. B. COURTNEY Transportation
KENNETH LITTAUER Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS Sports
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
WM. O. CHESSMAN Art
DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS Articles
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
IFOR THOMAS Photographs
MAX WILKINSON Fiction
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
JOHN T. FLYNN Associate Editor

Next Week

HOW much longer can Japan keep it up? We know what her militarists think. We read their arrogant statements about Japan's invincibility. But what of the folks at home, who have been forced to tighten their belts and tighten them again as the war drags on?

Collier's sent W. B. Courtney out to the Orient to find out. He questioned the nearest thing he could find to the typical man in the street and in the field. Next week he will report on "The Peaceful Japanese."

JOHN EDWARD BROMWICH, Heaven help us, is about to become the No. 1 Tennis Amateur of the world. And, in the opinion of Sports Writer Bob Considine, the Australian is also about to revolutionize the whole game with his weird, two-handed, cricket-bat delivery. Considine describes both game and player in "Child's Play," a corking sports article.

PAUL WHITEMAN'S son was getting along nicely, growing into a normal, happy youngster with never a thought of music in his head. Pop Whiteman was tickled to death. The last thing he wanted his son to be was a band leader. But suddenly the kid took to making the day hideous with jives. So, in desperation, Pop Whiteman sat down and talked it over. He tells us what he, one of the greatest band leaders of them all, thinks of the job. The article is "So You Want to Lead a Band."

YOU'LL find out more about the honey industry than you will about the facts of life in "The Flowers and the Bees," by Frank J. Taylor.

OCTAVUS ROY COHEN takes us down to the feud-fight and squirrel-gun country for the story of "The Sheriff's Wife," the drama of a woman whose heart didn't want to obey her head. It leads the fiction list.

THE love life of Mister McCandless, second mate on the Tillie McSorley, was somewhat less smooth than the China Sea during a typhoon. Luke Short charts its gusts and eddies through a hilarious tale of smuggling, lifeboat racing and fisticuffs, called "Belabor Day."

MARGARET CRAVEN writes of romantic doings on a dude ranch, Paul Jones' Short Short Story is "Tipped Off," and Thomas McMorrow spins a tale of a mild-mannered hillbilly adrift in Washington, D. C., in search of a "Girl Among Millions." Nice going, eh?

This Week

SHORT STORIES

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Flotsam. The ninth of twelve parts. Haven in Paris. Page 22

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●

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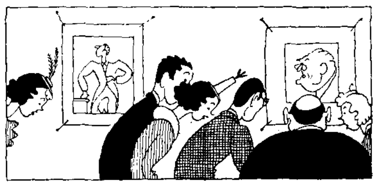
The Insolence of Office. Page 54

COVER GILBERT DARLING

Any Week

WHETHER Colonel R. Ransom Destiny of Little Rock, Arkansas, is *the first statesman thus to bend his* proud neck to the will of the people, via Congress, we don't know. "For many years," writes the colonel, "I have offered my services to the electorate. Due to methods employed by my opponents—methods to which I would not stoop—success has not been my reward. I wish, however, to let it be known that I shall not again seek to influence the voters one way or another and I earnestly hope that many of my *fellow men, particularly those occu*pying the public offices I aspired to, will have the patriotism and the good of the country at heart and follow my example. Thus they will fail of election perhaps and democracy will survive."

UNFORTUNATELY, following this course, the colonel will never have his photograph taken by our lyric tenor photographer, Mr. Ifor Thomas of Llanerchymewwfofgnydd, Wales. And, failing in that, the colonel would not have his portrait in the Thomas exhibit in Atlantic City, New Jersey, which includes such noble sitters as Borah, Ickes, Hopkins, Garner, Josh Lee, Perkins, Farley and, of course, the President. After looking at Mr. Thomas' exhibit, Mr. Albert Zugsmith of Atlantic City, who is not a Welshman nor even a lyric tenor, predicts that Mr. Roosevelt will oppose breaking the third-term tradition, but adds: "But maybe it's not the President but Mr. Thomas who opposes another term for himself. There's something about that portrait of Mr. Roosevelt which indicates that somebody present at that picture shooting was not viewing the future happily."



JUST before Mr. Ardolf B. Kemmelmyer of Chicago, Illinois, left for home, having seen the New York edition of the World's Fair, he dropped us a note saying that a *neat but gloomy gentleman halted* him on Broadway. In the gentleman's hand was a sheaf of what appeared to be return tickets to Memphis, Tennessee. "My wife, the four children and I," said he to Mr. Kemmelmyer, "have our fares home. Our bill at the hotel is paid up in advance. We have just enough money for the food we'll need before we get home. My pocket was picked this morning of all the money we had in the world. We've been saving this just to bring the kiddies to the Fair. I don't care for myself—I can forego seeing the Fair. But it would break the hearts of my wife and kiddies. All I ask is a few dollars to send them out." Mr. Kemmelmyer admits to contributing two dollars. But he was somewhat chagrined when, an hour later, he saw the gentleman again—this time with a bored policeman clutching his arm.

THERE are, we are grieved to admit, people who will blame open-air gyp-jointing like that on the New Deal. Quite narrow folks in the main. Maybe Mr. Jim Ellwood of *Saratoga Springs, New York, is* not one of such; but Mr. Ellwood clearly doesn't trust the current national administration. "What's the use?" demands Mr. Ellwood. "What's the use throwing the screwballs out and putting a new bunch in? These New Dealers have got the works so cockeyed and the records so jigsawed that nobody will ever be able to straighten us out. Last week I wrote to Washington for a digest of the relief laws. I got back a photograph of the President and his Cabinet at lunch."

AND naturally you'll be interested to know that we are offered The Biography of a Deflater of the Great in Two Volumes. The offer comes from a Dr. Prof. F. Burmah of Carmel, California, who refuses to re*veal the name of his hero. However,* we're assured that the sturdy fellow "spent his life jeering personally at the mighty, speaking familiarly to archbishops, scoffing under the noses of princes and parliamentarians, ridiculing rulers to their faces and laughing in the presence of pretenders."

"ANY time," cries Mr. Will Collins of Calistoga, California, "you're ready to start out from your pent*house and fancy Park Avenue office* and slaughter off the face of this land all the demagogues, liars, cheaters, monopolists, landlord barons, secret police, stool pigeons, wine-soaked brains in the camps of deputized gun-thuggery, hooded terrorism, entrenchers and hoodlumism, let me know. I'm ready."

IT'S too hot. W. D.

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Goodrich

Seal-o-matic tubes

PROTECT YOU AGAINST BOTH!

NEVER THOUGHT HE'D GET CAUGHT... but the law of averages got him. It's a blow-out! Seal-o-matics would have protected him against this split-second horror. Too late for him, now. Get yours "in time" ... *today.*

ALONE... AT NIGHT! HELPLESS! Will she drive on the flat—ruin tube, tire and rim? Will she flag a car—who will be in it? Will she struggle with the spare, ruin her clothes? Husbands, fathers ... get Seal-o-matics!

SAFE-GUARD YOUR LOVED ONES *AND SAVE MONEY*.. WITH

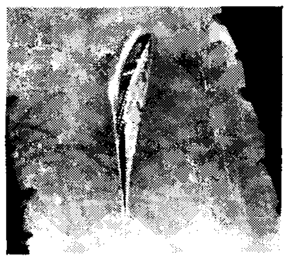
Seal-o-matic 2-Way Safety

You must have felt a pang of conscience, sometimes ... when you thought what a "flat" would mean to your wife, driving alone at night ... or when you hit it up fast, with the children in the back seat, and the sudden spectre of a blow-out chilled your spine. You used to have the excuse that such fears were unavoidable ... but it's not so, any more. Goodrich settled *that* with Seal-o-matic 2-Way Safety! And expense is no excuse, either ... because cost-counting owners of taxi and light-truck fleets have *proved* that Seal-o-matic Tubes save money!

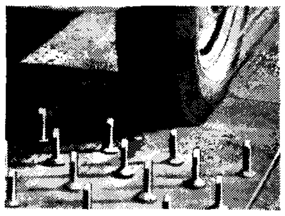
CONFIDENTIAL CREDIT PLAN—personalized to fit your income—at Goodrich Silvertown Stores, Goodrich Dealers. Call today!

NEW CAR BUYERS! Save money. Change over to Seal-o-matics while your tubes are *new*—2-Way Safety will cost but little more!

"AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION IS WORTH A POUND OF CURE"



BLOW-OUT PROTECTION! In the blow-out "danger zone," Seal-o-matic "Self-Healing" lining instantly works in to fill rips, cuts ... cuts as bad as this 2-inch gash through tire and tube. Photo shows tire still inflated hours after injury. High-speed tests prove Seal-o-matic Tubes guard against other weaknesses or injuries that ordinarily cause fearful blow-outs, and change them to safe, slow leaks. Even beyond the "danger zone," Seal-o-matic Tubes give extra protection ... "tuff-rubber" walls have 60% greater strength – strength never stretched out or diminished because this tube is built up (not blown up!) to fill your tire!



PROTECTION AGAINST FLAT TIRES! Punctures due to nails, glass, etc., are instantly sealed *while you ride* by the Goodrich secret-formula "Self-Healing" lining – mended completely, permanently. Photo shows 4-inch, chisel-sharp railroad spikes used in actual tests. Cars drove over these, piercing tires and tubes ... Seal-o-matics "Self-Healed" instantly, kept rolling. In further torture tests, hundreds of nails and screws were pounded through tires and Seal-o-matic Tubes—driven in, and pulled out—without a flat tire.

THIS YEAR'S GREATEST SAFETY NEWS

WHY SO HAPPY? Protection against blow-outs and flat tires *both*, is enough to make *any* motorist happy! Give yourself the thrill of trouble-free driving ... give your conscience the comfort of 2-Way Safety ... insist on Seal-o-matic Tubes!

$AVE 5 WAYS WITH SEAL-O-MATICS

1. Seal-o-matic reduces the possibility of blow-outs to a new minimum.
   $aving tire and tube destruction, accident damages.
2. Changes bad cuts that would ordinarily mean blow-outs, to safe, slow leaks.
   $aving repair costs, possible serious injuries to car and passengers.
3. Seals spike, nail and glass punctures instantly and permanently while you ride.
   $aving accident damages due to punctures.
4. Protects you against the dangers of roadside tire changes.
   $aving towing charges, costly delays and accidents.
5. 60% stronger "tuff-rubber" walls give tires greater resistance to dangerous hidden bruises ... maintain even tire pressure.
   $aving mileage costs. Owners report tires wear 25% longer—Seal-o-matics outlast several sets of tires.

YET SEAL-O-MATICS COST NO MORE THAN OTHER "SPECIAL" TUBES WITHOUT THESE FEATURES

A
2-WAY
LIFE-SAVER
TUBE

Goodrich Seal-o-matic

ROLL ON THE SAFETY TUBE THAT NEVER LETS YOU DOWN

THE GREATEST FLORSHEIM VALUES IN 47 YEARS

FLORSHEIM MEASURES OUT MORE FOR YOUR MONEY!

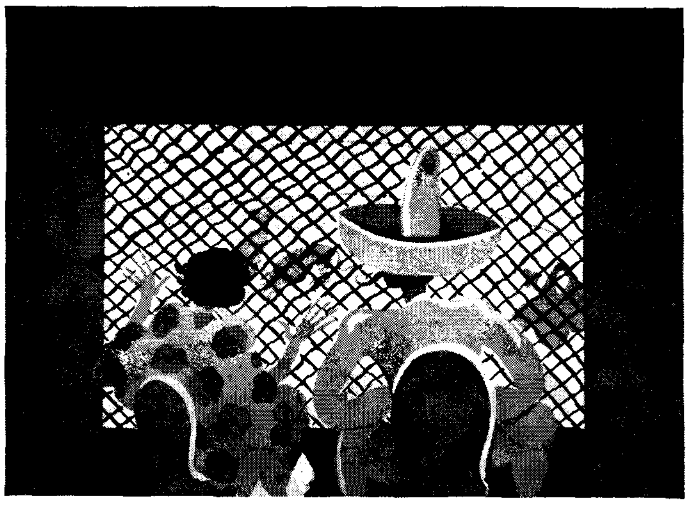
Every year, for forty-seven years, Florsheim shoes have been built better and better . . . incessantly improved in methods and materials. And this year's Florsheims fetch Florsheim quality still farther to the fore. Never before have we been privileged to present such values . . . value you'll *see* in capable craftsmanship, skillful structure and distinctive design . . . value you'll *feel* in faultless fit, constant comfort and correct custom style . . . value that puts you miles ahead in wear and in money. *Styles illustrated above,* The MAJOR, S-869, *$8.75 and* The DEARBORN, S-884, *$10.*

$8.75 SOME HIGHER

Florsheim

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • MANUFACTURERS • CHICAGO

Makers of Fine Shoes for Men and Women



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Throughout Mexico and many Central and South American countries, the theaters, opera houses and bull rings have "mourning boxes" in which persons in mourning, who are not supposed to attend places of amusement, may look through slits and witness the performance without being seen.—*By Ruben Navarro, El Paso, Texas.*

Ancient Chinese medical lore taught that each organ of the body has various relatives and relations. As an illustration, the heart was said to be the son of the liver, the father of the stomach, the friend of the spleen and the enemy of the kidneys, while its favorite color was red and its propitious season was summer.—*By Raymond F. Fallon, Jr., Brooklyn, New York.*

Bright colors create their complementary colors in the retina of the eye. For example, if you gaze intently for about fifteen seconds at the center of a red spot two or three inches in diameter, and then look quickly at blank white paper, you will see the spot reproduced momentarily in green. Likewise red is created by green and yellow by purple and vice versa.—*By Mrs. C. J. Wolff, Lakewood, Ohio.*

One of the many stringent regulations that govern the sale of American helium to a foreign airship transport company is that the United States must be its only foreign terminal. In other words, the use of our helium is prohibited in regularly scheduled flights directly between other countries or in a service in which our country is only a port of call.

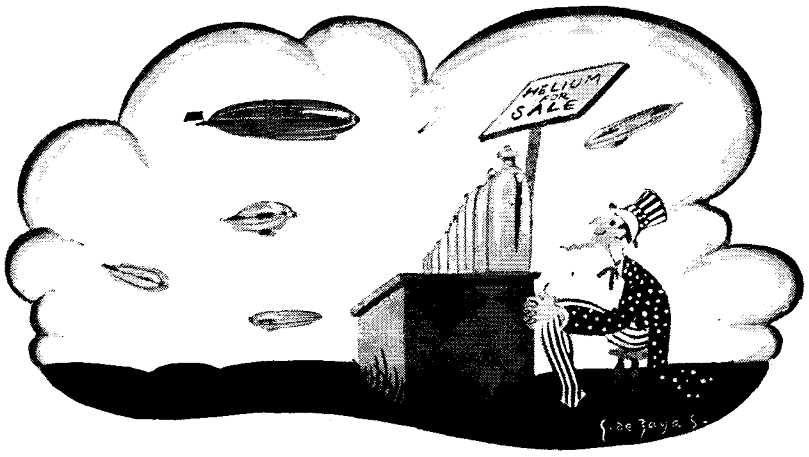
An index of the book translations listed in "Index Translationum," published by the League of Nations, reveals that the following authors have led all others in international popularity during the past two years, in this order: Edgar Wallace, Jack London, Stefan Zweig, Lion Feuchtwanger, Pearl Buck, H. G. Wells and André Maurois.

Approximately twenty-five thousand little "neighborhood" telephone companies still serve about one million subscribers in the United States. Some are co-operative and some are so small and ill-equipped that their lines are stretched along fence posts.—*By Ernest Hill, New York, New York.*

Virtually every color and pleasant odor known to mankind can be made from coal tar, the thick, black, oily liquid obtained by the distillation of bituminous coal.

One of the oddest dramatic spectacles of modern times was a scene from Gulliver's Travels, presented in Astley's Amphitheater in London in the early 1890's. It contained five hundred women and children, two hundred men and seventy-five elephants, camels and horses. Interspersed among this aggregation were a large number of lions, buffaloes, kangaroos, deer, pelicans, emus and ostriches.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. **This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher**



MAZDA LAMPS
CERTIFICATE AS TO
I·E·S
COMPLIANCE WITH
I. E. S.
SPECIFICATIONS

Boy!
WHAT A DIFFERENCE LIGHT CONDITIONING* MAKES

**enough light in enough places for easy seeing*

This famous Certificate of Compliance assures you of lamps that meet the 54 specifications of the Illuminating Engineering Society.

Try it! with Certified I·E·S Lamps

Double their fun, with a Certified I. E. S. Bridge Lamp to light up the game. Costs only a penny or two to use all evening with 100-watt bulb.

You'll feel gayer, when you entertain if there is an I. E. S. Lamp wherever your guests are playing games. (100-200-300-watt bulb.)

Relax in comfort, when you read in bed . . . with a Certified I. E. S. Lamp. You'll feel fresher, enjoy reading more. (100-watt bulb.)

For young and old . . . Certified I. E. S. 3-light Lamps give soft, generous light for easier seeing. (50-100-150-watt bulb.)

Try it! . . . with the right size G-E MAZDA LAMPS

Check over the bulbs in your home, for the size you use makes a big difference to your eyes.

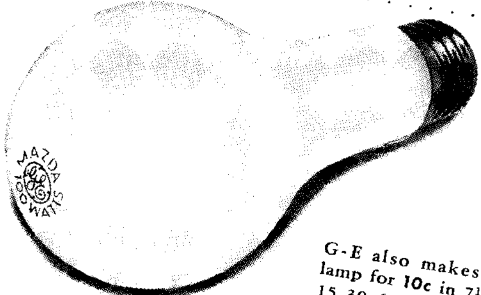
For reading, I. E. S. Lamps, garage, laundry—100-watt 15c

For kitchen, many I. E. S. Lamps, home workbench or gameroom—150-watt— 20c

For 3-light I·E·S Lamps, 50-100-150-watt— 45c

100-200-300-watt— 60c

For halls, closets, and decorative lamps, 75, 60, 40 and 25-watt 15c



They Stay Brighter Longer

G-E also makes a lamp for 10c in 7½, 15, 30, 60-watt sizes, marked G E

G·E MAZDA LAMPS
GENERAL ELECTRIC

General Electric does not make I·E·S Lamps but publishes this information in the interest of Better Light for Better Sight.

PHILCO *for 1940* IS BRAND NEW!

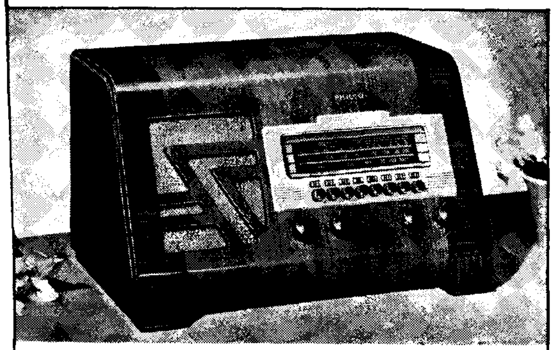
No aerial or ground wires . . . no installation. Just plug in and play. Clear, unblemished tone, even in noisy locations. *And new low prices!*

The 1940 Philco has made the radio aerial and ground *obsolete!* Now no modern radio needs to be "installed" any more. You just place it wherever it looks best and is most convenient in your home, plug it in like an electric lamp, and play. No wires clutter your roof or room; there's no mess, no annoyance, no hazard.

But, with all its convenience, the built-in aerial alone is not enough. You need much more to give you tone and performance! And the 1940 Philco—*ALONE*—gives you what you need in the Built-in Super Aerial *System,* an amazing discovery developed by Philco engineers.

The Built-in Super Aerial *System* is far more than a mere built-in aerial. It is a *complete system* of super-reception, composed of not one but three vital features. For foreign short-wave reception it has a *Twin*-Loop Aerial and a new, triple-power Television Tube. With this exclusive *combination* of features, you get enjoyable radio reception, free from the annoyance of power line noises and man-made static. And you get *more* sensitivity than radios of the past—all without any external aerial or ground wires.

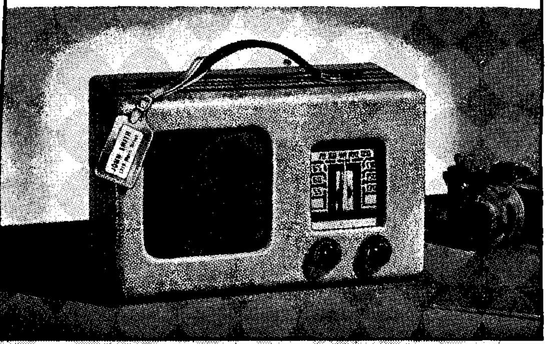
Remember, only Philco gives you the Built-in Super Aerial *System*—only Philco gives you this new convenience PLUS finer tone and performance. And, the 1940 Philco is yours in a great variety of lovely, new cabinets . . . at the lowest prices in Philco history!

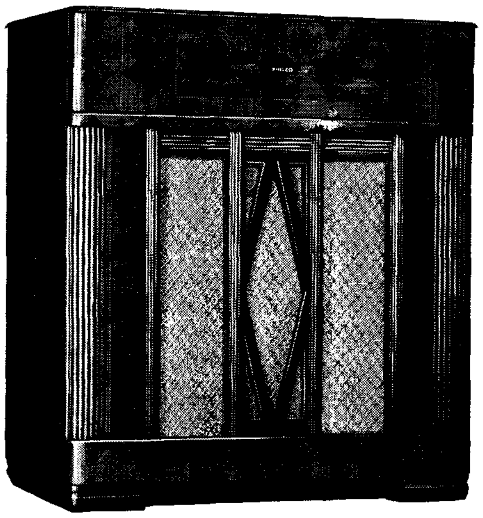


AMAZING POWER and PERFORMANCE
***Philco* 155T (*above*).** The Built-in Super Aerial *System* gives to Philco table models undreamed-of power, performance and clarity of tone in any location. Place them anywhere, *just plug in and play!* Model illustrated is a powerful Superheterodyne in handsome Walnut cabinet. Yours on convenient terms.

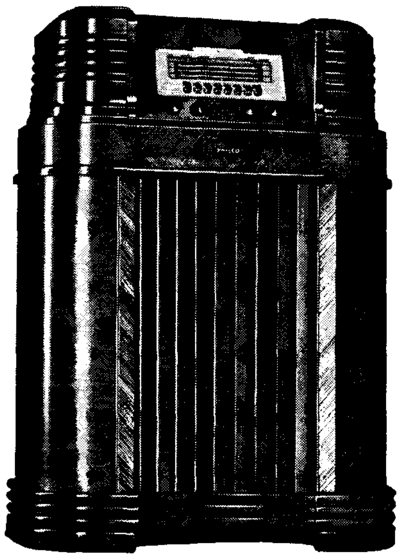
★ ★ ★

POWERFUL, YET EASY TO CARRY
***Philco* 81T *Portable* (*below*).** Plays anywhere, indoors or outdoors, without aerial, house-current or plug-in of any kind. Compact, light and easy to carry, yet full, rich tone and amazing performance. Special circuit with extremely low drain gives twice the battery life at the price. *Only $19.95,* with batteries.





PHILCO 508 RADIO-PHONOGRAPH
Philco offers for 1940 a complete selection of radio-phonographs, presenting new triumphs of tone, operation, cabinet beauty and *value!* Special phonograph circuits with doubled sound output give you new beauty of tone at every price. Model illustrated has improved Automatic Record Changer for 12 records. American and Foreign radio reception. Exquisitely designed cabinet of richly figured, hand-rubbed Walnut. Yours for only $13.95 down.



PHILCO 180XF—THE "BEST SELLER" OF 1940
Sensational value in tone, performance and rich cabinet beauty. Has the new Philco Built-in Super Aerial *System* . . . place the radio anywhere, plug in and play. Gets American and Foreign reception. Electric Push-Button Tuning. Large, impressive cabinet in richly finished, hand-rubbed Walnut. *Only $6.95 down.*

PHILCO 216RX *with* WIRELESS REMOTE CONTROL
A *new* achievement of Philco engineers. New inventions give you radio's most glorious tone and thrilling performance. *Wireless Remote Control* operates the radio from any room in your home without wires, cords or connections of any kind. American and Foreign Reception. Built-in Super Aerial *System.* Built to receive Television Sound. Luxurious cabinet of costly woods. Easiest terms.

SEE THE NEW 1940 PHILCO NOW! Visit your nearest Philco dealer today. See the lovely 1940 Philco models with the amazing Built-in Super Aerial *System.* Hear the pure, clear, glorious tone. Judge the value! Any 1940 Philco is yours for a small down payment, balance on easiest monthly terms. And—a *liberal trade-in allowance!* (Western prices slightly higher.)

Built to receive Television Sound

The 1940 Philco you buy today is ready for Television when it arrives . . . and in a *new, different* and *better* way—*the wireless way!* It is built to receive Television Sound. And, when used with a Philco Television Picture Receiver, *you need no wires, plug-in or connections of any kind.* This *wireless* way is another achievement developed in the great Philco laboratories.

Collier's The National Weekly for September 2, 1939

LIBRARY
KANSAS

Some Day He'll Come Along

By Edward L. McKenna

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

Martin McDonnell evens an old score and finds that vengeance is a fine thing if you can stand it

REVENGE is a pretty thing to play with, to brood over, cherish and nurse to oneself; but it requires patience. Patience and a little bit of luck. That made it perfect for Martin McDonnell. Mac was a patient man, and he had his bit of luck in the person of a young fellow named Geehan.

Mac had been waiting for someone for about three years. He had been watching Geehan, off and on, for about the same time. Geehan was a welterweight, and a very particular sort of fighter. In certain circumstances he might have become champion of the world; again, maybe not. He had a wonderful temperament and wonderful natural equipment. He was a poor boxer, but he could drive a good boxer crazy.

Geehan was a wonderful tonic for anybody who knew he was good.

Martin McDonnell knew somebody who knew he was good. He had been waiting for him to come along for the three years previously mentioned. He knew he'd come along some day. The day was worth waiting for. Any day when the scales of justice at last swing fair and true to pay back old debts is worth waiting for.

So it happened that one afternoon Mac dropped by the house in Kensington where Johnny Geehan lived and found that young man fooling with a radio, as was his pleasure. Geehan aimed to set up his own radio store, sometime; meanwhile, he fought in little clubs round about as often as he felt in the mood.

Mac liked Geehan. A nice, sober, honest young man, he thought him, as he was. "Got a fight for you, Johnny," he said this afternoon, carefully laying down his battered derby and unnotching his belt a couple of holes as he sat. "Next Saturday. Okay with you?" He sounded as casual as someone buying a morning paper; they've paid actors for a lot worse.

"How much in it?" Geehan said.

"I'll make it a hundred and fifty, Johnny."

"Okay," Geehan said, for it was fifty more than Mac had ever paid him before. "Who is it?"

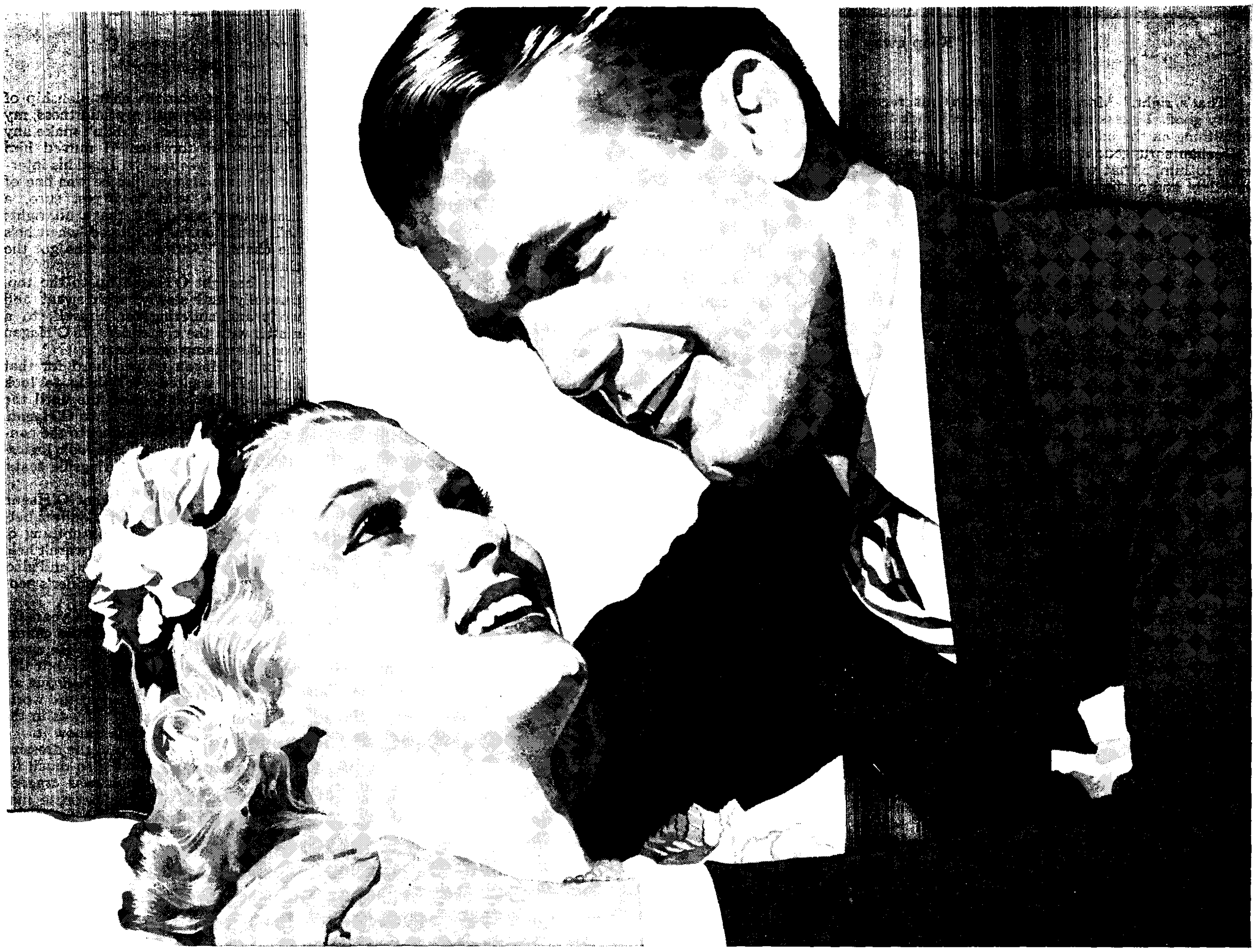
"O'Hagan," Mac said. "Joey O'Hagan. You—uh—you'll be in good shape, won't you, Johnny?"

Geehan was always in shape; he was like that; and Mac knew it as well as he did. But Geehan smiled and said sure, and then, the name stirring something in his memory, he looked at the fat, bald little man and said:

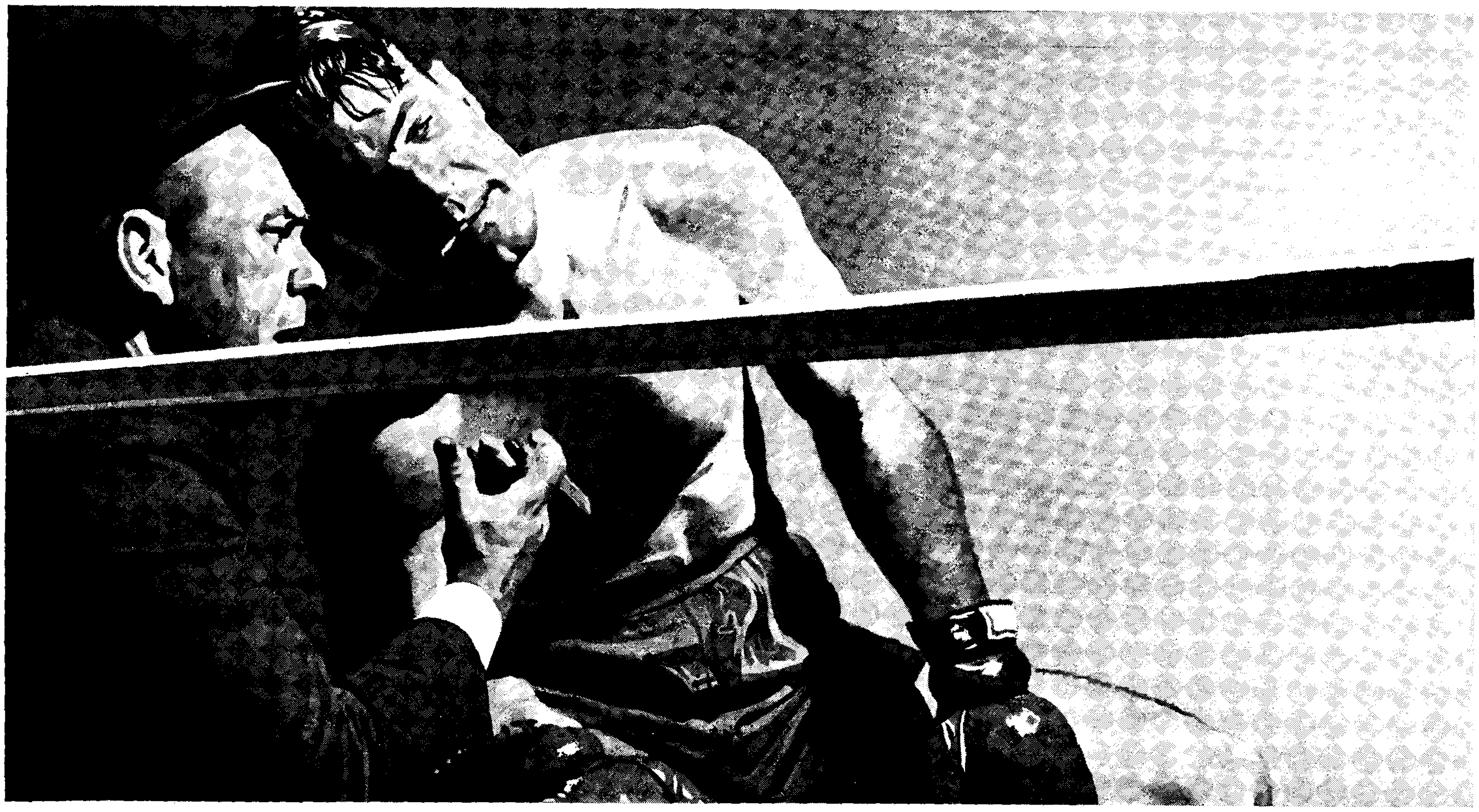
"O'Hagan? Say, you were tied up with him for a while, weren't you?"

"Uh-huh," Mac said. "I was his manager."

"He was pretty good, wasn't he?"



O'Hagan gambled—he was always broke—he drank, he chased the girls



"Keep away from him, this round," he shouted. "You hear me, Joey? Hear me?"

"That's right," Mac said. "He was pretty good. I guess maybe he still has something on the ball."

Geehan shrugged; it made no difference to him. That was another of his excellent and particular qualities.

"You'd kind of like to see him get a licking, would you, Mac?"

"Well," Mac said with remarkable diffidence, "kind of."

There was the weight of three years hanging on those three words, but Mac had learned restraint quite a time before.

Quite a time before, Martin McDonnell had run a boxing club in Kensington. He was a wonderful matchmaker but not so good as a businessman. Maybe he took it too seriously. He liked to see fights himself and he was willing to pay to see them, and the boxers kept him broke, most of the time.

There was a certain amount of color to Mac. Just after the semifinal he'd jump up into the ring and take off his battered derby. He'd hold up a hand alongside his bald head, glistening under the lights. "Gents," he would say, and grin, and wait for the jeers and cheers and greetings to subside, the references to the slowly increasing McDonnell paunch. "Gents, the fights tonight has been lousy. Lousy, gents." The crowd would agree with him in a roar. "That guy in the second prelim, gents, all I can say is he was recommended to me by good people up in Wilkes-Barre. But the third prelim was okay; I'll be putting that bout on again. Now I hope to God the final will be okay but anyhow, I got you a real bout for next Saturday. Leo Gallagher of Brooklyn, gents." Loud groans and shouts of "Joe Kelly, Joe Kelly!"—the aforesaid Joe Kelly having just given the aforesaid Leo Gallagher a good pasting in Newark. "And Tommy Martello of Scranton." More groans and a yell of "Wheredya get those bums, Mac?" Mac would gaze at them reproachfully. "For the semi-windup, gents," he would say, sadly, and go on to name the rest of his card, and his regular customers would be right back the following week, for they know fighting in Kensington, and Martin McDonnell gave it to them.

He gave it to them not only because he loved good fighting himself but because he was an honest man. He had a shiny bald head and watery blue eyes and a dumpy, hammered-down body; he had, too, a fine big family spreading all over a frame house not far from his club; and he had a love of courage and above all a consuming love of that mysterious thing sporting men call class.

THINGS went pretty well for Mac; probably they would have continued to. But just at the time when he was getting along all right running his tight little club and making a small reputation for himself, to say nothing of a penny or two besides, he happened to run across a certain fighter. This fighter had the courage Mac loved and the class Mac loved, and he possessed no other virtues in the world. Joey O'Hagan, he called himself, which probably wasn't his name.

O'Hagan was flashy and fast and cruel as a Roman emperor; maybe he was descended from one. He was handsome and he was vain of his good looks. He wore silk shirts and silk underwear and socks, and owned a bathrobe that might have been made for a mandarin.

He could fight any style. He could stand off and box so airily he might have been riding on foam, whipping them in all the time he was going away. He could dog it, and clinch, and wrestle, and hold on, and use his perfumed head to rasp and butt. Or he could trade rights and lefts without ever thinking of defense till one of them should drop, and that was seldom Joey O'Hagan. Oh, he was good. He was as smooth and as subtle in his movements as the silk he loved, as graceful as falling water, quick as a shower of sparks, and dirty and dangerous and disreputable, in a fight or out of one, as a top sergeant in Caesar's army. He was a welterweight.

Mac had been tempted before, but he had been smart enough to keep from getting tangled up as a manager. He forgot his smartness now, after he had seen Joey O'Hagan fight a few times. In an unguarded moment Mac took over the management of this young tramp, and believed in him and suffered for him.

O'Hagan gambled—he was always broke—he drank, he chased the girls, he didn't like his roadwork. He could dog a fight, out of sulkiness, or for worrying about a horse, or a bad run with the dice, or some imagined grievance. There was nothing honest about him, nothing clean, direct or generous. But he was one of the best welterweights in the world.

And it was Mac who made him so, Mac who nagged and wheedled and cajoled him, who paid his gambling debts, who put up the money for his tailor's bills and his countless miserable and tawdry obligations. It made no difference how much money was coming in: O'Hagan never had a dime, or if he did, he swore he didn't. He never worried about the morrow. He left that to Mac.

The two of them went from city to fighting city: Boston, New York, Baltimore, New Orleans, Reno, Tucson and the Coast. The traveling was no fun to Mac; he would rather have been with his big sprawling family in Kensington, and he was lonesome for them. It is true that he was making more money than he had ever seen in his life, but not for long, for whatever the take was, O'Hagan got most of it back again.

It may seem strange that McDonnell stuck to his fighter. He stuck, first, because he knew class and had an all-sustaining faith in it. He stuck also because he thought that quality deserved the championship of the world and because also, probably, he wanted sometime to be able to sit back, loosening his belt a couple of notches, and say to himself:

"Look at me. Me, a bald-headed, funny-looking man, and still and all it was me that won the championship of the world. Me, with my smartness, my brains, my caginess. I didn't make any bad matches for him. I nursed him along till he was ready. I had his interest at heart always, like he was one of my own. A wild boy, yes, sure, a thoughtless one. But that's all right; he'll settle down, you'll see, when he's the champ. And ah, hasn't he got the class!"

He brought O'Hagan up to the top, carefully and slowly, with sweat and work and suffering for himself, to a match with the contender. If O'Hagan won, the champ came next.

Joey O'Hagan trained hard for that fight. He wanted everything to look good. It did. It looked fine until the eighth round of the ten, when O'Hagan, graceful as ever, took a dive to the canvas in a way that did not look logical even to the ladies in the ringside seats.

IT DEVELOPED later that O'Hagan had won twenty thousand dollars betting against himself, to say nothing of his share of the purse, which wasn't held up though it should have been, and also, of course, whatever the contender's people had given him.

Mac had worked a couple of years for that fight and the fight with the champ he was sure would follow it. He was a cautious man and no gambler, but this was his heart's blood. He had put almost every penny he had in the world on O'Hagan. He thought it was in the bag. It was, but he didn't know it.

He talked to O'Hagan in the dressing room. He wasn't grieving so much for the money, though that was tragedy enough. He was grieving because Joey O'Hagan, his boy, his fighter, had taken a dive.

"Ah, go strangle yourself," O'Hagan said, and pushed him aside. So then Mac went for him, and there could be but one end to that. Mac was past forty, with his belly and his short breath; and when they stopped it he had taken

(Continued on page 46)

The Perils of Paulette

By Kyle Crichton

The enigmatical Goddard's adventures include kidnaping by her mother at an early age, leading lady to Mr. Chaplin and contender for the role of Scarlett O'Hara. She's still waiting, however, for something really big to turn up

YOU can say what you please but it is my contention that Beverly Hills is just as neighborly as Oskaloosa or South Amboy. Take the David Selznicks and the Charlie Chaplins, who live next door to each other out there. You know what about them? They're chummy as coots. No sugar in the house and the Selznick cook gallops over and borrows a cupful from the Chaplins. The Chaplin tennis court is right smack up against the Selznick property, and what does Charlie do when his leather-lunged guests get too loudmouthed? He pipes them down because of Irene Selznick. Awfully sensitive to sound, Irene.

"You'll drive Irene nuts" are the actual words Charlie uses. "Pipe down!"

If the relationship is close now, you should have seen it about a year ago when Mrs. Chaplin, who is also Miss Paulette Goddard, was under contract to David Selznick and in addition was so far ahead in the Scarlett O'Hara sweepstakes that the bookies were laying off bets like anything. For two years David had been slowly going whacky over Gone with the Wind, and in making tests of Paulette he had taken as much footage as will probably be used in the completed version of the film. Paulette had voice tests, costume tests, dialect tests, color tests, running tests, sitting tests, combination standing-sitting-back-flipflop tests.

It was love, my friend, between the Chaplins and the Selznicks, and then a dreadful thing happened. At a point where the affair was practically settled and there remained only the formality of the Goddard managers seeing the Selznick management about the contract, Miss Paulette came down with an attack of kindheartedness. She had a party at her house. Among the guests were the ubiquitous Selznicks and a certain young English lady named Vivian Leigh. By this time, in his connection with Gone with the Wind, Mr. Selznick was acting as automatically as an assistant director. Whenever he saw a female who was free of sword wounds, hairlip or cauliflower ear, his reflexes operated mechanically and he demanded immediately that she have a test for Scarlett. Having received the royal command, Miss Leigh appeared in due course before the Selznick cameras and almost as rapidly thereafter was signed for the part.

The effect upon Miss Goddard was exactly as if someone had crept up behind her and whammed her with a section of fence paling. But she bore up with fortitude. All she said was:

"Poor David. You can't really blame him. He was down to his last Whitney."

This is an excellent but local pun, having to do with the fact that John Hay Whitney is the backer of Selznick International. Whitney, jitney . . . Get it? Hollywood thought it was immense.

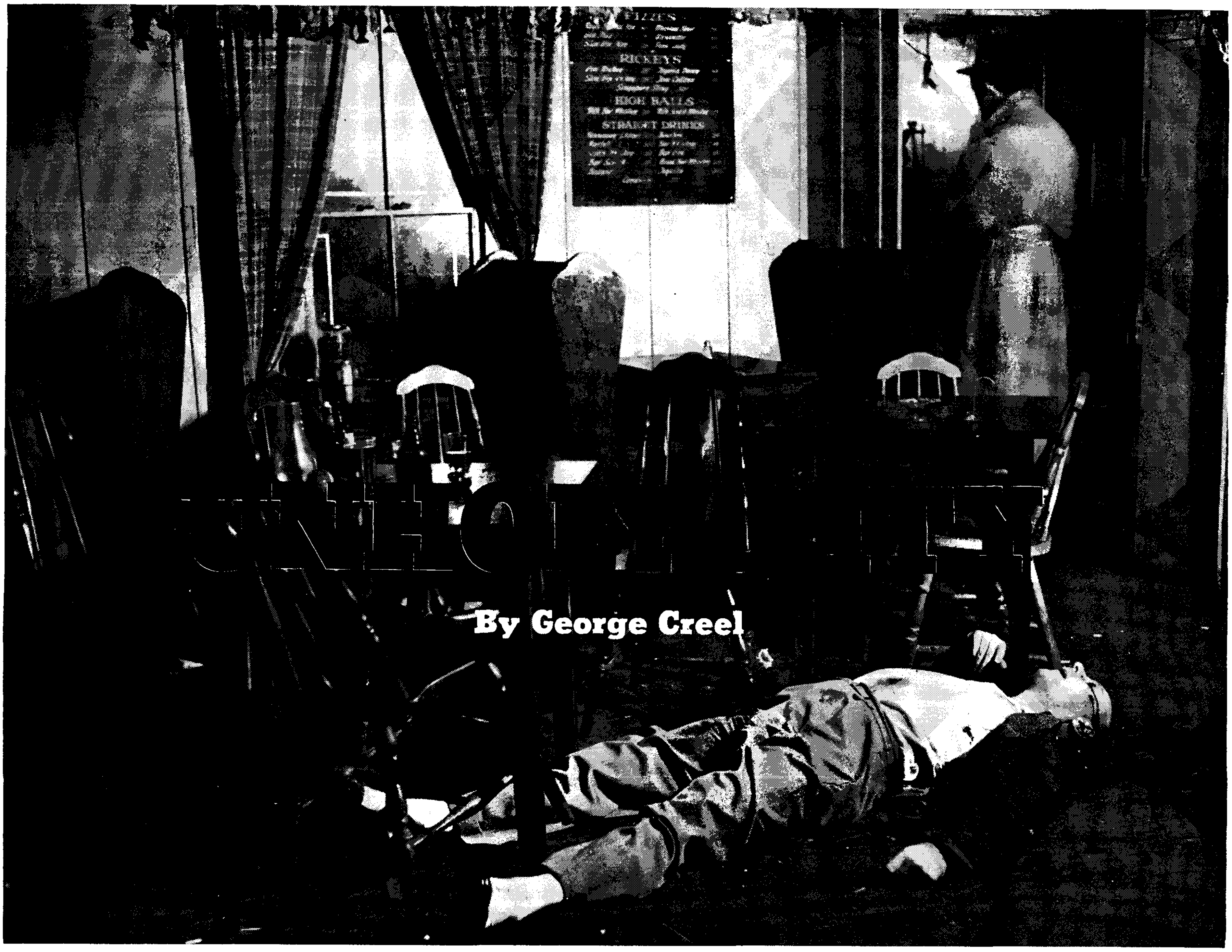
By a curious Hollywood logic, this made everything all right. Goddard was saved from a broken heart and the Selznick-Chaplin romance was recemented. David had ruined Paulette and Paulette had answered with a gag that dug David's heart out in small bits. That evened the score and everything was fine. The Selznicks still borrow baking soda; the Chaplins go over for a drink before dinner. Paulette is signed for another picture with Selznick—a something to be known as Titanic and based on the old sea disaster. In her depressed moments about Gone with the Wind, she convinces herself that it was heavenly intervention that kept her out of the film. If it happens to be a failure, dear David, Miss Leigh, the director and all associated down to the last yes-man will be hunted through the forests of America like rabbits.

However, there is no pretending that the blow did Goddard any good. It

(Continued on page 24)

WILL CONNELL

A little acting has gone a long way toward maintaining Paulette Goddard as a celebrity



UNHOLY CITY

By George Creel

Los Angeles gangster-gambling kings handled their own troubles—Les Bruneman, on the floor, offended someone

INTERNATIONAL

Los Angeles is up to its civic ears in a fight on political corruption and all-around sin. It has gone after its woes at the source and, between bombings, results are beginning to show

THE people of Los Angeles recalled Mayor Frank Shaw last September by an overwhelming majority, and elected Judge Fletcher Bowron under specific pledges to make the city as clean and wholesome as an old-fashioned garden. Voters were stirred to the marrow, and with good reason. Throughout the years godliness had been a boast, what with two thousand religious cults in their midst, each claiming daily and direct communication with Jehovah, and an equal number of social, economic and political movements: Epic, Social Credit, Utopia, the Townsend Plan and Thirty Dollars Every Thursday, etc., all guaranteed to promote the immediate salvation of mankind.

Imagine, then, the feelings of the Angelenos when it suddenly developed that the City of the Queen of the Angels possessed an underworld that would not have shamed Chicago or New York: organized vice and crime, rackets, trigger men, rampant bribery, corruption in high places, and everything else required by the most exacting metropolitan standards! A bright pink with shame and rage, they cast Shaw into the outer darkness, and grimly ordered the new mayor to get busy with brooms and chloride of lime.

Unhappily, things have not worked out as planned. After some nine months of Bowron rule, the cry rings out that another "bluenose" has flopped, and jubilant voices are shouting that reform and reformers are the bunk. On the face of things the attack has justification, for despite the swarm of bearded "messiahs," Los Angeles is not winning any pennants in the Epworth League.

Handbooks still flourish, almost every downtown block having four or five places where bets can be laid on any race at any track. Big-time gambling establishments are about as secret as the Washington Monument. The Clover Club, for instance, has the impressive façade of an art museum, and is furnished with all the elegance of a movie set built to show Long Island life. The cuisine enjoys well-deserved fame, the croupiers have lacquered hair, and the lofty game room is large enough for a skating rink. Here, and in other places like it, is where the high rollers, particularly the big shots of the movie colony, plank down thousands on the whirl of a wheel, a roll of the bones or the turn of a card.

The pikers, however—the two-bits crowd—also have their haunts where shirts can be lost to music. Off Santa Monica lie the good ships Rex and Tango, and out of Long Beach is the Show Boat—"palaces of the Pacific" fitted up with dance halls, restaurants and every known gambling device. Dice games, stud poker, roulette, Chinese lottery, chemin de fer, twenty-one and, just to see that no dime escapes, racing results from every track.

The ships operate the full twenty-four hours, and each averages a daily attendance of from two to three thousand. Speedboats make the trip from shore in fifteen minutes, and all through the day and night men and women of all ages and all colors mill about the tables, or push and shove to get a bet down on some hot tip.

The ships carry flamboyant half-page and full-page ads in the Los Angeles daily papers. "All the Thrills of Biarritz, Monte Carlo and Cannes"; "Enjoy the Freedom of the Seas"; "Play to Your Heart's Content in an Atmosphere of Unbridled Luxury"; "Action as You Like It." And now and then, tucked away like a sprig of mignonette, one finds a simple, wholesome touch: "The Rex is run honestly and aboveboard, and is operated by courageous, open-minded, fearless American citizens. Tony Cornero Strallo, Agent."

If the urge of the Angelenos is for vine leaves in the hair rather than games of chance, there is the *plaisance* around Fifth Street, Main and Hill, the passionate heart of the City of the Queen of the Angels. Here scantily clad "B girls," so-called by reason of the efficient manner in which they put the bee on customers, disport themselves in lewd imitation of Hawaiians and the Balinese, or else fail stolidly in attempts to reach high C. A homely, sleazy lot, the majority carrying weight for age, but they make up in unabashed friendliness what they lack in looks.

"Hello, handsome. How about buying a drink for the lil girl?" No one, not even the most austere, can evade approach. Always the B girls take brandy at forty cents a throw, and the waiters serve them tea, so the margin of profit is ample. As a general rule, the parlors are content with returns from liquor sales, but every so often drugged men are picked up in alleys, stripped of everything down to finger rings. A full fifty of these joints can be counted in the area and, although dreary and ill-smelling, all are crowded night after night. Cracked voices, cracked pianos and cracked gents panting with excitement at seeing life in the raw. And raw is the word.

In playing up these evil conditions, however, antiadministration forces carefully conceal certain circumstances that tend to free Mayor Bowron from all blame. The Clover Club and like establishments do not happen to be in Los Angeles, but in a county strip between Hollywood and the walled town of Beverly Hills. Santa Monica and Long Beach, from which "water taxis" go out to the gambling ships, are also incorporated communities over which Bowron has no control.

Handbooks, the mayor admits frankly, will continue to be a problem until some way can be found to cut off the special wire services that make them possible. As for the beer parlors and B girls, he points to a city ordinance that compels the issuance of show permits, while at the same time robbing the police of power to suspend or revoke. Worse still, liquor licenses are controlled by the State Board of Equalization, and up to date that body has ignored every Bowron protest.

By no means, however, is the mayor sitting down with hands folded across his ample midriff. He has appealed to Attorney General Murphy for aid in regulating the special wire services, and is also hopeful that federal authorities will be able to do something about the "floating palaces" that leech the lifeblood out of Los Angeles. More than that, he has built fires under the county officials and the State Board of Equalization that may yet warm them into action.

On the more positive side he has actually managed to get himself an honest, co-operative council. All fifteen members came up for re-election on May 2d, and, without regard for precedent, the mayor plunged neck-deep into the campaign and told the people just what men he wanted to see returned, and what members he wanted them to defeat. Not that Fletcher Bowron is the dynamic, whirlwind type. Round-barreled, round-headed, unfailingly dignified, and with a pair of judicial blue eyes, he is so much the judge as to look incomplete without a bench. All the same, he possesses a certain deadly sincerity that gets across.

"About the most senseless thing in American life," he told the voters, "is the way a city robs a mayor of power, and then holds him to full responsibility. As things stand now, I can neither appoint nor discharge without the consent of the council. It has full control over finances, able to increase or decrease the budget. By a succession of sly amendments to the city charter, executive authority is actually vested in the council, not in the mayor. It is my duty and my right to ask the election of men that I can work with, and who are willing to work with me."

The fight was almost as bitter as that waged at the time of Shaw's recall, for again the daily papers and the big money were against Bowron. Even so, he won handily, for at least ten members of the new council can be counted on for honest co-operation.

JAMES DOOLITTLE

Below, left, "Good Citizen" Clifford Clinton, whose private investigation and subsequent action blew the lid off municipal corruption in Los Angeles and led to the recall of Mayor Frank Shaw. Center, Mayor Fletcher Bowron, reform candidate who won the bitterly contested recall election. Right, Police Captain Earle Kynette, sentenced to prison for the attempted murder of Harry Raymond

Everything considered, fair-minded Angelenos insist that Fletcher Bowron is doing a good job, and back up the claim by a comparison between conditions today and those he found on taking office last September. At that time Los Angeles was shamed and burdened by some 600 brothels, 300 gambling houses running full blast, 1,800 bookies doing business openly, and 23,000 "one-armed bandits," as slot machines were called. All of these evil activities operated under the direction of a "syndicate" that owned the city by downright purchase. Out of an annual take estimated at $20,000,000, the heads furnished campaign funds for the election of complacent officials or else gave key men a "cut." Automatics, death cars and "pineapples" also had a place in the picture.

Mr. Clinton Starts Something

The experience of one Clifford Clinton is admirably illustrative of life in Los Angeles as it was lived before Bowron. Never was there a more typical Angeleno than this bustling young proprietor of a profitable cafeteria system. Hatless, coatless, tieless, calling his establishment the Golden Rule, and serving organ music and hymns along with meals, he zigzagged happily through the soft California days. He was sublimely confident that since God was in His Heaven, all *must* be right with the world, and particularly with Los Angeles.

Fortunately for the city, if not for Clinton, he undertook an investigation of the General Hospital to see what made bad food cost so much. All went well until he uncovered graft, and then the Good Citizen began to learn the facts of life. A succession of customers claimed to have been poisoned by his food, others filed damage suits for injuries sustained by falls, and the city health authorities tried to close one of his cafeterias, branding it a "plague spot." Failing in this, the taxes on his property were upped $538 a month.

This is good and approved technique for timid souls, but not for a man like Clifford Clinton. A cursory inspection of him reveals a pair of gimlet eyes and a steel-trap mouth. How to fight back, however, presented a problem, but, fortunately enough, it was solved by his selection as a member of the 1937 grand jury. Ranging the streets at night, not only did Clinton see roaring brothels, gambling houses and clip joints with his own eyes, but out of the dark came nervous men with whispers of an all-powerful "syndicate" that ran vice and crime as an organized business. The syndicate used part of its huge annual "take" to corrupt officials and control the police department.

Syndicate Highly Efficient

Just to make his case airtight, Clinton named Guy McAfee and Bob Gans as directing heads of the syndicate, with Kent Parrot and Charles Cradick, two clever attorneys, as mouthpieces and strategists. Slim, saturnine McAfee, ironically enough, was once a member of the police department's "purity squad," and Clinton, citing the "Gray Wolf's" ownership of a mansion and a yacht, charged that he had made millions out of wide-open gambling. Gans, specializing in slot machines, was also put in the millionaire class.

According to Clinton, the syndicate carried efficiency to a point that made Chicago's gangsters look amateurish. Territorial rights were assigned and respected—or else—and an obliging police department kept out competitors. Eastern mobs were not allowed to enter Los Angeles, being met at the trains with curt orders to "go back where you came from."

Instead of welcoming his evidence,

(Continued on page 52)

COURTESY LOS ANGELES TIMES

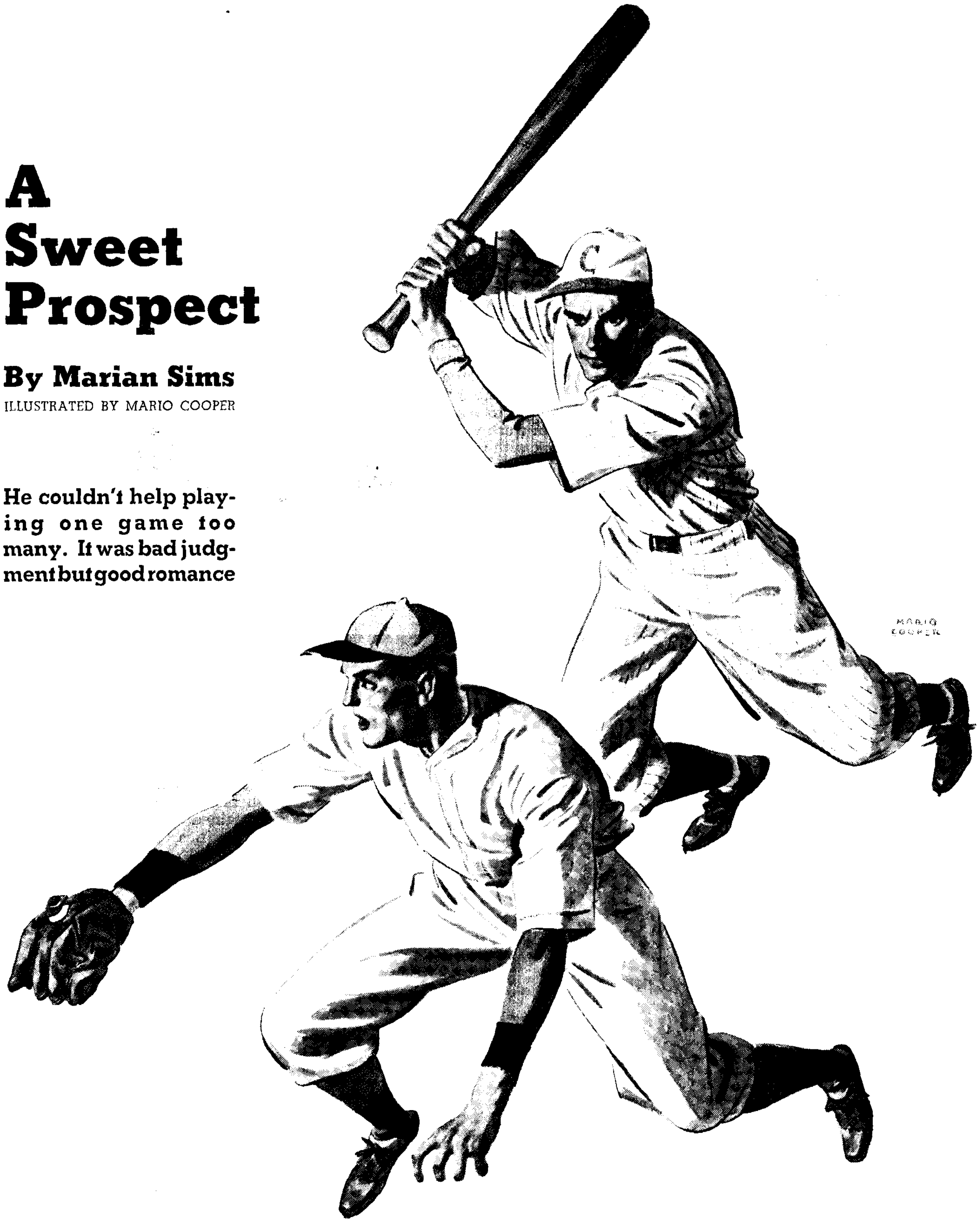
Harry Raymond, badly injured by a bomb in his car, talks to District Attorney Buron Fitts and Ralph Gray. Raymond, a private detective, had learned too much about the city-ruling syndicate's campaign contributions

A Sweet Prospect

By Marian Sims

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

He couldn't help playing one game too many. It was bad judgment but good romance



When the third straight one whizzed by his right ear, he left the plate, still carrying his murderous bat

ONE of the Panther scouts picked him up in Havana, and if that surprises you, then you don't know much about baseball. They play a pretty fair brand in Cuba.

His name was Juan Manuelo Gilberto Novares, and he was one of the sweetest prospects McCombs had ever seen. Tall, for a Cuban—about five-eleven—with fine shoulders and narrow hips. Judging from the riot he created later among the lady fans, Mac realized that his face was all right too; but the only thing Mac ever noticed about faces was whether a man's eyes were far enough apart, and whether the shape of his head allowed room for brains. Juan passed on both counts, so Mac didn't pay much attention to the rest.

He joined the outfit at Silverdale, Florida, right after Christmas: a half-scared, homesick kid with a suitcase full of family photographs, and an English vocabulary composed of a few items like "Okay" and "You seddit." But he could hit a baseball in Esperanto, so the vocabulary didn't matter.

Mac tried him first in the infield, because the Cats (that was the Panthers' farm club in the Mid-South League) needed a third baseman; but he had such a peg home that more than once he got excited and threw the ball over the grandstand. So he was moved to left field and everything was lovely.

He was a smart kid, and by the time the outfit was ready to move north in April he'd picked up enough English to get along on. What was more important, he'd made good in training camp and he looked like a fine prospect for the leading hitter of the Mid-South. Three seventy-four talks pretty loud in any league.

Juan himself didn't know. Florida wasn't so bad because it was a little like Cuba, and he'd found a couple of countrymen in Silverdale that he could buddy with. But North Carolina was different: it was a foreign land, with mountains that made him dizzy when he looked out the train window. Cuba had mountains, but Juan wasn't used to riding on top of them in a Pullman car. Mac, who knew men along with baseball, watched him a little nervously.

"Think you'll like it, Johnny?"

Juan considered. Except when he was mad he always thought before he spoke; not because his brain worked slowly, but because he had to translate first.

"I don't know. How we play in these woods?"

Mac laughed. "Hempstead's in between these woods. They've got a lot of flat places there. You wait and see."

Juan waited, uneasily. And so did McCombs.

Things looked a little brighter to Juan when the team was settled and he'd learned his way around. He lived with the other kids at a cheap little hotel, and bought a six-dollar meal ticket for five dollars at the Red Star Café. He was making a hundred and fifty a month and it seemed a fortune to him, but he discovered in the first week that money didn't go as far in Hempstead as it had at home.

But he kept on being homesick. The boys had accepted him; most of them even liked him; but Juan was smart enough to know the difference. There was a wall between the others and himself; a wall erected by differences of race and language and background.

Besides that, he was twenty-two and he liked girls. A ball-club attracts girls, but the kind that came voluntarily disgusted him. He explained his aversion so realistically that Bennie Helms doubled up with mirth.

"You be careful where you say things like that," Bennie gasped. "You'll get your eyes scratched out or your head caved in."

Juan shrugged. "I'm not priest," he explained. "But being chased is just not—sport."

Bennie retailed the story with glee and Juan retreated further into himself. He wanted a girl to talk to: a sweet, nice girl who would explain the strange things about this strange North Carolina to him. Only, the sweet girls never seemed to hang around the ball park.

WHEN the season started late in April he almost forgot his griefs. The Cats went on the road and there was no time to be lonesome. There was only time to play baseball at night, then climb into a bus and ride somewhere else to play more baseball the next night.

Being a good manager, Fred McCombs knew the value of morale, and he gave a lot of thought to Juan. The kid was playing magnificent ball but there was a sort of lost look in his big, dark eyes, and Mac knew that his playing was nothing more than the functioning of a perfect physical machine. If the season moved on and Juan continued to feel lost he'd begin to falter. He might even jump the outfit and go home.

Mac discussed it with Joe Clancy, a quiet, straight-shooting boy who played first base:

"How's he getting along, Joe?"

Joe looked thoughtful. "Darned if I know, Mac. He goes his own way and don't say much."

"Think he's satisfied?"

Joe shrugged. "He hasn't crabbed any. Maybe it'd be a healthier sign if he did."

Mac felt the same way. Juan wasn't nearly as belligerent as a Latin ought to be: he didn't even yap at umpires, and not to yap at an umpire is almost inhuman. Separately and collectively the rest of the team usually threatened, at least once a game, to take an umpire apart and not put him together again, and Mac liked that. It drew fines, but it also drew more than enough customers to pay for the fines.

He said slowly: "If it's not asking too much, Joe, I wish you'd sort of look after him."

Joe nodded. "Sure. Matter of fact, I like him; it's just that he's different from us."

Maybe this is a good place to stop and tell you something about the Cats. They were the scrappiest, hustlingest, most colorful outfit the Mid-South had ever seen. Some of them had two or three years of professional baseball; the rest were straight from college, the American Legion or the sand lots. They played ball with all the zest of kids at a picnic, and when they lost a game the hard way they were inconsolable.

Hempstead accepted them warily, but before the middle of June attendance had doubled and even the society editors were mentioning them affectionately in gossip columns. Not because they went to tea dances or anything like that, but because they'd captured the imagination of the whole town.

And the most colorful player of a colorful lot was Juan Novares, who was inevitably christened Johnny during the first week. He didn't yell or swagger or colic; he just played baseball—the like of which the Mid-South had never seen. He led the league in hitting, in home runs, in runs batted in; he made shoestring catches that almost lifted the roof off the stands. Wherever two fans were gathered together, the talk invariably came around to Johnny.

If Johnny knew all this, he never let on. He went his lonely way and only loosened up now and then with Joe, who had tried to keep his promise about making friends.

"You don' like these girls either?" he asked Joe one night after a home game, when two of the boys had slipped off on late dates.

Joe shook his head. "Heck, no. I got a girl at home in Georgia." He looked cautiously around him and then took out his wallet. "Here's her picture."

Johnny eyed the snapshot wistfully. "Yeah. She's beautiful. You gonna marry her?"

"When I can afford it. The Lord knows when that'll be."

Johnny sighed. "I had two—three—girls at home. They were nice, too."

Joe looked at him. "I'll bet they were, at that," he decided. He added hopefully: "Well, cheer up. There are nice girls in North Carolina, too. You'll run into one before long."

JOE prophesied better than he knew. The next week, when the team came home for a series, Johnny walked into the Red Star and stopped in his tracks. There was a new girl waiting on table. . . .

She had black hair and dark eyes, like a Cuban girl, and she glanced casually at Johnny and went on with her job. He sat down and watched her hungrily, hoping she'd wait on him.

She did—in a friendly, businesslike way that delighted and discouraged him at the same time. He made a shy, awkward move toward getting acquainted.

"You just come here?"

She nodded, her pencil poised for his order. "Last Friday. What will you have?"

He told her. "You like it here?" he asked.

She nodded. "I—guess so. I had to have a job and I'm not trained for office work. How do you want your steak?"

Johnny was watching her lips, because her teeth were so beautiful and white. "Pardon?" he said with a start.

"Rare, medium or well?" She was patiently courteous and that was all.

"Uh—medium."

For the next three nights Juan sat silent while she waited on him, but his eyes followed her around the room. She paid no attention, but she was a pretty girl, so of course she knew how things were. And while he never suspected it, his shyness was the best approach he could have selected. The rest of the gang caught on—and didn't kid him: if you're smart you don't kid a Latin.

ON THE fourth night he came early, before any of the other boys were there, and that night there was recognition in her eyes and she said, "Hello!" as she came to take his order.

Johnny's teeth were dazzling against his dark face. "Hello! It's nice weather."

She laughed. "Is it? I thought it was raining."

It was; it was pouring. Johnny laughed too. "That's why it's nice. I get a holiday."

She looked puzzled, and then understood. "Oh. You're a ballplayer."

He was crestfallen. He had shown no signs of conceit, but the furor caused by his playing had gradually reached him. He could hardly believe that she hadn't heard of him.

"Yes. Juan Novares." He half rose from his chair and bowed formally, and the girl's eyes danced. "You don' like baseball?"

She shook her head. "I haven't seen a game since I was a child."

Johnny was stymied; his credentials had failed him. But he rallied quickly: "Do you like—movies?"

The girl's face was suddenly closed and unfriendly, and Johnny understood that in his eagerness he had moved too fast.

"Please," he begged her. "I wasn't trying to be—fresh. I'll wait—long as you say."

The distress in his eyes disarmed her completely and she smiled again. "It's all right. I think you're—sort of nice."

"Then—you will go to the movies with me?" His voice was breathless.

"I never get away from work till after ten," she explained gently. "It's too late then."

"But—you would go in the afternoon sometime?"

She hesitated. "Yes. I'd go in the afternoon—sometime."

And thus Johnny Novares came to feel at home in this North Carolina.

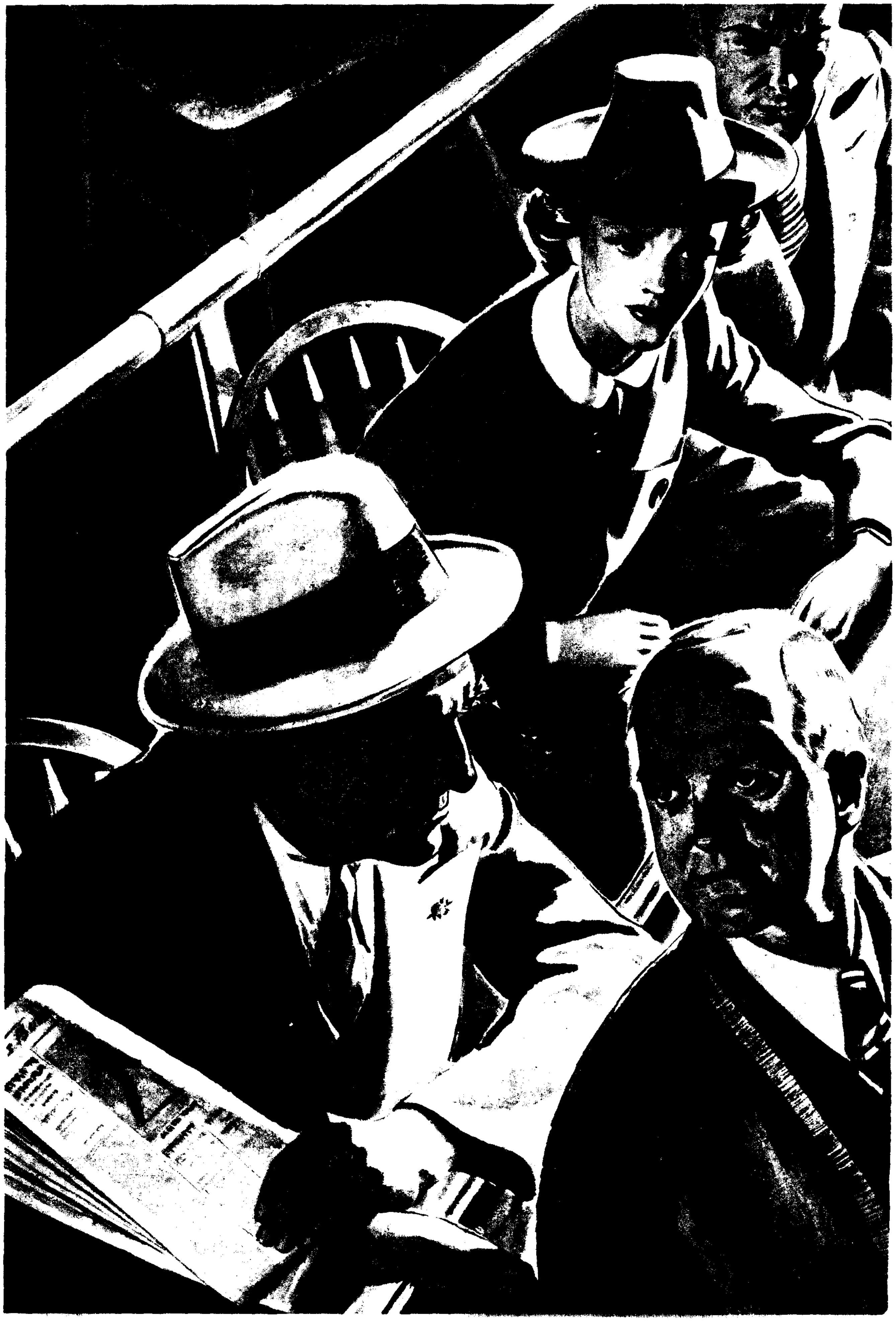
THE season shifted into high gear and the weaker teams dropped gradually into the second bracket, where they would very probably remain. The Cats clawed their way into second place, held on grimly for two weeks, then took a series and slid into first. But it was a dog-eat-dog affair and their lead never amounted to more than two games. And the way Mac figured it, that slight edge was nothing more or less than Johnny Novares. If Johnny weakened the Cats would drop behind.

Johnny was a lot more cheerful these days: the forlorn look had vanished and he laughed as much as anybody. But Mac was still uneasy.

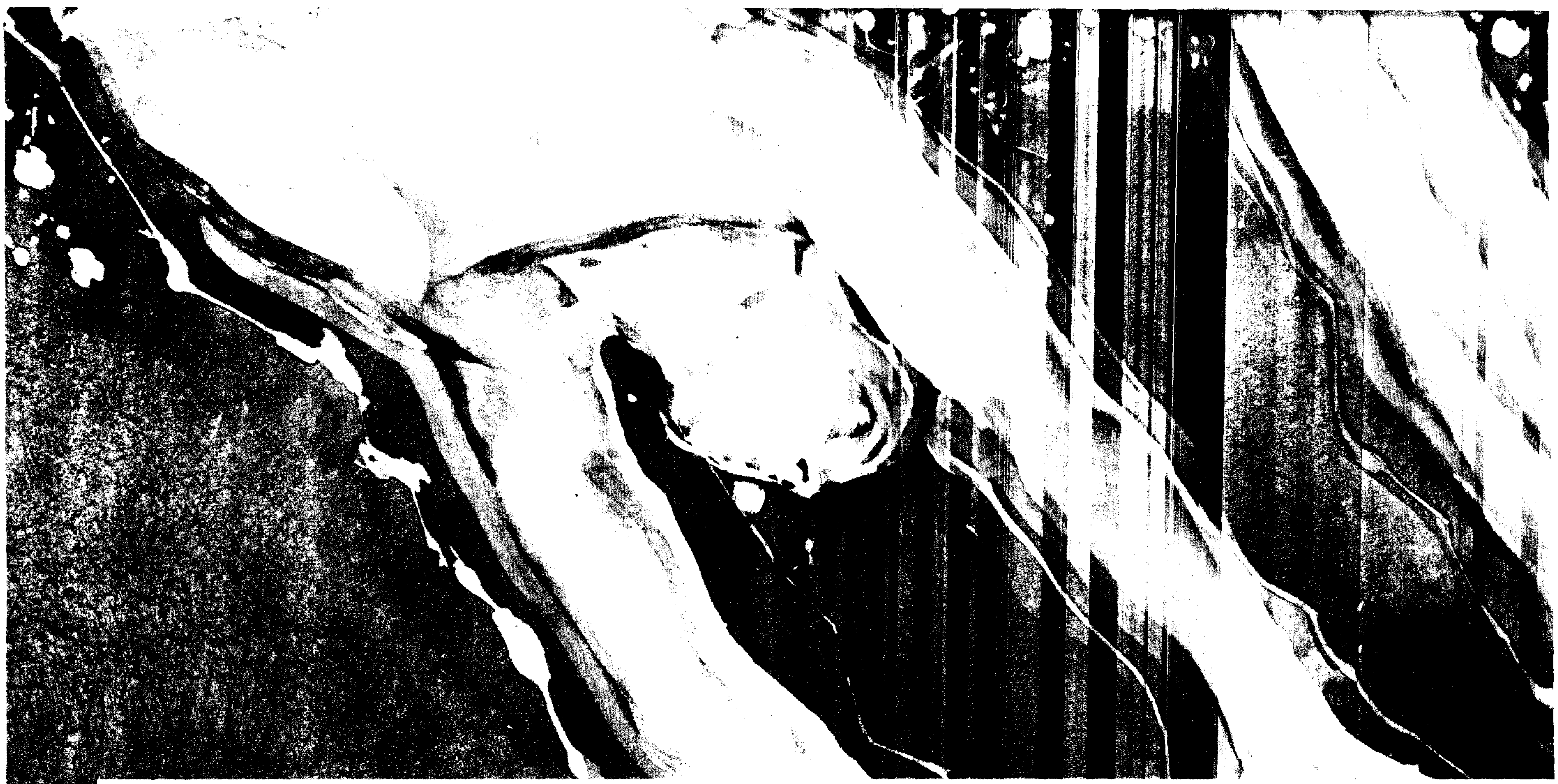
Because it was obvious that baseball wasn't a religion to Johnny; it was just a job that paid him a hundred and fifty dollars a month. Mac had suspected that for some time, and then one night he knew it. The Cats, still two games out in front, were playing the Ashton Bears in Hempstead: one of those grim, unrelenting struggles that went into eleven breath-taking innings.

And then in the eleventh Johnny misjudged a long fly and errored, thereby losing the battle and one precious game of that precarious lead. Joe Clancy sat in the dugout with tears in his eyes—and Johnny whistled a rumba under the shower.

Mac eyed him *(Continued on page 32)*



And then Shackleford asked a question—in a very clear voice. "Mac, what on earth's wrong with Novares?" he said. "We could use him tonight"



A Girl Must Wait

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

A man may travel far and wide from the old home ties only to find that they are the real ones in life

AT THE summit of Monitor grade Beau Hale saw the town lying in its pocket, everything softened by summer twilight—the mill and its burning sawdust pile, the store buildings at the heart of Main, the silver loop of the creek and the old board dam, the white spire of the church at the head of Grover, the gaunt and unlovely frame of the grammar school and its foot-beaten yard, the brick-red peak of Settlemyer's hop drier over by Emigrant Road, and beyond this the rising tiers of dark second-growth fir on the footslopes of the Cascades.

All this was familiar; in ten years almost nothing had changed and the sight of the town now went exactly and completely home into the deep-worn grooves of his memory.

When the bus stopped before Bonnecastle's drugstore he noticed a new generation of youths loitering before it. A kind of haste got into him and he walked rapidly along Main, and soon left the double block of business buildings behind, traveling beneath the heavy shade of maples and butternuts and oaks that had cast this same shade over his childhood. A few lights glowed from old houses sitting back in their yards with the gingerbread ornaments of the nineties at rooftop and gable, old houses settled and worn and comfortable with usage—but mostly darkness lay on the porches where people sat this summer evening at the fading hour. Over everything there was an ease he had forgotten still existed in the world and a silence that seemed to cleanse the air and draw this town together until the farthest sounds came forward, diminished but clear. When he turned down Pennoyer he heard a woman rehearsing a song in the church, the tones of her voice sustained and arresting.

A moment later he was before the house of his own people. The click of the gate latch launched a metal signal all along the street and he saw his mother and father stir from the heavy porch shadows, watching him advance. Suddenly his mother said in a breathless voice: "Why, Beau—your letter said next week. I—"

He was on the porch and she had put her arms around him, with her face against his chest, and she was quietly crying. This was what he remembered, the smell of his mother's clothes; it reached farther into his boyhood than any other memory; it was the thing that brought to him now a thousand recollections of his early years. Holding her, and glad for the shadows, he said: "I know—I know. I'm a few days early. My vacation started sooner than I figured and I didn't stop off in Michigan as I had intended."

THE porch was dark and he could not clearly see his father's face but the elder man's voice had a tremor in it when he spoke, "Glad to see you, son." This was about the way of it, Beau Hale thought, as he took his father's hand. There never had been much more than that kind of brief talk between them, close as they had been. But the tremor troubled Beau Hale. This must be what his mother had hinted at in her recent letters: his father was in poor health.

His mother said: "Let's go in. Bill, turn on the lights."

The moment he stepped into the room the odors of this house, compounded of all the years of living, was a fragrance of the deep past and for a moment that past troubled him by its clear and insistent echoes of something gone, of something that could never be again. This room was the same, the black-covered chairs, the cut-glass bowl on the sideboard, the polished cut in the corner of the round table, which he had made with his knife when very young.

His mother had quietly erased her tears and now held his arm, looking up with her smiling, sharp-gray glance in which so much love and anxious care and deep knowledge of him were mixed. She had always been the practical, law-dispensing parent. Age had touched her little; even the grayness of her hair was something that had always been. It was his father who had changed and grown suddenly mild and dispirited, with a look about his eyes now as though he were apart from the scene, listening to rumors deep in his mind.

His mother crossed the room and sat down and from this small distance watched him, alert and not quite smiling, and already making her plans for him; he saw that look on her face. She said: "You are thinner. I doubt if you pay attention to what you eat or where you eat it. You never did. Let me think—you are just thirty this July."

His father said: "How are conditions in New York, son?"

"Better, all around."

"Slow here," said the older man. "Very slow," and his voice faded without conclusion. Beau Hale noticed his father's hands vaguely tremble, and at once dropped his eyes.

His mother said: "Is there a girl yet, Beau?"

"No, not yet."

"You are too old to remain single," she said, and then thought of another thing: "This is meeting night and I had almost forgotten. I've a notion not to go." She sat still in the chair and thought about it, characteristically wrestling with her sense of duty. Then she said, "No, of course we'll go," and rose to get her hat. From the bedroom she called, "You'll be here two weeks at least, Beau—or longer?"

"Six days," he said.

"Seems really sinful to come three thousand miles for so short a stay. We will talk about that later. If you sit on the porch, Beau, turn out this light."

Beau Hale watched them go. His father turned to close the gate and then they were two shadows moving slowly along the walk toward the church. They were speaking, though he did not hear their words, and so passed into Grover.

THE room on the right side of the upper hall was his room. He left his bag on the bed, again caught in the powerful undertow of memory. The glass over the stand was something he had made at high-school manual training, in the small cedar box he had kept his butterfly collection. From the dormer window he had, in younger years, watched the world change through its memorable seasons—the snow in '23 when the drifts covered the porch, the first sight of Blakelee's burning house, the southward geese flying dim in the fall sky, their

(Continued on page 42)

He followed, going deep under, shocked alive, and came up shouting. She was beside him; he saw her head turn, he saw the break of laughter on her face

The Men Mix It

By Dorothy Ducas and Adele Brown

Men, the men all agree, are better salad mixers than women. But there the ranks divide. Edward G. Robinson leads the West Coast crisp lettuce brigade; Dwight Fiske counters with the languid Boston leaf. It's a tossup either way—one you can't lose

IFOR THOMAS

CHARLES KERLEE

America's leading knights of the wooden bowl and spoon are Dwight Fiske, above, who fights for his limp Boston lettuce, and Edward G. Robinson, relentless leader of the crusade for crisp greens

BEFORE Dwight Fiske had a chance to warble one stanza of Mrs. Pettibone, the opening-night audience in the Café Lounge of the Savoy Plaza fell upon him, clamoring: "Tell us about your success in Sweden!"

His hands paused above the keyboard and an expression at once wistful and ecstatic shone beneath his fawnlike eyebrows.

"It was in Stockholm," he said slowly. "At a place called Bellmansro. There I discovered *fisksallad*."

"A swell title. Sing it," they cried.

He looked at them pityingly.

"You don't sing it," he said. "It's a salad."

The women drooped in disappointment. But pencils whipped swiftly out of masculine pockets and attacked the backs of menus. For masculine interest in salad today stretches from Sweden to America, from the gay café where Dwight Fiske holds forth to the terrace of the Hollywood home of Edward G. Robinson, film star.

Salad has become a crusade, and the salad bowl a battlefield over which a war is being fought, as proper wars are, by men.

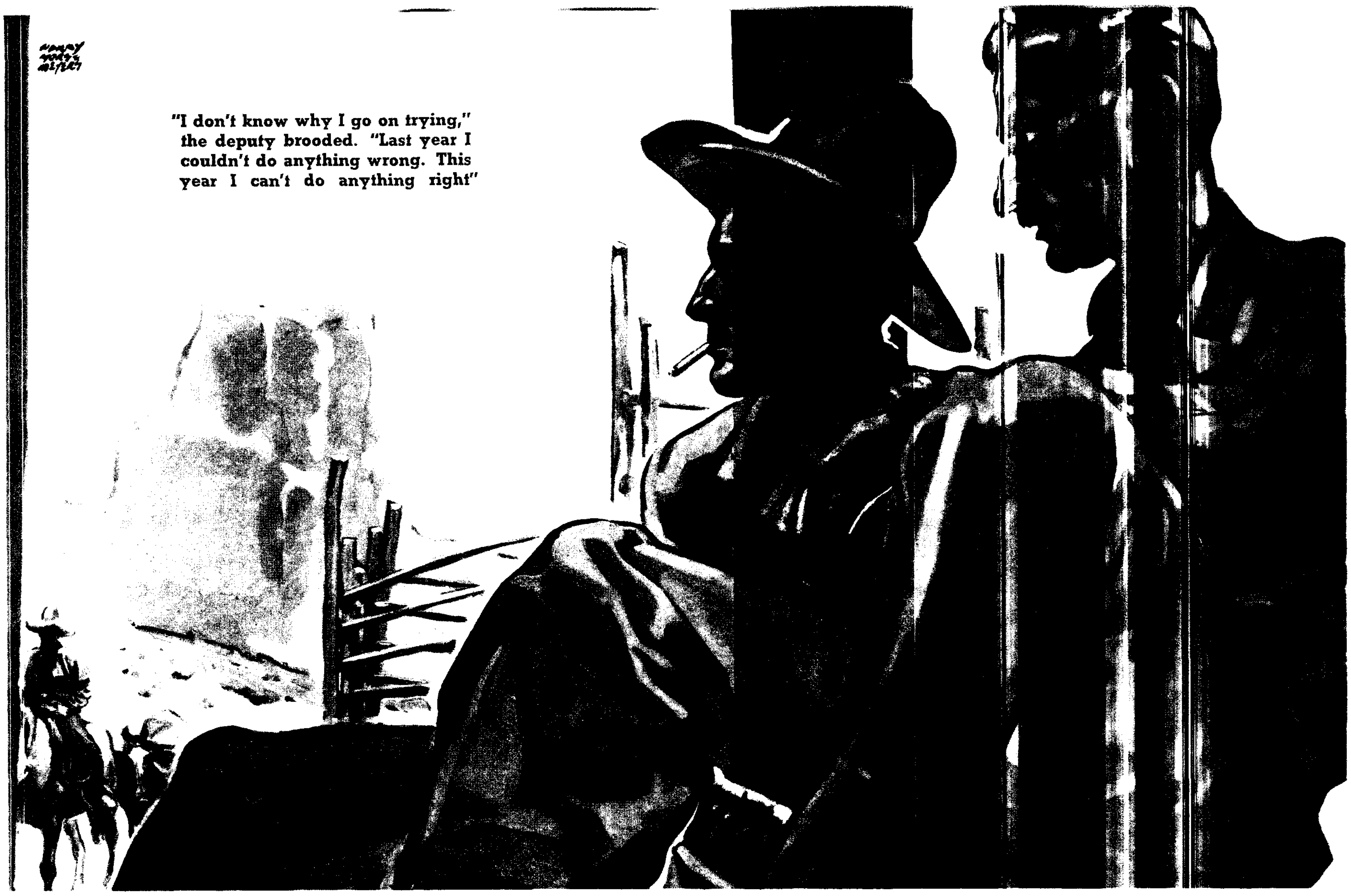
Acknowledged leaders of the salad troops are Dwight Fiske and Eddie Robinson—deadly foes when it comes to lettuces, dressings and proper ritual of service, but united in the successful struggle that wrested the wooden fork and spoon from the hands of women. The day of decorative little doodads, reminiscent of the tearoom, has passed. It's now a civil war among the men.

The new dictators have split into two geographical camps. In the West are the crisp lettuce battalions, to whom no green is worth a tinker's damn unless it crackles in the munch. In the East are the defenders of Boston lettuce, whose languid leaves caress the palate. To neither side does the fray resemble a tempest in a teapot.

On the Western front Edward G. (the Little Caesar of salad warfare) admits that he and the Fiske-ites have two things in common: A low opinion of women at the salad bowl and a passionate belief in the unwashed wooden bowl. Here amity ceases.

"I'm no native son. I admit it occasionally rains in California," said Eddie, tolerantly. "But I wouldn't insult my salad bowl with anything but California greens, crisp and tough, so fresh you can taste the garden in them."

(Continued on page 30)



"I don't know why I go on trying," the deputy brooded. "Last year I couldn't do anything wrong. This year I can't do anything right"

Aces in his Hair

By Alan LeMay

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE ● ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

THE deputy marshal and the stage-station keeper sat in the shade of the adobe's *galleria,* and watched an approaching rider. Beyond the sprawled pole corrals, where the drowsy ponies waited, lay the tepid water hole, and beyond that—nothing much. Lean brush and candle cactus, barrens bright with alkali, and the uncertain thread of the stage road tying together blue hills on each horizon—that was all there was in a hundred miles; or so it looked from here. The three men—two in the shade and one on the road—might as well have been the only people in a heat-shimmering creation.

"This won't be Saxon," said the deputy gloomily. He was young, but he looked tired and depressed.

"Way my luck is running," he said now, "anything coming down the road has to be either bad news or useless."

"Last time Saxon was seen, he was in Drycross, heading east. So here's you, looking for him ninety miles west—"

"He might've circled back," the deputy said without conviction. "I figure he wouldn't keep on the way he *looked* like he was going."

There was a tolerant laughter in the station keeper's sun-faded eyes; he shot tobacco through worn-out teeth. "Even if he circled back, he'd still have to be riding in here from the east. This feller is coming from the west."

"He could've circled around us and come back."

"Sure. Or he could've circled around us and kept on. We got a big country here, Doug; biggest in the world. Why you get the idea he's liable to circle all over hell and end up in the one solitary place you happen to be sittin'—"

"He's travelin' light. He needs stuff, Amos. This here's the handiest place to the border; and he *ought* to be cutting for the border."

"You don't even know him when you see him. All you got, practically, is his name over the telegraph, and the amount of the reward. And about two facts on what he was wearing."

"Well, maybe he might let something slip."

"Maybe he— Well, of all the—" The station keeper was beginning to snicker. "The only trouble with your luck is you stretch it so darn' far there ain't any give left in it."

"Honest," the deputy brooded, "I don't know why I go on trying. Last year I couldn't do anything wrong. So now this year I can't do anything right. Like in that poker game last night with Whitey. You know a dumb cow hand like Whitey can't beat me. I've been beating him for years. So last night he pours aces all over me, and makes me eat 'em, and rubs 'em in my hair."

"AS I was dropping off to sleep," Amos said wickedly, "seems like I recall Whitey was offering to bet you your clothes. How did that come out? Seems like"—he looked the deputy over—"I see a change or two. Ain't that Whitey's old wore-out—"

Doug winced. "Never you mind. I never see so much insult piled onto so much misery in my life. Leave it lay."

Amos grinned. "No tickee, no shirtee."

The stranger from the road was swinging down now.

"Howdy," he said.

"Hiyuh," Doug answered. He stood up. "You must've come a far piece."

The stranger's eyes rested upon the upper rim of the badge, which showed a little from the deputy's shirt pocket.

"Yesterday I laid over at that ranch on Oven Crick," the stranger said gravely. "I've been riding at night, mainly; I like to dodge the big heat of the day."

He seemed a personable, well-spoken man, willing to answer civilly the questions the deputy had a right to ask. His long face was quiet and unperturbed. Nothing about him checked with what little description the deputy had.

"You say you stopped at the Oven Crick ranch yesterday," the deputy said. "Any other travelers there?"

"No; not right then." The stranger's words were slow, considered. "Feller name of Whitey Wallace had been there day before; but he rode on east."

"He just rode on from here this morning," the station keeper put in. "If you'd been half a day earlier you coulda rode on together. This boy has a plumb straight story, Doug."

"I guess he has," Doug said glumly. "You'll excuse the questions, mister."

"That's all right."

Doug had turned away, but now he wheeled back, smoothly, and his gun was looking at the stranger's belt.

"Put up both hands," he said. "This is an arrest."

Slowly the traveler's hands went up; a muscle bunched at the hinge of his jaw, while the rest of his face stayed the same. An astonished oath jumped from between the station keeper's teeth.

"You met Whitey on the east trail this morning," the deputy told the stranger, "before you circled out to come in on us from the west. You're from Drycross, where you cut another circle, you being a great hand to circle. What you done with Whitey? Did you kill him?"

The stranger said nothing.

"YOUR name is Saxon," Doug accused him, "and you're worth a thousand dollars reward!"

"Doug," said Amos, "this feller's as innocent as me. You sure you ain't—"

"I know positive," Doug said. "I know by the hole burned in his cuff. I know by the grease spot on his pocket. I know by the busted third button on that black silk shirt."

"Doug," said Amos, "there ain't nothing like that in the description. You know darn' well you can't deduce anything out of stuff like that, any more than me."

"Deduce be damned. Amos, you take his gun! Whitey had that shirt with him when he left here today."

"Whitey never owned no—" Amos began.

"I ought to know! That's the shirt Whitey won off me in the poker game last night. It's insult piled on misery! You know what this scoundrel has had the guts to face me with? He's walked in here wearing my own darn' shirt!"

Cabin Nineteen

By Philip Clark

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

Comedy, adventure, romance—there's never a dull moment at Bert Stillwell's motor camp

I'M BERT STILLWELL. Me and my wife Clara, we run this tourist camp in the mountains, about a hundred miles from the California line. The camp is about ten miles from the town of Lastrap, which isn't much of anything to be ten miles from. But business is fair, and we make out all right.

This evening I'm thinking of we was in the kitchen behind the lunchroom. Clara was making some dough for pies, and I was leaning up against the sink and sort of keeping an eye on the cabins, especially on Number 19, where the two youngest Armisted kids was playing in front of the steps. They wasn't up to anything much right then, but that was no guarantee that in five minutes they still wouldn't be.

Then this old wreck of a car come over the grade from Lastrap. It was Luke Armisted. He was grayish, and thin, with a stoop to his shoulders, and he held onto the steering wheel like it was something heavy he might have to pick up sometime soon, but was putting it off as long as possible.

He turned his car in off the road, and run it behind 19, which is the last cabin on the row. He always kept it there, sort of apologetically out of sight, like he knew it didn't add much tone to the establishment.

Clara stopped working the dough, and looked round at me. She said: "Was it that Armisted?"

"Well," I said, "it looked like him."

Clara straightened up from the dough board. She stood there looking at me, with meaning in her eye. She said:

"Well, then, Bert Stillwell, what are you hanging around here for?"

I said, "I'm looking at the view."

She said, "How much longer do you figure to go on looking at it?"

"Quite a while yet," I said. "It's still a good time to sunset."

"Bert Stillwell," Clara said, "you got to do something."

"Tonight?" I asked. "You want me to turn 'em onto the road tonight?"

Clara said, "You can tell them tonight, can't you? They don't have to go till morning."

I said, "Where could they go? They ain't got no place back East, nor money enough to get there if they had. And they can't go on to California. You got to have a hundred dollars in your jeans *before* they'll even let you across the line. You know perfectly well that Armisted ain't never seen a hundred dollars anywhere but in a movie."

"I know that all right," Clara said, "but I ain't interested. What I want to know is, will you or won't you?"

I said, "Maybe in the morning."

"All right, then," Clara said. "If you ain't man enough, I reckon I'll have to be."

I didn't say nothing. Clara shucked the dough off her hands, yanked off her apron, and marched out of the door.

I stayed by the kitchen window and watched. I'd seen this happen more'n once in the past few weeks, and the plot didn't change much. Luke Armisted had come around from in back of 19, and was sitting on the steps, his shoulders stooped, his big, knuckly hands hanging down between his knees, and his jaw just barely working on his tobacco. The two youngest Armisteds were playing in the dust with a bunch of piñon nuts laid out like armies. They looked up at Armisted and pointed at one of the nuts that was out in front like a general.

Armisted didn't even twitch his jaw, but a little bullet of tobacco juice shot out and hit that head nut and knocked it west from Sunday. The kids laughed and kicked the casualty off to one side and began to set things up for a sham battle.

I wondered what Luke had been working or trading at in town. He went in most every day, to ask at the telegraph office if some money had come from his brother in Little Rock, that he knew wasn't never going to be there. He was handy, and sometimes he picked up an odd job at this or that.

BUT he done best at trading. When he first come, he didn't have nothing to work on but a three-bladed jackknife, two of them broken. Now he's got a knife with two whole blades, and along the line he's had a double-action tire pump, a slide trombone, a stamp collection and samples of most of the livestock that's natural to this climate and altitude.

I watched Clara bearing down on him. He didn't see her, and neither did the kids, and for a moment I was almost afraid. Then Armisted's daughter Milly come to the door of the cabin, and I relaxed. And in spite of herself, Clara did too. A lot of the oak-ribbing went out of her back, but she kept on.

Milly stood there in the door, straight and slim in her cheap print dress. She had honey-colored hair, and the prettiest, nicest face that ever looked out of that or any other cabin door. She seen Clara coming, and spoke to her father.

Luke Armisted looked up, and then rejointed himself section by section, and ended up standing on his feet. He took his hat off to Clara like he always does, and stowed his quid somewhere in his back recesses. Then he smiled. It was a smile that says he'd be pleased to ask Clara to come in and set, and even if it's just a tourist cabin that he hasn't scarcely ever paid the rent on, he's offering his welcome for what it's worth.

Milly smiled too. Not quite like her father, though. A little more trouble in it. A little more of what you could almost call fear. Nineteen's young for a girl's mother to be dead and her father broke, and home a long way back beyond the mountains. I couldn't see Clara's face, but I was pretty sure there wasn't going to be no eviction that evening.

They talked a little while, and then Clara turned around and come back to the kitchen. And the way she laid into that dough! I kept quiet.

After a while, she slowed up a little, and gave me a look. It was the kind of a look that any married man understands.

I said, "That's all right, Clara. Maybe you can ketch Armisted sometime when Milly ain't by. I understand how it is."

"You!" Clara said. "You couldn't understand anything if your skull was tattooed with it!"

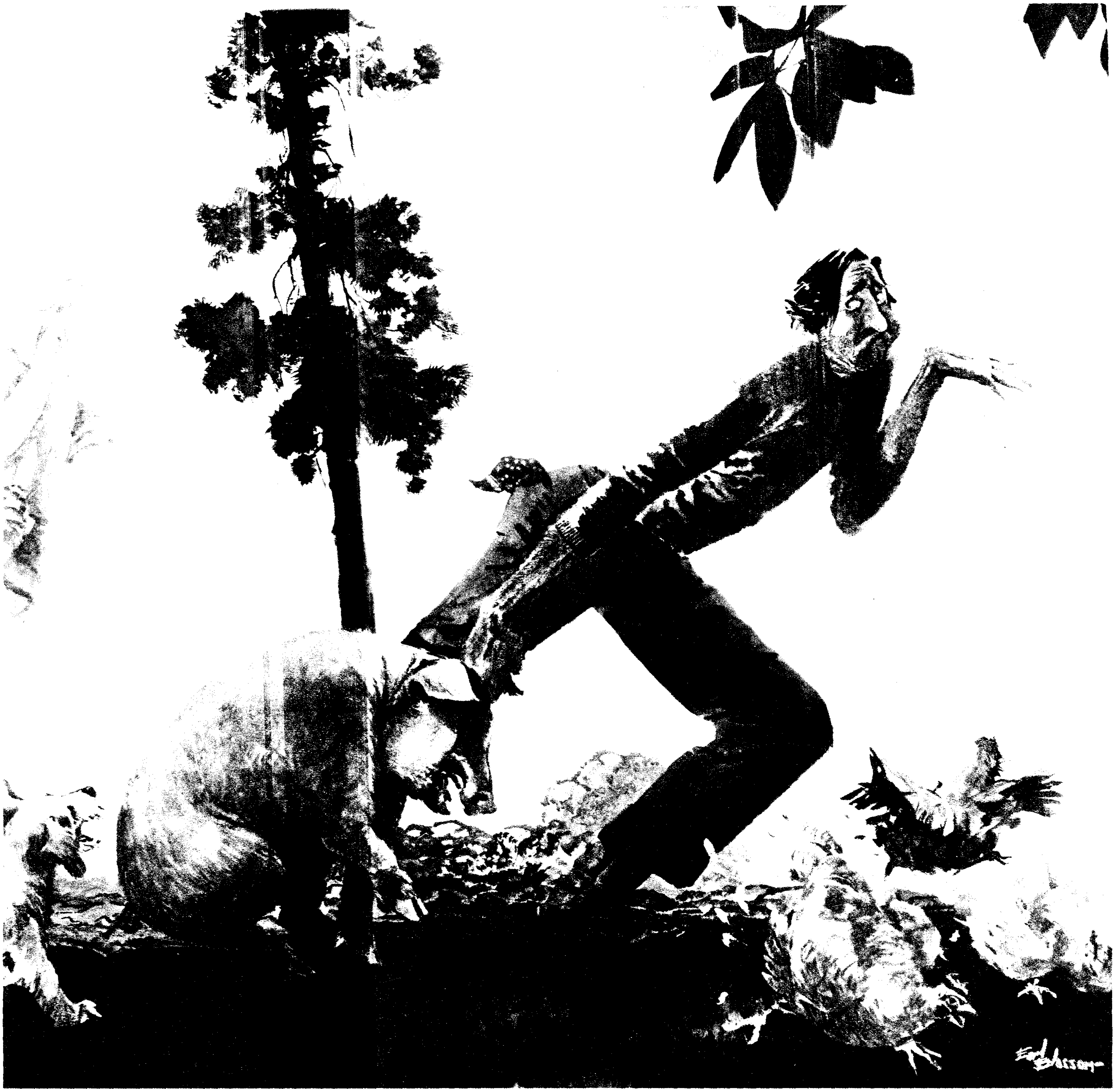
I said, "I can understand how you feel about Milly, because that's the way I feel too. If we'd had a daughter, I'd like to've thought she'd had Milly's disposition. We'd be askin' too much for the face and figure."

But it was kind of misplaced. Clara reared back and said, "Bert Stillwell, I got a good mind to—"

I said quick, "No you ain't. You're goin' to need that pie to feed the trade with. Look yonder."

SHE didn't believe me, but she looked anyway. There was a car coming in—a big, black sedan with a New York license. They wasn't just after gas, either. I got out there quick.

There were two couples in the car, middle-aged and better dressed than the average run. They looked prosperous, and tired, and sick of each other's company. The fatter of the two women, the one in the front seat, did all the talking.



She looked the place over like she could see unmistakable signs of a colony of lepers just having moved out, and said, "How much are the cabins?"

I said, "We got some real nice cabins, ma'am, with showers and inner-spring beds, for two dollars."

"Two dollars!" she said. "We could stay in a hotel for that!"

"I reckon you could, ma'am," I said, "but it's a hundred and seventy-five miles up the road till you'd come to it."

I see by her face that she'd already had a look at the Nugget Hotel in Lastrap, and anyway, tourists would rather sleep on the ground than go back the way they come from. The woman in the back seat said, "Oh, for goodness' sake, Helen! We can't drive all night long!"

The fat one give her a look that had words behind it, but before she could get started the man at the wheel shut her up with a husbandly growl and shoved a five at me. She knocked his hand up like it had a gun in it, and said to me, "We'll take a look at the cabins first, if you don't mind."

I said, "Yes, ma'am. You can drive the car right in there between 15 and 16. I reckon you'll find them suitable."

THEY parked the car and clumb out. The Armisted kids had stopped playing at war and was sitting on the steps watching the real flesh and blood skirmish. Luke Armisted wasn't there, but I got a glimpse of him around the near corner of his cabin.

He was acting like he'd lost something, bending down and peering under the cabin, then taking a cast up the hillside.

I showed the fat woman into 15, and she bounced the mattress, and looked under the pillow for bugs, and asked me if the sheets'd been changed since the last visitors. I said, "Yes, ma'am," and went out.

Her husband give me the five, and the other man wrote in a little black notebook, his wife watching. I saw Luke Armisted sort of drifting along behind the cabins, trying to look under them without seeming to, and I wondered what the hell he was up to.

I went up to the house for towels and change for the five. Clara give me a dollar out of the cash drawer, and said, "Will they take supper?"

I said, "They ain't said yet. But maybe you'd better dish up a mess of ground glass and eightpenny nails, just in case."

Clara said, "Bert Stillwell! Now don't you go making cracks at paying customers!"

I said, "The only crack I got is in my back from bending it. Don't fret yourself."

I took the towels and the change, and went on back down to the cabins. Luke Armisted come out from behind Number 6 as I went by, and looked at me like he wanted to say something. But

Armisted said, "Dawgone it! I don't know just how he got outen that car. Hogs is certainly the very devil"

(Continued on page 39)

GEORGE HOWE

"A sick woman is to be loved doubly," he said, "for she is a woman and a child at the same time"

FLOTSAM

By Erich Maria Remarque

TRANSLATED BY DENVER LINDLEY

The Story Thus Far:

MEETING in Vienna, young Ludwig Kern and Josef Steiner, both exiled from Germany, form a warm friendship. Neither has a passport. But Steiner is clever enough to avoid the authorities. He remains in the great Austrian city. Working in an amusement park, he sleeps in a gypsy wagon.

Kern is not so fortunate. He is arrested, sent to Czechoslovakia. There, in Prague, he meets and falls in love with a charming girl, Ruth Holland, also a refugee. When Ruth's permit to stay in the country expires, she goes to Vienna. Kern follows and Steiner gets him a job in the amusement park. Attempting to protect Ruth from some rioters, Kern is arrested. When he is finally released from prison, he is ordered to leave Austria. He obeys the order but returns immediately, only to find that Ruth, also deported, has gone to Zürich.

A short time later, he incurs the enmity of a policeman. Certain that he is to be arrested again, he flees to Switzerland. In Zürich, he at last finds Ruth. Unfortunately, the Swiss authorities pick him up and inform him he must again return to Austria. He shuttles back and forth between the two countries.

But finally, he realizes he must leave Switzerland. Going to Zürich, he telephones Ruth, finds her alone at her apartment. They spend a brief but happy evening together. Later, as a friend of theirs is escorted to jail, in the hope of food, Ruth whispers to Kern, "We must get away from here."

Fleeing through the countryside, Ruth is taken gravely ill with inflammation of the lungs. In desperation, Kern takes her to a hospital, but in attempting to keep in contact with her at night, he is tracked, and once more arrested and deported! At the French border, he reports to the police, and is returned to Switzerland. Again, the weary process of shuttling back and forth between two countries begins. No one will have a refugee. But at last he finds brief refuge in Geneva, and there, putting an end to his anxiety, he finds Ruth, recovered, waiting for him.

IX

KERN and Ruth succeeded in crossing the border unobserved and took a train to Bellegarde. They arrived in Paris in the evening and stood in front of the station, not knowing where to go.

"It's all right, Ruth," Kern said. "We'll stay at a small hotel. It's too late to try for anything else today. Tomorrow we'll have a look around."

Ruth nodded. She was very tired from the border crossing and the trip on the train. "Any hotel will do."

In a side street they found a red electric sign: Hotel Habana. Kern went inside and asked the price of a room.

"For the whole night?" asked the porter.

"Yes, of course," Kern said in surprise.

"Twenty-five francs."

"For two persons?" Kern asked.

"Of course," the porter said in amazement.

Kern went out and got Ruth. The porter glanced quickly at the pair and pushed a police form toward Kern. When he saw that Kern was hesitating he smiled and said, "We don't take those too seriously."

In relief Kern put down his name as Ludwig Oppenheim. "That's all we need," said the porter. "Twenty-five francs."

Kern paid and a boy took them upstairs. The room was small and clean with a big bed, two washstands and a chair, but no clothes closet. "I guess we can get along without a closet," Kern said, going to the window to look out. He turned around. "Now we're in Paris, Pony."

"Yes," Ruth replied, smiling at him, "and how fast it all happened."

"We don't have to worry much about the police forms here. Did you hear the way I talked French? I understood everything the porter said."

"You were marvelous," Ruth replied. "I couldn't have opened my mouth."

"It's all a matter of getting used to it, Ruth. I'm a seasoned traveler now. You're not angry because I took just one room? We'll save money that way."

"Idiot," Ruth said tenderly. "Do you think I could sleep alone? I'd be much too frightened."

THEY went to a little *bistro* for supper and drank cheap red wine. They had had hardly anything to eat all day, and the wine made them sleepy; they soon returned to the hotel.

In front of the porter's desk in the lobby stood a girl, wearing a fur coat, and a rather drunken man. They were bargaining with the porter. The pretty, well-groomed girl glanced disdainfully at Ruth. The man was smoking an imported cigar; he did not move out of the way when Kern went to get his key.

As they climbed the stairs Kern said, "Seems pretty elegant here, doesn't it?"

"Too elegant for us really," Ruth replied, nodding.

"But it isn't expensive. In Switzerland we've paid as much in a boarding-house."

He turned on the switch and noticed in the light from the ceiling fixture the deep shadows on Ruth's face. "You must go to sleep at once," he said in dismay. "Come, get undressed. I'll go over to the window while you do."

Ruth could barely keep her eyes open. "You don't need to go to the window," she said. "Help me get to bed."

"Yes, Pony."

They lay side by side in the darkness. Ruth put her head on Kern's shoulder and with a deep sigh fell asleep immediately, like a child. Kern lay awake for a while, listening to her breathing. He thought how strange it was that she should be lying beside him now and yet unaware of him, sunk in the subterranean streams of sleep and borne away by them; then he, too, fell asleep, lulled by her gentle breathing.

Something woke him. He sat up with a start and listened to the noise outside. His heart began to pound; he thought the police had come. He leaped out of bed, ran to the door, opened it a hand's breadth and peered out. Someone was shouting downstairs and an angry, piercing woman's voice replied in shrill

(Continued on page 48)

How do you arrive at the cost of life insurance?

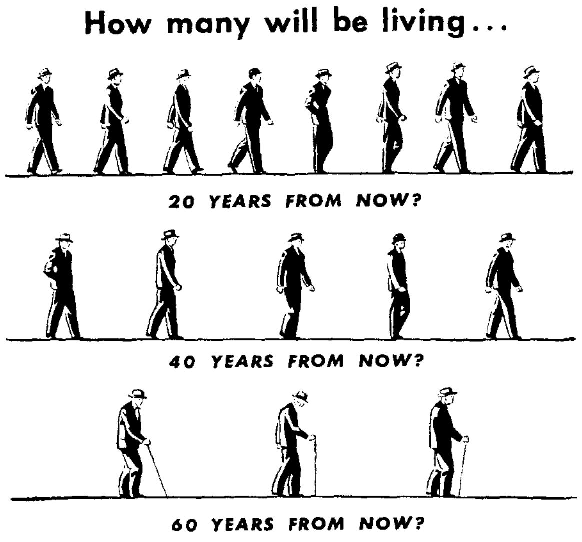
A LOT OF PEOPLE ASK THE QUESTION, "How do you figure out what my life insurance will cost me?"

As you may know, life insurance calculations are made by Actuaries—men skilled in the science of life insurance mathematics. But you don't have to be an Actuary to understand the basic facts about the cost of life insurance.

Three factors enter into the cost of life insurance. They are: (1) *mortality;* (2) *interest;* (3) *expense.*

First, let's take up *mortality.*

In insuring a group of people of a given age, a life insurance company must be able to approximate how many of the group will die each year—and, hence, how much money will have to be on hand to meet the claims that will fall due each year.


How many will be living...
20 YEARS FROM NOW?
40 YEARS FROM NOW?
60 YEARS FROM NOW?

Knowing approximately how much money will have to be paid out in death claims each year is an important factor in figuring the cost of life insurance.

To determine this, the company uses a mortality table adapted to the type of risk represented—a table which is based on the number of actual deaths as experienced in past years in similar groups.

The company could, of course, collect just enough money in premiums each year to pay the claims expected for that year and to cover the cost of doing business for the policyholders. But this has not proved a satisfactory method in the past.

As adults in a group insured at a given age become older, the death rate increases. Hence, the claim rate also increases. Obviously, the number of people in the group left alive to pay those claims constantly decreases . . . and the cost to the survivors eventually would become prohibitive.

A life insurance company, therefore, works out a "level" premium to be paid by each member of the group each year. This "level" premium amounts to somewhat *more* than is necessary for claims in the early years, when the death rate is low . . . and somewhat *less* than is necessary in later years, when the death rate is high.

Most of a life insurance company's money is busily at work earning interest from diversified investments—one type, for example, is first mortgages on desirable apartment buildings. This interest helps to pay for your life insurance.

Two things are done with the money collected in early years. First, the company pays current claims. Then it sets aside a "reserve" fund so that in later years, when premium collections are *less* than is necessary to pay claims, money will be on hand to make up the difference. This "reserve" is scientifically calculated and is required by law. It assures the policyholder that his premium will not increase as he grows older.

If the company did not accumulate this reserve, it could not maintain the level premium. Nor would it have the funds to pay cash, loan, or other non-forfeiture values available under legal reserve life insurance policies.

This reserve is not held as cash in the vaults. It is invested to earn *interest,* which is the second factor entering into the cost of life insurance. When calculating the premium to be paid, the company assumes the obligation to add interest to the reserve each year during the life of the contract at a definite rate . . . and thus enables the policyholder to pay a lower premium than he would otherwise have to pay.

The third factor to be taken into account is *expense*—the cost of doing business for the group insured. This cost includes taxes, maintenance of office and field force, and the expense incident to all the transactions that are necessary each year.

These are the basic principles involved in computing life insurance premiums. And Metropolitan does just what *you* would do . . . if you had to provide for something to be delivered in the future, perhaps 2,000 A.D. It figures *conservatively,* allowing a margin for contingencies. Then, if the cost of life insurance does not turn out to be as much as was assumed, the difference is paid or credited annually to the policyholders as dividends.

This is one of the automatic check-signing machines at Metropolitan. More than 7,000,000 checks in payment of obligations to policyholders and beneficiaries were issued in 1938.

COPYRIGHT 1939—METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

This is Number 17 in a series of advertisements designed to give the public a clearer understanding of how a life insurance company operates. Copies of preceding advertisements will be mailed upon request.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick H. Ecker, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD • *Leroy A. Lincoln,* PRESIDENT

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

HOW TO MAKE A QUARTER GO A LONG, LONG WAY

EVERY quarter you pay for *Insulated* Texaco Motor Oil buys you extra oil miles . . . your crankcase *stays* "FULL" *longer* because all wasteful oil impurities have been removed by the remarkable new oil purifier *Fur-fur-al.* This oil is *insulated,* too — withstands the higher temperatures that modern driving develops. Give your car this extra engine protection it deserves . . . and save. Ask for *Insulated* Texaco Motor Oil at Texaco Dealers.

You can't get a better oil at

Prices higher in Canada

TEXACO
TEXACO
MOTOR OIL
INSULATED
AGAINST HEAT
AGAINST COLD

TEXACO DEALERS

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The Perils of Paulette

Continued from page 11

meant the loss of a great part for a lady who up to that moment was probably the most famous nonactress in the world. Aside from a bit in the first Goldwyn Follies and the important role with Chaplin in Modern Times, she had done nothing. During the period of tests for Scarlett she had finally wedged her way into a small bit at Selznick's in The Young in Heart and had been loaned to Metro for an odoriferous role in Dramatic School, but beyond that she was merely a Hollywood celebrity. Since nothing can be more trying than being a celebrity with nothing to celebrate, she was a trifle unhappy.

A Favor to Ziegfeld

The curious history of Paulette starts back at Whitestone Landing, Long Island, a mere long jump and a slide from the Trylon at the New York World's Fair. This period of her life is shrouded in mystery because it is tied up with a romantic episode that kept her on the run almost the whole of her childhood. It seems that her mother fell in love with her second husband, Mr. Levy, and ran away from Mr. Goddard. Then came a battle for the custody of Paulette, the baby, and Mrs. Levy defied the order of the court in the matter of the custody of the child and fled with her to Canada. Since this might technically be classed as kidnaping, the matter was serious and it was years before Paulette got back to Long Island.

When she did finally make it, the family settled at Great Neck, where practically every actor on Broadway had a home in those days. By the end of a week, Paulette knew everybody in the joint, which was pleasant for her and a break for them because even at fourteen she was a knockout. She accepted the whole thing as casually as if she had started playing the Orpheum Circuit in her cradle, and when somebody from Hattie Carnegie's offered her fifty a week as a model, she yawned and stretched sophisticatedly and said:

"Oh, I guess I might as well."

After wending her languid way through Hattie's place for about a month, somebody said she ought to see Ziegfeld and gave her a card to the great man. As a sort of favor to Ziggy, she finally went up to see him. He took one look at her and said: "I'll give you seventy-five a week."

"I was a sitter," explains Paulette. "Didn't say a word; didn't sing a note; just stood there while John Steel sang to me."

In reverence to Ziggy, we shall omit mention of the name of this exhibit, which was one of his most limburgerian, but old-timers will remember it from the fact that Jim Barton was the comedian and that Ziggy took the show to Palm Beach, which is important in this connection only because it was there that Paulette met her first husband. This young man was Edwin James and Paulette accompanied him back to Asheville, North Carolina, where she slowly died of ennui.

From being a young lady who paraded before the footlights, got mash notes from interesting gentlemen and scoffed her chow in the tonier bistros, she became the head of a household and was expected to show the proper interest in hounds, foxes and lumpy individuals in pink coats. Her husband, it turned out, was engaged in a profession that kept him almost constantly on the high seas, with the result that while he hopped and skipped o'er the broad Atlantic, Paulette stayed home and sympathized with the fox and wished she had been a bit less sappy when James had demanded an answer. She woke up one morning, said, "Nuts to this" and left the joint.

However, she departed with a settlement big enough to launch another nation as large as Latvia and paused on her way to Hollywood only long enough to attend to a small legal matter in Reno. She arrived in sunny California driving a $19,000 Duesenberg roadster and looking like Cleopatra on the raft. She took an apartment at Sunset Towers, the swash place in town, and it was only a matter of time till Hal Roach saw her at a party and offered her a movie job.

As a matter of record, she never made a picture at Roach, getting the bounce at the end of the first option period. That was followed by the bit with Goldwyn, the meeting with Chaplin and the Paulette as we now know her.

Some people think she is dumb and others consider her brilliant; in short, she's an enigmatic sort of dame. When she is interviewed she speaks in a voice so low that just when you've decided to let her babble on unmolested she lets fall something you wish you hadn't missed. On the physical side she is a long-legged lady who, in short skirts, gives the impression of being eight feet tall. For one who has never had to struggle for anything, she is practically cursed with ambition. On weekdays she does a two-hour stint with Dr. Samuel Kayser, the dramatic coach. She is also under the tutelage of Constance Collier, the famous English actress, who comes in at odd hours and endeavors to bring about a *rapprochement* between Paulette and Shakespeare's Juliet. In addition she has at her elbow the greatest director of them all, Mr. C. Chaplin, who is not only a genius but the most patient individual ever spawned. The upshot of it all being that Miss Goddard will either be an actress or eventually swell up to such an extent from overeducation that she will have to be tapped.

That Marriage Business

At one period the furor over her marriage or nonmarriage to Mr. Chaplin reached such a point that editors in London, still goggle-eyed over the invention of the telephone, aroused her from sleep at all hours of the night to ask plaintively: "Now, really, Miss Goddard, you must tell us. *Are* you?"

All we can report here is that when Miss Goddard wants to recall a date she says thoughtfully: "Well, that was just after I married Charlie." And when she telephones and leaves a message, she requests, "Just say that Mrs. Chaplin called."

In any event, she is the hostess of the Chaplin household, which is a free and easy place of visit for anybody who wangles an invitation, a thing almost impossible to achieve.

In this setting Paulette is fully at home but by no means the center of interest. She is never loud and she avoids the cute swear words that are a part of the charm of most Hollywood beauties, and when things get too riotous she simply goes upstairs and goes to bed. The thing that fully arouses her is the arrival of a gentleman who has been led to believe that he may approach the royal presence only in striped pants, morning coat and spats. At this spectacle Miss Goddard merely utters little noises to herself in the way of incantation, bumps her head despairingly against the heel of her hand three times and then smiles and comes forth to welcome the fool.

Regarding Goddard as an actress, you

can start a battle any day of the week. It was generally agreed that she was excellent with Chaplin in Modern Times, but that was a silent picture. With The Young in Heart the controversy really got hot. There were reports that she could master a line only by having it read over to her hundreds of times, but it was also conceded that she spoke it well when she learned it. After finishing The Cat and the Canary at Paramount, she was signed for the battle royal of the century at M-G-M, where George Cukor was putting eighteen female tigers through their paces in The Women. After that it will be her husband's new picture and then another swirl with dear David at Selznick's.

The last time she tried to get away from David, the excitement that followed was something like a chase with the old Keystone cops. Because she wanted to be an actress, she had worked for months with Charlie getting up to the point of doing Accent on Youth with the summer company at Dennis on Cape Cod. The arrangements had been made and Paulette was at the airport taking off for New York when the legal battalions of Selznick International came galloping on the scene. Mr. Selznick had suddenly decided that the studio could not operate without Paulette, who had hitherto not been regarded around the premises as any Eleanor Duse.

"I'm going, anyhow!" cried Paulette desperately.

The legal gentlemen placed their forefingers significantly against the sides of their noses and looked mysterious.

"And your contract?" they asked in an ominous tone. So she stayed around for months without having a lick of work to do, as is always the outcome of these Hollywood crises.

When you ask her why she continues with such foolishness, she nods and smiles and then you realize she is speaking in that almost inaudible voice of hers and is saying: "But I *have* to." Which sounds at first as silly as anything ever heard and yet has a ring of sincerity. When the observer once grasps that, the enigma of Goddard becomes complete. She is almost a total contradiction. She pays almost nothing for her clothes and yet has a mania for fur coats, collecting them as a billionaire collects Rembrandts. Instead of the Duesenberg, she now has a Rolls-Royce roadster, which is as long as an apartment-house lease; but when she went to Mexico last year she got along on twenty-five bucks a week and insists she could do it permanently. She plays tennis with Chaplin and is accounted one of the gals who do the game justice (Lombard and Colbert also being in that class), but her real sport is skiing.

Luck and bad breaks almost even up with her. She got in Modern Times, and then Chaplin spent two years trying to work up another picture for her alone. He worked on one idea and dropped it; he worked on another and found it terrible; he invented scenes and elaborated on them and then tried to forget them. And then, while Paulette waited with drawn breath, Charlie was suddenly struck with the idea for his own film, The Dictators, and dropped the Goddard idea as if it were the black death.

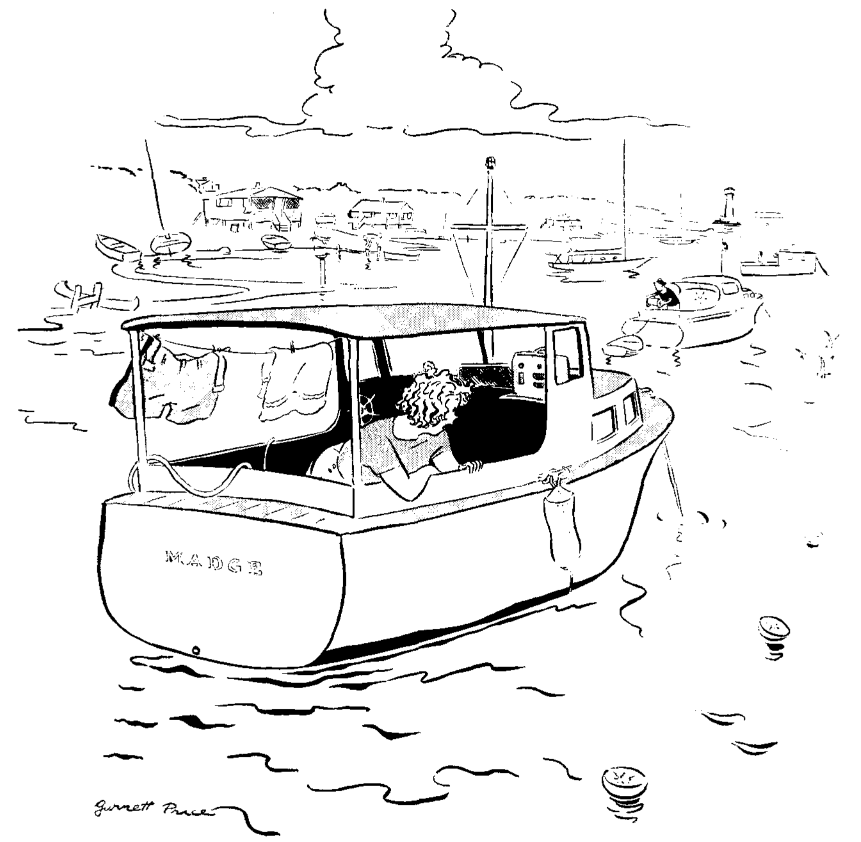
"Millions of swell situations when it's on something he's interested in," says she sadly. "They pop out of him as if he had the hives. But for me . . ." She shrugs resignedly. Chaplin is a genius, but he can do only what he is able to do; she knows that and doesn't complain.

That was a bad break for her, but it was even worse when a fake announcement came out of Hollywood that she had definitely been picked for the Scarlett part. That news went everywhere, with pictures, news stories, congratulations and all the rest of the nonsense.

"All it did was make a monkey out of me when it turned out to be a fake," she says.

Nobody yet knows how it happened. There were charges, immediately denied, that M-G-M had pulled it off to help the picture she did for them; others claimed that the Selznick press department, desperate for a new angle on Gone with the Wind, sacrificed her. But that also has been denied. In any case, it did Goddard no good. If she ever complained about it, however, it was in the privacy of the home.

Which is how it goes in the great city of romance and adventure. You make a little, you suffer a lot, you sometimes get someplace. Sometimes.


MADGE
Garrett Price

"Get up, Charlie! The neighbors have had their grapefruit already"

GARRETT PRICE

SAVING UP YOUR ENERGY, JOE?
1. GOSH, I CAN'T HELP IT IF I'M ALL TUCKERED OUT AFTER NINE HOLES!
ALL RIGHT, OLD PEPLESS, LET'S GO AND HAVE SOME LUNCH
2. YOU KNOW THAT WORD "PEP" GIVES ME AN IDEA. MAYBE MORE VITAMINS WOULDN'T DO YOU ANY HARM AT ALL. AND I KNOW A PERFECTLY DELICIOUS CEREAL THAT'S EXTRA RICH IN TWO IMPORTANT ONES—VITAMINS B1 AND D. WHY NOT TRY A BOWL OF PEP NOW?
3. SAY! WHILE YOU WERE DOING ALL THAT TALKING ABOUT VITAMINS, WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME WHAT A SWELL CEREAL PEP IS! IT'S THE CRUNCHIEST, CRISPEST ONE I'VE TASTED IN MONTHS. IT'S PEP FOR ME EVERY DAY!
Kellogg's PEP VITAMIN-ENRICHED 30% BRAN FLAKES
IF YOU, TOO, HAVE LACKED VITAMINS, DISCOVER THE GRAND THINGS THEY CAN DO FOR YOU! AND TO HELP GET YOUR VITAMINS, EAT COOL CRISP KELLOGG'S PEP. IT'S A MARVELOUS TASTING CEREAL—CRISP, CRUNCHY FLAKES OF BRAN AND OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT ENRICHED WITH VITAMINS B1 AND D. GET PEP AT YOUR GROCER'S. EAT IT EVERY DAY, AND SEE IF YOU DON'T HAVE MORE ZIP AND ZEST!

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!*

**Pep contains vitamins B_1 and D. Each ounce contains 1/5 of an adult's and 4/5 of a child's daily requirement of B_1, and about 1/2 the daily requirement of D.*

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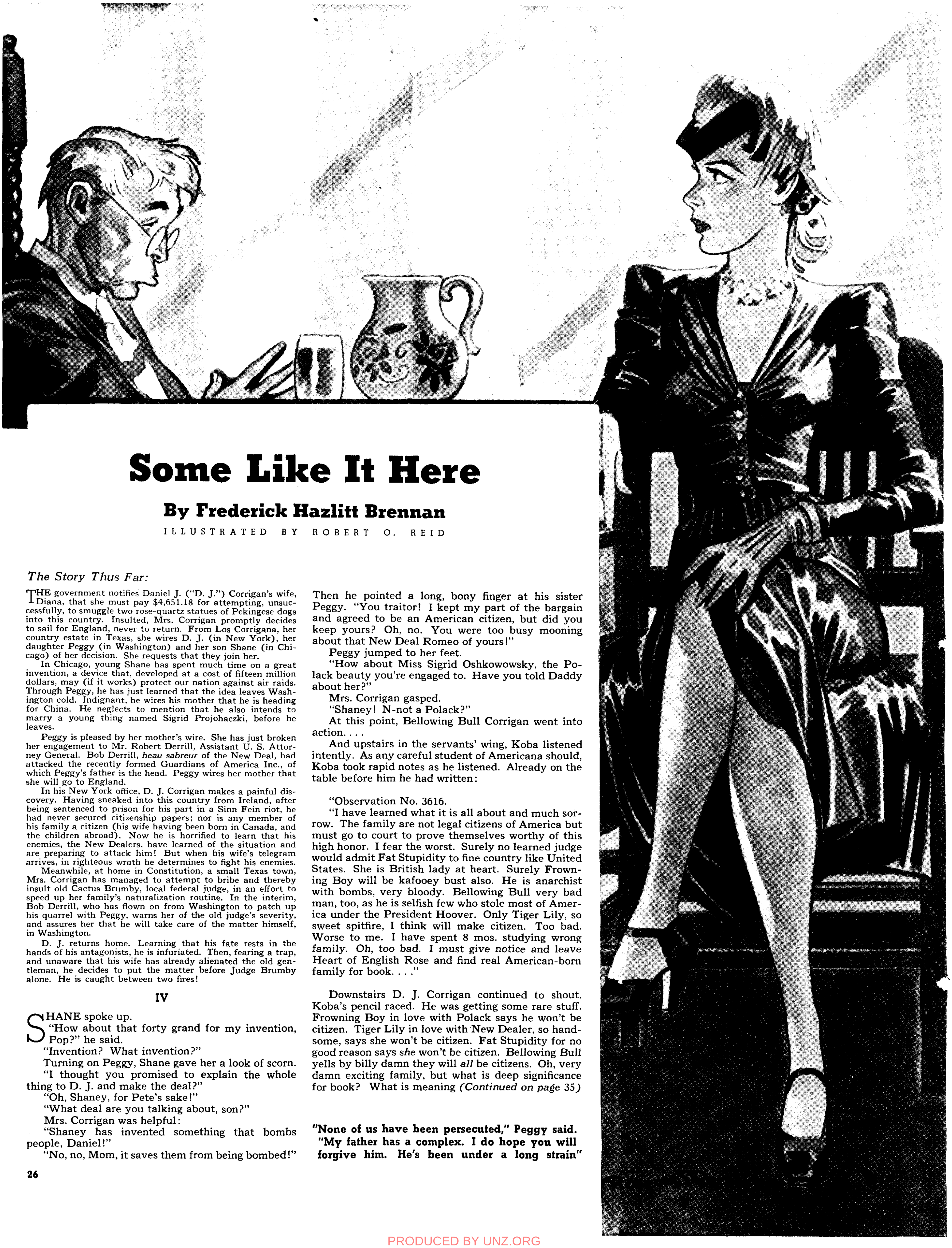


"None of us have been persecuted," Peggy said. "My father has a complex. I do hope you will forgive him. He's been under a long strain"

Some Like It Here

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT O. REID

The Story Thus Far:

THE government notifies Daniel J. ("D. J.") Corrigan's wife, Diana, that she must pay $4,651.18 for attempting, unsuccessfully, to smuggle two rose-quartz statues of Pekingese dogs into this country. Insulted, Mrs. Corrigan promptly decides to sail for England, never to return. From Los Corrigana, her country estate in Texas, she wires D. J. (in New York), her daughter Peggy (in Washington) and her son Shane (in Chicago) of her decision. She requests that they join her.

In Chicago, young Shane has spent much time on a great invention, a device that, developed at a cost of fifteen million dollars, may (if it works) protect our nation against air raids. Through Peggy, he has just learned that the idea leaves Washington cold. Indignant, he wires his mother that he is heading for China. He neglects to mention that he also intends to marry a young thing named Sigrid Projohaczki, before he leaves.

Peggy is pleased by her mother's wire. She has just broken her engagement to Mr. Robert Derrill, Assistant U. S. Attorney General. Bob Derrill, *beau sabreur* of the New Deal, had attacked the recently formed Guardians of America Inc., of which Peggy's father is the head. Peggy wires her mother that she will go to England.

In his New York office, D. J. Corrigan makes a painful discovery. Having sneaked into this country from Ireland, after being sentenced to prison for his part in a Sinn Fein riot, he had never secured citizenship papers; nor is any member of his family a citizen (his wife having been born in Canada, and the children abroad). Now he is horrified to learn that his enemies, the New Dealers, have learned of the situation and are preparing to attack him! But when his wife's telegram arrives, in righteous wrath he determines to fight his enemies.

Meanwhile, at home in Constitution, a small Texas town, Mrs. Corrigan has managed to attempt to bribe and thereby insult old Cactus Brumby, local federal judge, in an effort to speed up her family's naturalization routine. In the interim, Bob Derrill, who has flown on from Washington to patch up his quarrel with Peggy, warns her of the old judge's severity, and assures her that he will take care of the matter himself, in Washington.

D. J. returns home. Learning that his fate rests in the hands of his antagonists, he is infuriated. Then, fearing a trap, and unaware that his wife has already alienated the old gentleman, he decides to put the matter before Judge Brumby alone. He is caught between two fires!

IV

SHANE spoke up.

"How about that forty grand for my invention, Pop?" he said.

"Invention? What invention?"

Turning on Peggy, Shane gave her a look of scorn.

"I thought you promised to explain the whole thing to D. J. and make the deal?"

"Oh, Shaney, for Pete's sake!"

"What deal are you talking about, son?"

Mrs. Corrigan was helpful:

"Shaney has invented something that bombs people, Daniel!"

"No, no, Mom, it saves them from being bombed!" Then he pointed a long, bony finger at his sister Peggy. "You traitor! I kept my part of the bargain and agreed to be an American citizen, but did you keep yours? Oh, no. You were too busy mooning about that New Deal Romeo of yours!"

Peggy jumped to her feet.

"How about Miss Sigrid Oshkowowsky, the Polack beauty you're engaged to. Have you told Daddy about her?"

Mrs. Corrigan gasped.

"Shaney! N-not a Polack?"

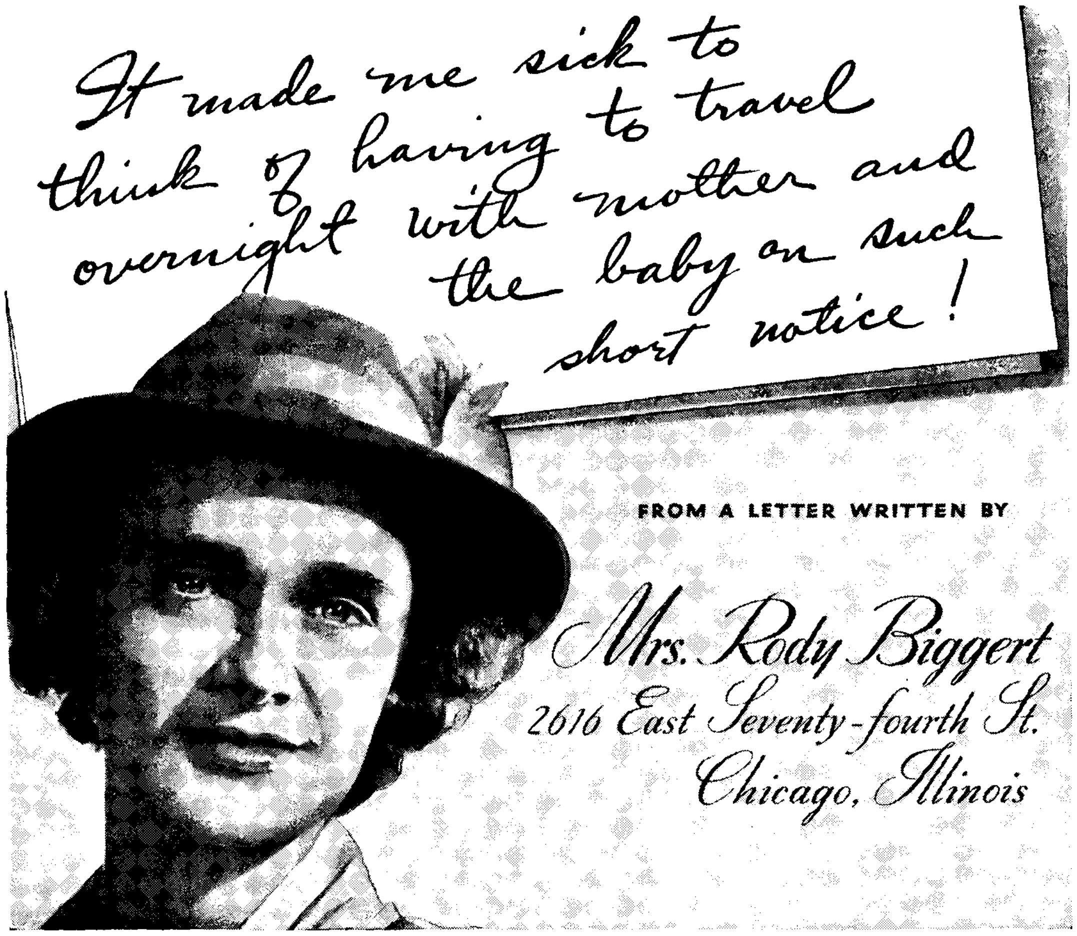
At this point, Bellowing Bull Corrigan went into action. . . .

And upstairs in the servants' wing, Koba listened intently. As any careful student of Americana should, Koba took rapid notes as he listened. Already on the table before him he had written:

"Observation No. 3616.

"I have learned what it is all about and much sorrow. The family are not legal citizens of America but must go to court to prove themselves worthy of this high honor. I fear the worst. Surely no learned judge would admit Fat Stupidity to fine country like United States. She is British lady at heart. Surely Frowning Boy will be kafooey bust also. He is anarchist with bombs, very bloody. Bellowing Bull very bad man, too, as he is selfish few who stole most of America under the President Hoover. Only Tiger Lily, so sweet spitfire, I think will make citizen. Too bad. Worse to me. I have spent 8 mos. studying wrong *family*. Oh, too bad. I must give notice and leave Heart of English Rose and find real American-born family for book. . . ."

Downstairs D. J. Corrigan continued to shout. Koba's pencil raced. He was getting some rare stuff. Frowning Boy in love with Polack says he won't be citizen. Tiger Lily in love with New Dealer, so handsome, says she won't be citizen. Fat Stupidity for no good reason says *she* won't be citizen. Bellowing Bull yells by billy damn they will *all* be citizens. Oh, very damn exciting family, but what is deep significance for book? What is meaning *(Continued on page 35)*



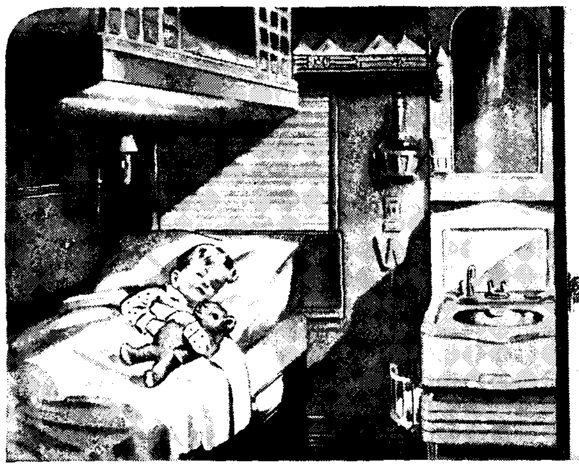
It made me sick to think of having to travel overnight with mother and the baby on such short notice!

FROM A LETTER WRITTEN BY

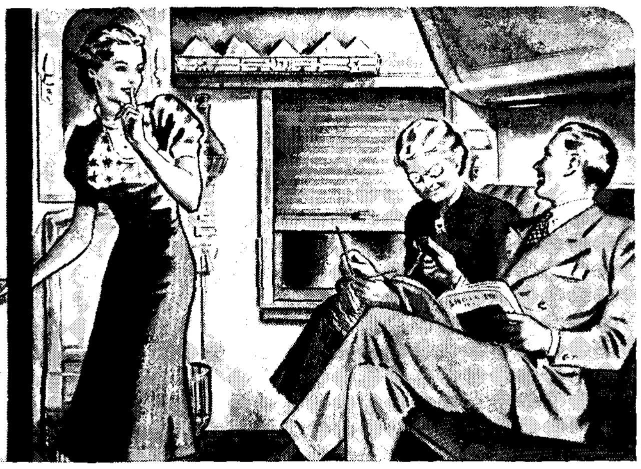
Mrs. Rody Biggert
2616 East Seventy-fourth St.
Chicago, Illinois

"A SUDDEN EMERGENCY TRIP recently presented my husband and me with several serious problems," writes Helen Biggert. "We had to get to Pittsburgh quickly and, of course, safely. And because we had to take our 3 year old son and his grandmother, comfort and convenience was an absolute necessity. Frankly, it all seemed too much until we saw how Pullman could solve our problems.

"WE LEFT CHICAGO early in the evening—which in itself was a great help, because it meant my husband lost no time from his business that day. And more important, it meant that Junior could be put to bed at a reasonable hour and get his full-night's sleep. →



"THE THING I APPRECIATED MOST about our connecting bedrooms was that we could stay up in one of the rooms after Junior was put to sleep in the other—and so we were always close to him in case he awoke and wanted something. I can't think of any other way we could have gone that would have given us such convenience!



"AND WHAT A SURPRISE it was to learn that these two rooms with individual toilet facilities actually cost less than the price of four lower berths! When I think of the space and privacy of those clean, air-conditioned bedrooms, it certainly seems to me that Pullman offers an amazing amount of travel value for comparatively little money!

"BECAUSE OF THE EMERGENCY I had expected the trip to be a severe nervous strain on us. But when we arrived the next morning, I would say we were considerably more rested and relaxed than before we left Chicago! Naturally, we are grateful for your thoughtful and remarkably comfortable service!"

It costs surprisingly little to travel this safest, most dependable way in the world!

● More comfort . . . more convenience . . . a way of smoothing out the usual, bothersome travel difficulties, whether overnight or for longer journeys . . . that's what Pullman service means to thousands who, like Mrs. Biggert, write us each year about their trips.

But regardless of why or where you go—nothing is more important than the secure, relaxed feeling that comes from knowing that rail and Pullman offers the safest, most dependable transportation in the world!

Although the value of this security can't be reckoned or compared in dollars and cents, you'll be glad to know that Pullman travel *is surprisingly inexpensive!* For example—on most overnight trips of 250 or 300 miles—your Pullman charge of $2.65 includes your lower berth accommodation . . . and the use of a spacious dressing room and "lounge parlor!"* Ask your ticket agent for further details.

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*Plus, of course, first class rail fare for transportation

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leweight champion o
lost his title and won i
in. It's back to stay, to

BRADNER KEERL

SEVERAL years ago Opportunity, bent on a little honest door-knocking, sauntered up to Eddie Marino's gymnasium, in Seattle, and, finding the door open, walked in. Opportunity's awkwardness in punching the bag made Marino yell, "Hey, that's no way to punch!"

"How do you punch?" the visitor inquired. He was a slightly built high-school kid and there was nothing about him to impress a man who had spent a lifetime as fighter and trainer. Yet there he was, destined to be the hardest puncher the middleweight division has known since Stanley Ketchel—and the only man except the great Ketchel to lose the title and win it back again: Al Hostak.

Marino might have said, "Scram, kid!" But a keg of horseshoes was hanging over the gym door that day and he said, "Okay, kid. Get your old man's permission and I'll show you how to punch."

Al returned with his father, a Czechoslovakian glass worker, and they talked things over with Marino. The next day Hostak senior bought his son a pair of boxing shoes.

Young Hostak's athletic record was unimpressive, particularly to himself. He had played halfback on the Cleveland high-school football team, and baseball, and had failed to win his letter in either sport. This was disappointing, though not discouraging to a youngster who held a profound faith in his boxing star.

The Marino-Hostak combination clicked from the start. Hostak's contribution was a sound body, an amazing co-ordination between muscle and brain, plus an eagerness to learn. The killer instinct so necessary in top-flight fighters was close to the surface, needing only to be aroused.

Marino's investment in the partnership was nearly a lifetime's experience in the fight game. He had won the lightweight championship of Canada, dropped three decisions to Abe Attel and taught thousands of marines to use their dukes during the World War.

The Attel fights left a lasting impression on Marino and he passed his knowledge on to his pupil. Fans of the Attel era instantly note the similar style when Hostak goes into action. He stands straight, keeps his hands high and is always ready to touch off a devastating blast. One of Attel's Sunday punches was a right to the heart, followed by a left hook to the jaw. It is a one-two combination that has won many a fight for Hostak.

Marino believes in fundamentals and Hostak put in many weary months learning his trade before Marino said, "Al, you're ready for the wars."

His first bout was against a rugged youngster, the Tukwila Woodchopper. Hostak remembered everything Marino had told him—until the bell rang. The bell's signal summoned the shade of a Hostak who had lived in Sudeten caves ten thousand years ago. The shade chased Mr. Marino and his system of scientific boxing right off the reservation and took command. While the crowd roared approval, Mr. Marino moaned, and during the rest period tore the hide from his pupil. Al knocked the woodchopper cold in the next round and hasn't been excited since.

Marino gave Al a dollar for that first fight and Al bought a motto for fifty cents to hang on the wall of his home.

Marino did not hurry matters, but brought the boy along slowly. A youngster named Freddie Steele was making his way slowly over the championship trail and the Marino-Hostak combination decided to follow some of Freddie's blazes.

Destiny also worked through a promoter named Nate Druxman. Druxman reasoned that better purses would bring top-flight fighters, and top-flight fighters caused turnstile bearings to burn out. Within a brief time even New York's Uncle Mike Jacobs could not match the Puget Sound promoter's middleweight division purses. At latest reports Mr. Druxman's "I raise you" was still audible the width of the continent.

Champion—and in Record Time

Whenever middleweights fought, Al was at the ringside, though in his earlier days it took a bit of doing to raise the tariff. He studied the strength, weakness and style of future opponents. Gradually his own competition grew stiffer, but his improvement was always a length or two ahead.

Knocking out Mike Bazzone in five rounds was just another fight at the time, but actually it was the first of a record-breaking string of seventeen consecutive knockouts.

The savagery of his attack and his terrific punching, rather than the losers' reputations, convinced Northwest fans Hostak would be a world's champion. His reputation, when discussed elsewhere, brought quiet smiles and was credited to home-town enthusiasm. He rarely fought away from Seattle, but clean-cut knockouts downed cries of home-town decisions.

The Hostak-Steele fight for the championship was a natural that needed no build-up. Druxman settled the ever-important referee problem by sending for Jack Dempsey, but the matter of Steele's percentage was a problem requiring a bit of ironing-out. The champion's end is usually a guarantee of thirty-seven and one-half per cent of the net gate. Steele demanded a $30,000 guarantee or fifty per cent of the net gate. Mr. Druxman agreed.

Thirty thousand people crowded into Seattle's civic ball park the night of the fight. The middleweight knowns and unknowns were introduced and vanished. Then Referee Jack Dempsey crawled through the ropes.

Freddie Steele came out fighting and ran into a very fair copy of the late Abe

Attel's one-two. He hit the canvas, and hit it three more times before Dempsey counted him out. A world's championship had changed hands in record time —a minute and forty-two seconds.

Hostak remembers nothing after the first knockdown, nor do most of the fans who stood up and roared for a hundred consecutive seconds.

Old-timers and those who knew the fight game, including Dempsey, rated Hostak with Ketchel. Hostak fought an overweight fight with Stuhley a few weeks later.

The bell saved Stuhley at the end of the first round. The referee stopped the fight in the third round. "Nothing like this ever happened to me before," Stuhley gloomily observed several hours later. He had fought over three hundred fights, including the best in the middleweight division.

Stuhley's manager, Eddie Stanton, who has been in the fight game thirty-four years, said Hostak was the best man he had ever seen, and, inch for inch, the best in the world.

Hostak had fought over seventy battles and hadn't a scar. "He has never been knocked down," chirped Marino—hastening to knock on wood.

Krieger Takes the Title

Then came Solly Krieger! Solly hailed from Brooklyn and knew his trade. He introduced Al to a crouch and multiple heads—all of them weaving and bobbing. Hostak touched off his dynamite, and one of Krieger's heads took the blast. There followed the greatest scalp treatment since Custer's Last Stand. It is reported Krieger couldn't wear a hat for a week afterward.

Early in the fight Hostak let go a terrific left and one of Krieger's heads got in the way. Hostak broke three bones in his hand and everyone knew it. He still had a right hand and he and most of the rabid fans thought that would be enough. Again Krieger blocked a punch with one of his heads, and a broken blood vessel practically ruined the right hand. At that, there was a moment well along in the fight when it looked as if Hostak might knock out his opponent.

Near the end of the fight Krieger landed a clean punch that had everything behind it. Hostak didn't go down, but his knees buckled, and an explosive "Oh!" came from the crowd.

Krieger won a decision and Hostak went to the hospital to have his hands fixed up. They did a good job of it and in due time Hostak took on an overweight match against one Erjavic, who isn't a middleweight. In the third round Hostak cut loose and Mr. Erjavic bit the dust.

They had been calling Hostak the second Ketchel and fans wondered if, like Ketchel, he could win the championship back again. They wondered, too, if he would have as hard a time as Ketchel in getting a return fight.

Krieger gave Hostak no such trouble. He plucked an honest dollar or two in sundry green fields, and returned to Seattle for another match.

Mr. Druxman settled the referee question by importing Jim Braddock. On June 27th of this year, around 20,000 fans paid $50,000 dollars to see what happened. Al Hostak was in fine form and out to prove he was a second Ketchel. The same devastating punch that won him a championship and then lost it went into action. He had learned a lot about multiple heads and scalp treatments. This time he found the mark and Krieger took a nine count in the third round. The bell saved him at the seven count in the same round.

The right hand sent Krieger down again in the fourth. He got up and went down again, beaten and helpless. Braddock gave Hostak the fight on a technical knockout. A former champion had come back.

Out of the ring you'd take him for a very young businessman or one of the undergraduates from the University of Washington. He *is* a young businessman—only twenty-three, and he owns a gasoline service station that he hopes to stretch into a chain. He likes to fish and has bought a ranch that yields a trout crop.

He would like to get into the same ring with Billy Conn or Fred Apostoli. This will happen in time, but probably not in New York. Uncle Mike as yet hasn't upped Mr. Druxman's figure. And, besides, a king doesn't care much to do his kinging in a land where he's looked upon as a mere pretender to the throne.

You can taste cool April in your mouth

You can snap your fingers at the seasons and choose the sensation of an April climate for your mouth. A simple little thing like a change to SQUIBB DENTAL CREAM can make a big difference in the way your mouth feels. It's the taste of this delightful dentifrice that sends your spirits soaring the minute it touches your tongue . . . cool, minty, fragrant, invigorating. Then all the other beneficial ingredients get to work with a rush, sweetening, freshening, cleaning, polishing, and the first thing you know, it's cool April in your mouth. A glance at the label is reassuring, too—for the name Squibb means purity and safety—even for teeth that might be harmed by harsh abrasives. BUY SQUIBB DENTAL CREAM now and use it an extra time each day—for good measure.

SQUIBB TOOTH POWDER also contains a new taste thrill and the same safe cleansing properties. It is attractively packaged in a smart cream-and-sepia container.

★Taste and feel the refreshing difference

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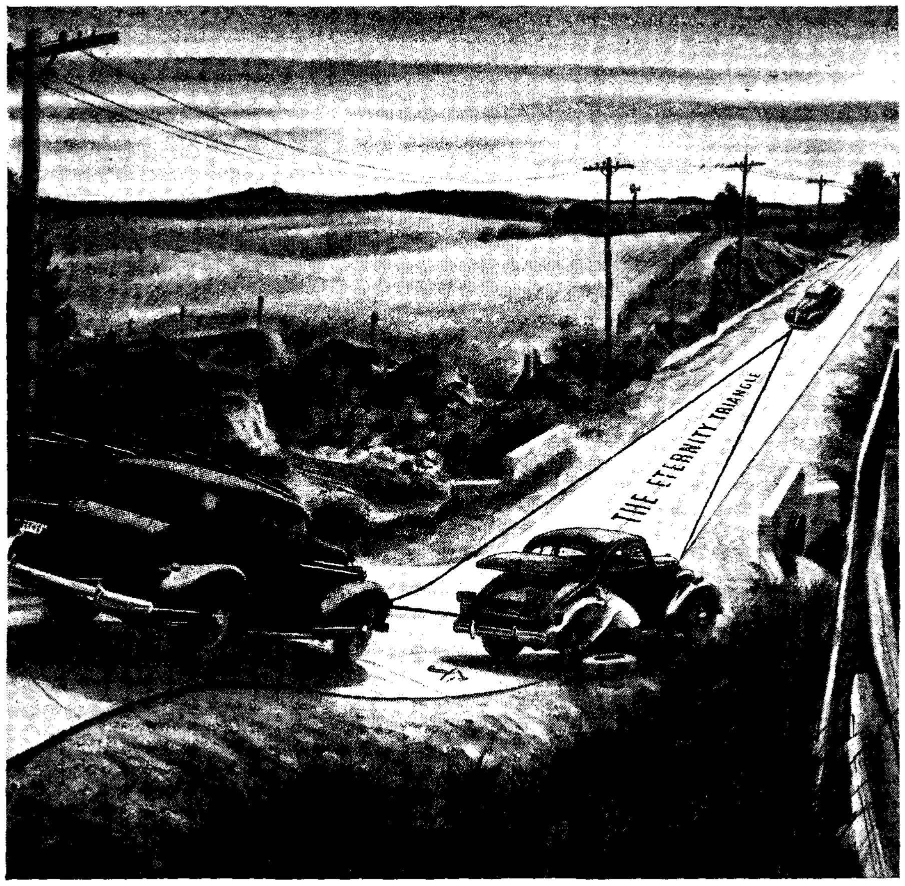

"My heart stood still...

MY HALF-DEAD ENGINE SEEMED PARALYZED

"The road looked safe. But suddenly, as I topped a hill, I saw a stalled car just ahead and another car racing toward me. I had no chance to stop—my life depended on passing first. Speed! Getaway! How I wanted them that instant! I lived a year while my half-dead engine faltered. That close shave showed me the peril of a half-dead engine. Believe me, fast pickup is vital to safety."

How about your car? Does it lack the power, pep, and pickup it used to have? Remember, engines don't go half-dead suddenly. The loss of power and pep occurs so gradually it is often unnoticed until you get into a tight spot. Perfect Circle Piston Rings will restore that old-time performance so necessary to take you out of dangerous situations.

So, have your favorite dealer or repairman install a new set of Perfect Circle Piston Rings. They will bring back lost power and pickup. They will also stop oil pumping and give much better gasoline mileage. They put new life in your engine—give you the pleasure, safety, and economy that millions of car owners are now enjoying.

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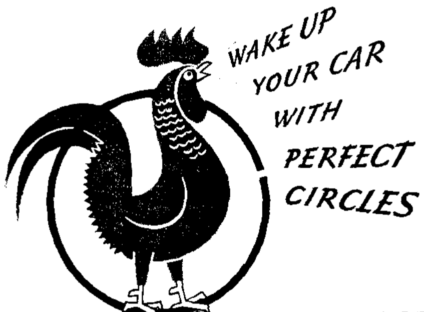
- *If your car is sluggish, or falters on a quick pull—*
- *If the exhaust smoke is blue—*
- *If your oil and gas bills are going up—*

See a repairman authorized to display this sign, at once. Learn how little it costs to install new Perfect Circles—the only piston rings with the exclusive Ferrox Surface. They are designed to conform to worn or tapered cylinder walls *without* that wear-resulting excess pressure. That's why they restore pickup, cut down cylinder wear, and increase oil and gas mileage. Insist on Perfect Circles. The Perfect Circle Companies, Hagerstown, Indiana, U.S.A. and Toronto, Canada.


WAKE UP YOUR CAR WITH PERFECT CIRCLES

PERFECT CIRCLE
Piston Rings

The Men Mix It

Continued from page 18

"Crisp lettuce is cabbage," countered Dwight Fiske, from the other side of the continent. "Boston lettuce to which the dressing clings is the only foundation of a salad."

Proper Fiske dressing for salad for two goes like this: One wooden spoonful of Margaux wine that has been permitted to sour, and three times as much pure Italian olive oil. Put them together in a large wooden bowl, innocent of garlic. Between uses the bowl is merely wiped out with a dry cloth, occasionally rubbed with bacon. These little niceties are of paramount importance. They put a tang in salad dressing. Mix the dressing with a wooden spoon about three minutes. As the finishing touch, add one level teaspoon of five mixed herbs chopped almost to nonexistence: chives, tarragon, rosemary, parsley and dill, as well as freshly ground pepper and salt.

Tasteful Disagreement

A perfect summer meal is Dwight Fiske salad accompanied by a loaf of Italian bread, broken and not cut, bel paese cheese and a bottle of red wine—a combination as subtle as his songs.

"Origin," said Mr. Fiske gravely, "Bordeaux, France."

Chives instead of garlic? Fooey, according to Mr. Robinson. Even when it comes to dressings, the boys can't get together. As many as a dozen wooden bowls come to table at a Robinson supper. All are rubbed with garlic. With them come a cruet of Italian olive oil, six vinegars, three mustards, tabasco sauce, pepper, salt and sugar. Gatherings around the Robinsons' terrace table, with its bright linen cloth and centerpiece of fruit in a large Mexican gourd, are salad jam sessions. Personality is expressed with gusto, as each guest goes to town over his own salad bowl.

For Eddie's own salad bowl it's one of vinegar to two of oil, and a blend of all three mustards, dissolved critically in the oil. A mere whiff of tabasco, a dash of freshly ground pepper, a bit of salt and a tinier sprinkling of sugar and, as the brittle greens go in, talk turns from appreciation of Eddie's superb art collection to self-lauding among the salad experts.

"If the dressing is good, you can dunk your bread in it," said Eddie magnanimously. "Back home in New York all six of us kids used to drink my mother's salad dressing."

With the salad the Robinsons usually serve steak. Eddie graciously permitted his wife, Gladys Lloyd, to give the recipe for this he-man item.

"A steak two and a half inches thick," said Mrs. Robinson, "cooked in an oven that has been heated forty minutes in advance, so it is as radiant as the ideal charcoal fire. Broil seven minutes on one side, eight on the other. Then place it on a piping-hot skillet for half an hour to coax forth the rich juices. Add a very little seasoning and cut tiny pockets in the steak, filling them with a paste of butter and two finely sliced cloves of garlic. Then back on the broiler for another minute on each side, and serve bathed in its own rich gravy—with salad."

Origin: Hollywood, California.

Garlic has its place, admitted Dwight Fiske, who tries to be just in serious matters like this. In fact, he has one garlic-rubbed bowl and one untouched by garlic in the special piece of airplane luggage dedicated to salad equipment which he carries with him on his travels. It's a twenty-four-inch case, into which the two bowls fit tightly on a lining of waxed paper, with a Margaux wine vinegar bottle lying on its side in front, Worcestershire sauce in back.

In the right-hand corner stands a bottle of olive oil, in the left a jar of pickled onions. In the center of one bowl lies a vinegar and oil cruet, all wrapped round with tissue paper or excelsior; in the middle of the other goes a tiny jar of chopped herbs—chives, dill and tarragon, which will last two weeks, he says. Rosemary and parsley, also beloved, don't pack well, so he does without—while traveling. Pepper and salt mills and wooden fork and spoon are tucked in with tissue paper.

In the garlic bowl, Dwight Fiske concocts a salad less worthy of the palate than that prime favorite using herbs, he says appraisingly; a little trite for a connoisseur of salads, but good.

Rub the bowl with garlic, then take one third of tarragon vinegar to two thirds of the pure olive oil; add a teaspoon of dry English mustard, a dash of salt and newly ground whole pepper; stir enthusiastically. Dwight insists that no slightest trace of water remain on the carefully washed lettuce and water cress. Add a quartered peeled tomato to the greens, and toss—lightly.

But salad is never a light consideration with Dwight Fiske. Last winter his salad bag accompanied him to Palm Beach for the season's singing, thence to Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City and New Orleans. This fall he will venture into enemy territory for the San Francisco Exposition, climaxing a New York engagement during the Trylon and Perisphere show in Flushing.

The Fiske Fish Salad

Singing was deserted entirely during that trip to Sweden, responsible for *fisksallad* in his repertory. He lingered on the glass-enclosed veranda of Bellmansro, contemplating the century-old oaks which half screen the fields that were once the hunting preserves of Swedish kings, until he had mastered the secret of the peerless fish salad, which is a whole meal. No side issue, this. You dine at Bellmansro at nine o'clock, and perhaps you leave at twelve—if you make pretty short shrift of it.

Dwight Fiske had only one improvement to make on the Swedish recipe, substituting bright green leaves of Boston lettuce for iceberg lettuce, which is favored in Sweden. (Objection from Mr. Robinson?) But the lettuce is a mere garnish for *fisksallad à la Bellmansro.*

"You start with the dressing," said Dwight. "Equal parts of tarragon vinegar and pure Italian olive oil. Some freshly ground pepper and a *very* little salt, because into the dressing go several anchovies. They should be on the sweet side, split, boned and beheaded, of course. Then pound to a paste the yolk of one hard-cooked egg and half an onion, finely chopped."

After these preliminaries, into the dressing go strange bowl mates—a few slices of chopped green pepper, a quartered and peeled tomato, the meat of one lobster or its equivalent of firm whitefish, half a cup of ham cut into cubes about one sixteenth of an inch square, and—hold everything!—a large peeled and quartered pear. The combination of fruit and fish flavors is unbelievably good.

"Add the lettuce as a final touch, and stir carefully in one direction only," cautioned Fiske. "Then try it with a glass of Tokay wine."

He beamed, satyrlike, as only Dwight Fiske can, expressing his satisfaction with Sweden, a country that is solvent, minds her own business and produces the acme of perfection in a fish salad.

To Eddie Robinson, on the other hand, combining various foods with the greens is the gesture of a neophyte.

"Camouflage," Eddie thunders. "Shredding tongue and ham is a disguise for salad for those who don't really like it."

Over at the Marcel Lamaze Restaurant, gathering place of Hollywood connoisseurs, this dictum brings a chorus of "Bravos!" All the epicures prefer green salad with a skillful dressing to elaborate concoctions, declares Ernest Knew, manager.

For the Ladies, Too

"A woman eats salad and likes it because it is good to look at," he explains, a trifle condescendingly. "It must have color rather than taste—the brilliant green of peppers, mayonnaise topped with paprika.

"Men like plain salad with spicy dressings. It should never look neat. And people should never look at one another while eating it, because you have to open your mouth wide—even if you are Hedy Lamarr."

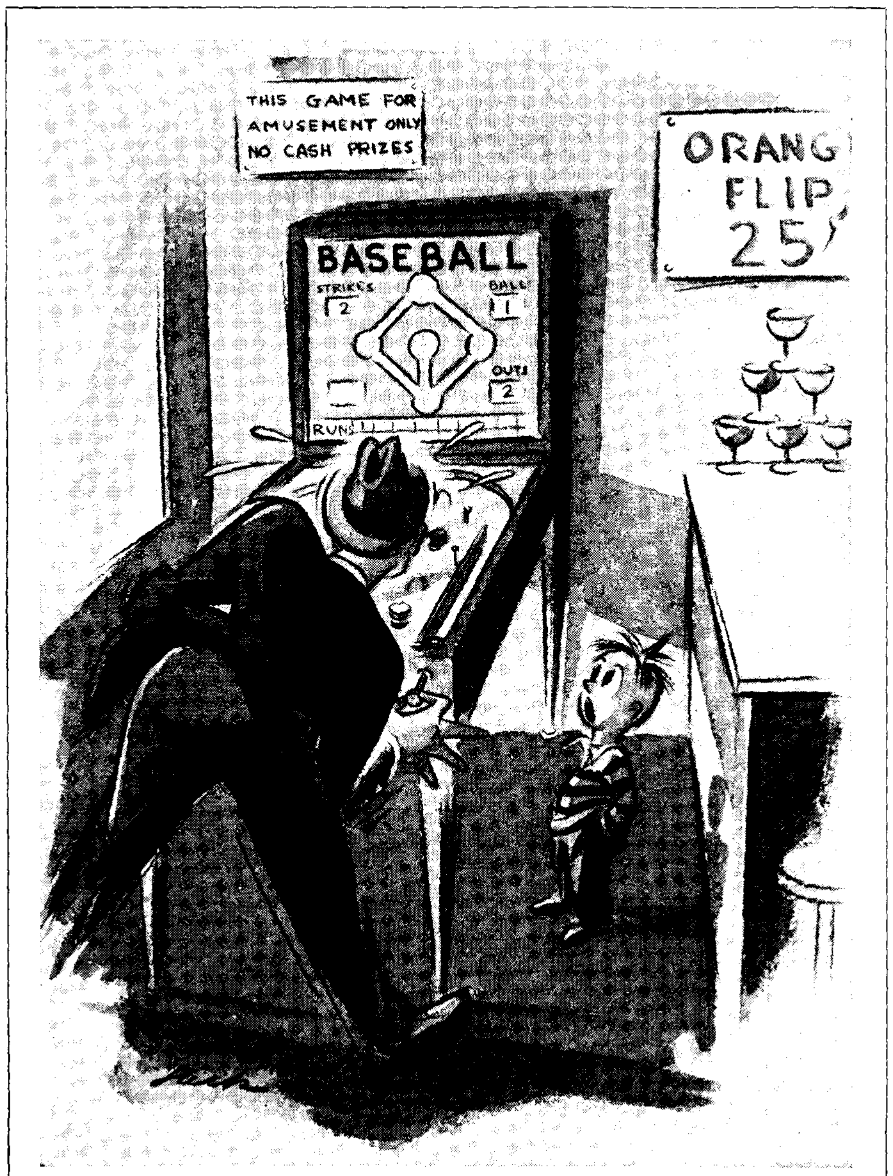
Hedy Lamarr is one of the few women in Hollywood who like salad as it is prepared for men, he says. Old-fashioned French dressing used at Lamaze is vinegarless: Four tablespoons of olive oil, two teaspoons of lemon juice, one teaspoon of Bourbon mustard, a dash of Worcestershire sauce, another dash of Maggi sauce, black pepper from a pepper mill, mixed well with assorted greens in a garlic-rubbed bowl. Among the devotees of this dish are Robert Benchley and Cedric Gibbons.

The East concedes a point to Mr. Knew on his spices but clings to its own variation. At Sherry's on Park Avenue, Louis Sismondo puts chutney in the dressing. For a salad of escarole, chicory, endive and water cress, there is nothing more zestful in a French dressing than one teaspoon of chopped chutney (for two people) and a bit of chili sauce for color. Robert Haig, oil magnate, Adolph Menjou and Ira Hill, the photographer, go for Louis' salad in a big way.

But an insidious influence has recently come to light. It emanates from a man in a strategic position—Ernest Stevens, celebrated chef of the New York Central Railroad on the New York-Chicago run. From a reliable source it is learned that Stevens has a recipe that contains maple syrup. And, as if this weren't enough, it also is not made fresh every day—on the theory the longer it lives the better it tastes. Open defiance. It may eventually bring Robinson and Fiske together to combat it.

Ernest takes a medium-sized white onion, sticks it like a pincushion with cloves, lets it soak in a cup of vinegar for at least twenty-four hours. Then he adds three fateful teaspoonfuls of maple syrup, three cups of pure olive oil, a little English mustard, salt and pepper. Every time it's used he sprinkles Roquefort cheese over the inundated greens.

The situation is enough to make a good mixer's hand tremble over the salad bowl. Its diplomatic repercussions are intensified by the rumor that Ernest makes his salad of California lettuce and Boston lettuce, in *equal* parts.



"It's easy, once you get the hang of it, Mr. DiMaggio" JACK COLE

Would *You* risk this ?

THE average car owner would hardly consider battling a huge alligator under water a safe sport—yet the same car owner will take even greater risks by driving on tires that won't hold the road or stop his car. If you doubt this, look up the insurance statistics; skids cause many more accidents than blowouts.

If you have never driven on Fisk Safti-Flight tires you have no conception of how different they are from ordinary tires. When your brakes stop the *wheels*, Safti-Flights stop the *car*, without skid or swerve.

See the nearest Fisk dealer and let him show you why Safti-Flight has come to be known as "America's Safest Tire."

THE FISK TIRE COMPANY, INC.
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The white cross-strips which you see are inserts of soft but very tough rubber, which extend below the ribs. *Their purpose is to make the tread flexible and thus to increase its stopping and non-skid efficiency. While the ribs actually are continuous, without break or cut, the* effect *of the gum inserts is to divide the tread into hundreds of deep, flexible blocks.*

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FISK

TIME TO RE-TIRE
'GET A FISK'

PLUS·*Protection* IN THE SKID ZONE ★★ PLUS·*Protection* IN THE BLOW-OUT ZONE

GIN QUIZ NO. 10

Questions and Answers that will help you make better Martinis

By JOHN T. FITZGERALD
Chief Instructor, Bartenders School, Inc.
New York City

I **Why should a Martini be stirred instead of shaken?**

Because shaking "bruises" the vermouth . . . that is, emulsifies it and makes the cocktail cloudy.

II **Are bitters necessary in making a Martini?**

They are not needed to "cover the gin" if the gin is Hiram Walker's. But if you like the taste of bitters, that's reason enough for using a dash.

III **What is the difference between "Compounded" Gin and "Distilled" Gin?**

"Compounded" gin is made by compounding the flavoring substances with alcohol and then reducing the proof. Distilled gin, such as Hiram Walker's, is made by distilling grain spirits through the juniper berries, coriander seed, and other imported flavor ingredients.

IV **Why do Hiram Walker Gins outsell any other kind?**

Because uniform flavor is the most desirable characteristic in gin—and Hiram Walker's perfect flavor never varies. Hiram Walker has an exclusive method of measuring the exact flavor strength of each ingredient. And the famous "Controlled Condensation" keeps these flavors in perfect "harmony" throughout the entire distilling process.

MARTINIS for two
⅔ Hiram Walker's Gin
⅓ French Vermouth
Stir well with ice, strain, twist lemon peel over the glass, and serve with olive.

W
ORIGINAL FORMULA
Hiram Walker's
NINETY PROOF
DISTILLED LONDON DRY
GIN
90 PROOF
DISTILLED FROM GRAIN

Harmonized FLAVOR

. . . that's why America buys more than any other kind

Distilled from grain. 90 proof. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois

A Sweet Prospect

Continued from page 15

thoughtfully as he came out, toweling his splendid shoulders.

"Tough luck, Johnny. How'd it happen?"

Johnny shrugged cheerfully. "I think it was the lights. One place out there—they get in your eyes and you just hold up your glove and pray."

Mac could accept that; every field has a few blind spots. But he couldn't accept Johnny's casual and cheerful dismissal of the tragedy. It kept on bothering him.

He had another worry that concerned Johnny. The league pitchers had gotten wise to him and they tried, almost without exception, to bean him. One of Mac's best friends and baseball contemporaries was still sitting in a pleasant room cutting paper dolls because of a bean ball eleven years ago, and Mac hoped prayerfully that Johnny would never hear about it.

Johnny took the attentions casually at first, dodging them with the ease of a first-flight boxer. And then he caught on.

Mac could shiver any time he thought about the night Johnny caught on. When the third straight one whizzed by his right ear he left the plate, still carrying his murderous big bat, and walked inexorably toward the terrified pitcher, who turned to retreat. Everybody yelled at once, but Johnny kept on coming.

Mac and Joe got to the pitcher's box in a dead heat, because it had dawned on them simultaneously that Johnny really meant to scatter the southpaw's brains over Hempstead's well-kept turf. They talked him back to the plate, still swearing and threatening in Spanish, and the pitcher was so rattled he walked three men in a row and lost the game. But Mac knew the battle had only begun and that eventually the barrage might get Johnny's goat and drive him back from the plate.

IN THE meantime Johnny and the girl, whose name was Lucia Allyn, had clicked. Two or three of the boys tried to kid him about her, the way they'd have kidded anybody else, but he'd give them a look that congealed the words in their throats. He was very gentle with her, but after one bitter round even Lucia sensed that Johnny had to be handled differently from anybody she'd ever known. He came into the Red Star one day and found her talking and laughing with a customer. He sat and watched her intensely, and when she came to his table he didn't even say hello. Instead he snapped:

"Who was that man?"

Lucia stiffened. "He's a man I've known for years—from the town where I was born. And no matter who he is, I'll talk to him if I want to."

Their eyes struck sparks, but Johnny folded first. He was even lonelier and more vulnerable than Lucia, and it meant more to him.

"I'm—sorry. I forgot you were—American."

"Well, try to remember it," she said shortly.

But they went to a movie that afternoon, and he went home with her afterward. He paced up and down the little living room like a panther and she sat and watched him uneasily. Then he whirled and came back to the couch and sat down beside her.

"I'm—sorry, my Lucia." He always gave her name the long, soft Spanish pronunciation. "You see . . ." he fumbled for the correct American declaration, "I'm nuts about you."

Lucia flushed and was silent for a long time, while Johnny held his breath. Then she said:

"I think I'm sort of glad you are, Johnny. . . ."

It was the first time he had kissed her. She'd been kissed before, but not like this, and when he finally stopped she was shaking all over. She whispered, "Oh, Johnny . . ." and hid her face in his shoulder.

The hurry went out of his blood and he felt tender and protective. "Baby," he crooned. "Baby. . . ." And on his lips the cheapened word had a lovely sound.

She went to a baseball game on her next night off. The Cats were playing at home for eight days, and it was Lucia herself who suggested it. Johnny was jubilant: now she would see what the newspapers—what all of Hempstead—was talking about; she would see what a sensation she had fallen in love with. There was no inordinate conceit in his thought; he was above all a realist, and he knew he was doing a lot better than all right.

He hit three for four that night—one of them over the left-field fence. He even kidded with the boys. On his first trip to the plate he grinned, "I'm gonna hit this one for my mother," and on his second: "An' this one's for my girl."

That was the homer.

THE Mid-South has a split season, with a play-off between the winners of each half. If the same team wins both halves, then the second-place team participates in the play-off. Mac hoped prayerfully that he could put things on ice by winning the first half, and if his luck—and Johnny's hitting—held out, he felt pretty optimistic.

And then—with two weeks to go—hell busted. Johnny Novares slid into second base and didn't get up.

Mac groaned as he raced across the diamond: the kid never *had* learned how to slide right. He took one look at Johnny's drawn face and groaned again.

"What is it, kid?"

Johnny grimaced. "My foot. It hurts like hell."

Most of the fans stood up as they carried him off the field.

It developed that he hadn't broken anything; according to the team physician his ankle was sprained, and not very badly, at that. A few days' rest, Bill Loring said, was all it needed.

Mac breathed deeply for the first time since the accident but he left Johnny at home when the team went on the road the next day. And Johnny didn't seem at all perturbed about it; he just grinned wickedly.

Being injured, he discovered, made him more of a hero than ever. The sports writers cried all over their columns and Lucia fussed over him tenderly, and called him up when she wasn't working. If the Cats lost a game—and they dropped the first two—everybody said things would have been different if Johnny Novares had been in there.

He stayed in bed three days, then he got a cane and hobbled into the Red Star. Lucia said breathlessly, "Johnny, ought you to be up?" and he smiled valiantly.

"Sure. Doc Loring said to start walking. It don't hurt—much."

The Cats stayed on the road eight days, losing four games and winning four. When they came back to Hempstead they were tied with Ashton for the lead—and Johnny was still carrying his cane.

Mac watched him with narrowed eyes and noticed that he limped worse at some times than at others. Occasionally, Mac discovered, he didn't limp at all.

He discussed it with Doc Loring: "When'll Johnny be back on the list?"

Loring shook his head. "I thought he'd be there by now. There aren't any bones broken; I X-rayed him to see. The swelling's all gone but he says it still hurts."

Mac didn't comment but he was thinking a lot. This was the difference, he decided, between an American and a foreigner: the Americans could take it but the foreigners couldn't. It was a shame, too, because Johnny was the sweetest big-time prospect Mac had had in a heap of years. But the big time took something else besides playing ability; it also took guts.

He broached the subject to Johnny the next day, when he saw that Johnny had discarded the cane. "Feel like taking a shot at it yet, kid?"

Johnny grinned cheerfully. "Not yet, Mac. When I walk fast it hurts like hell."

MAC decided to let the matter ride for a day or two longer. The Cats had a measly half-game lead right now, and if they could win without Novares the victory might have a very salutary effect on Johnny himself. He gave indications of getting too big for his breeches, anyhow.

The first half of the season was to end July fifteenth, and the setup was one for the books: the Ashton Bears and the Hempstead Cats playing the deciding four-game series in Hempstead, with the lead shifting like a weather vane on a church steeple. On the morning of the fifteenth they were tied up tight.

And Johnny Novares had watched the first three games from the company box. The fifteenth was Wednesday, and Lucia's night off. Johnny asked for two tickets that night, and Mac arrived at a momentous decision. The measures he settled on were pretty drastic, but this seemed to be the occasion for them. His act required co-operation, so he enlisted the support of T. A. Shackleford, who was a Hempstead citizen and president of the Mid-South League. And having done that, he prayed to the Powers that he might not have guessed wrong.

The company box was just above the Cat dugout. By agreement Shackleford got there early and took a front seat, while Mac stood around and eyed the entrances, feeling as nervous as a high-school actor just before the commencement play.

He saw Johnny and Lucia come in, so he drifted nearer and began a conversation with T. A., taking great care not to look up as they entered the box.

And then Shackleford asked a question—in a very clear voice:

"Mac, what on earth's wrong with Novares? We could use him tonight."

Mac dug a heel into the ground and looked at the hole it made. "I wouldn't know. Johnny says his foot still hurts." (Had he put too much emphasis on "says"? he wondered.)

Johnny and Lucia stiffened and looked away from each other.

"What does Loring think?" T. A. asked.

Mac hesitated, then replied without looking up. "Loring says he can't find a damn' thing wrong with it. . . ."

He turned and walked over to speak to Tim Andrews, who had drawn the crucial pitching assignment.

In the company box Johnny and Lucia sat silent. Johnny's face was frightening in its dark fury, but Lucia finally made him look at her. And having accomplished that, she looked away without a word.

"Lucia," he whispered.

She looked back. "Yes, Johnny?"

"*You* think I ought to play ball tonight?"

Her eyes didn't waver. "*Can* you?"

He shrugged indifferently. "Sure."

"Then—why don't you?"

He nodded and pushed back his chair. "Okay, ba-bee. . . ."

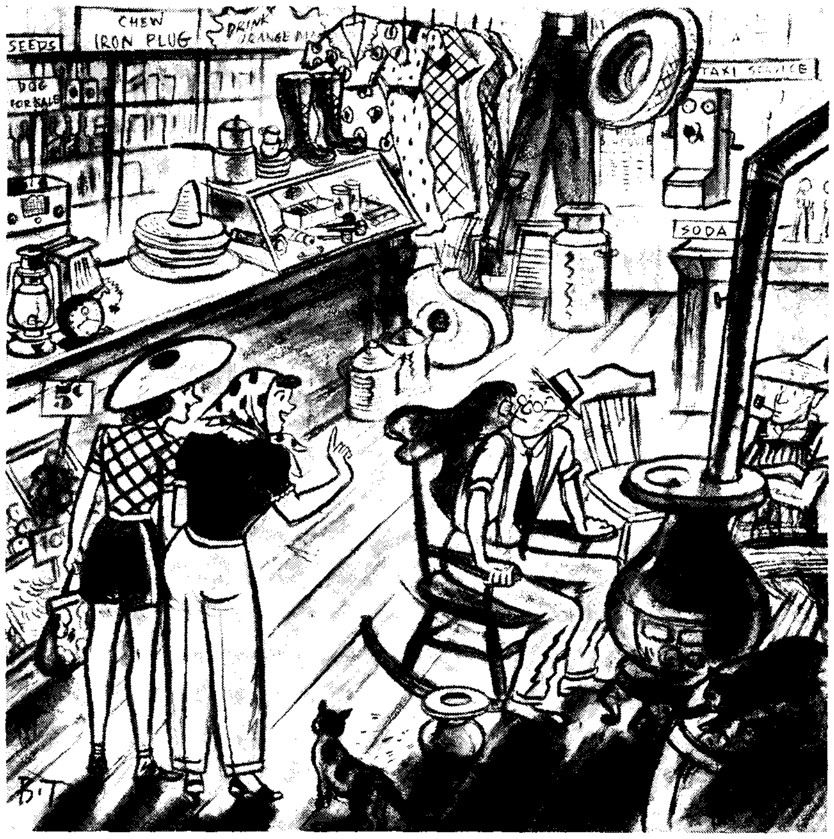
He went straight to Mac. "I'm gonna play," he said shortly.

Mac looked at him hard. Johnny's face had the expression he had hoped and searched for. A fighting look.

"Think you feel like it?" he demurred.

"Sure. I'm ready in five minutes." He stalked away, and Mac noticed that he didn't limp.

When he walked out on the field the



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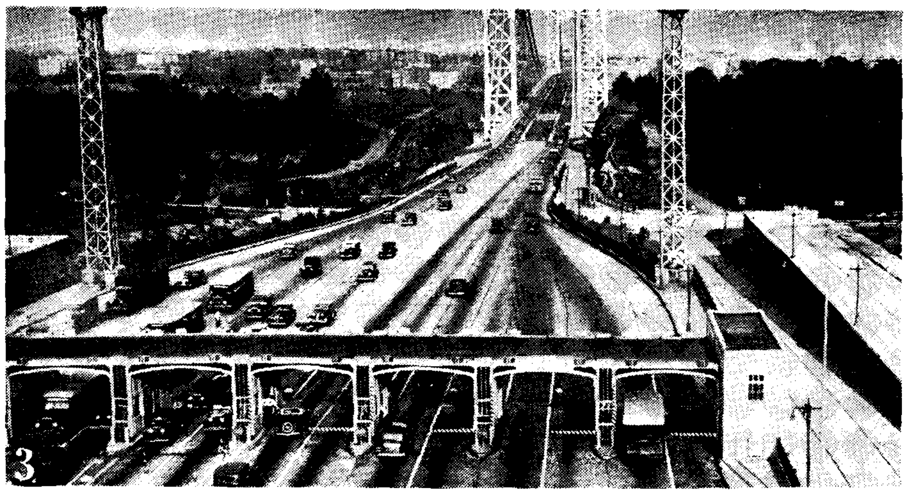

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A little goes a longer way

crowd let out a roar that beat against the stars. He ignored it and took up his position. He still didn't limp, but neither did he trot smartly into place like the others. He moved deliberately, seeming to spare that ankle.

Grandstand stuff, Mac decided. Well, what the heck, so long as he played ball?

If you live within the Mid-South territory and follow baseball you know about that last game. It was a track meet, in which the Bears looked like the Epworth League in a Sunday-school benefit.

Don't misunderstand me: Johnny Novares wasn't *that* good. But a ball club is a delicate, unpredictable human machine; and some one factor can oil it or destroy its timing beyond hope of immediate repair. The legend of Johnny Novares was that factor.

Actually, Johnny played only a fair game. He got one hit for three times up, but he sacrificed once to deep left to bring in the Cats' ninth run, and he walked twice. And when I say walked, I mean it. He ambled to first base as if he never expected to get there and didn't much care if he didn't make it.

MAC kept an eye on him during the game but Johnny wasn't looking at anybody—not even at Lucia. The expression on his face was pretty poisonous, but a spoiled kid who's been swatted in his vanity isn't apt to shed sweetness and light, so Mac ignored it.

The first half of the ninth came up with the Cats leading nine to two, and Mac hoped that it would also be the last half. But the Bears' lead-off man was up, and a bunch of kids can blow sky-high at any minute, so Mac wasn't counting chickens even now.

The lead-off scratched out a hit and the next man sacrificed him to second. The third batter flied to Bennie Helms deep in right field and the runner went to third on the throw-in.

Two out—the cleanup man was next.

A long fly to left field. It was easy, but Johnny started late and moved over with maddening deliberation. Mac cursed under his breath and saw Johnny reach way out and juggle it perilously before he brought it in out of the cold.

For a moment Mac's sense of triumph was smothered in anger and disappointment. Nobody but a damn' fool, he reflected sourly, would go to such lengths to make easy ones look hard. Seeing Johnny Novares come through, he realized, had meant as much to him as winning this first half, because Johnny might have won a place among baseball's great names. And somehow Johnny hadn't quite come through. . . .

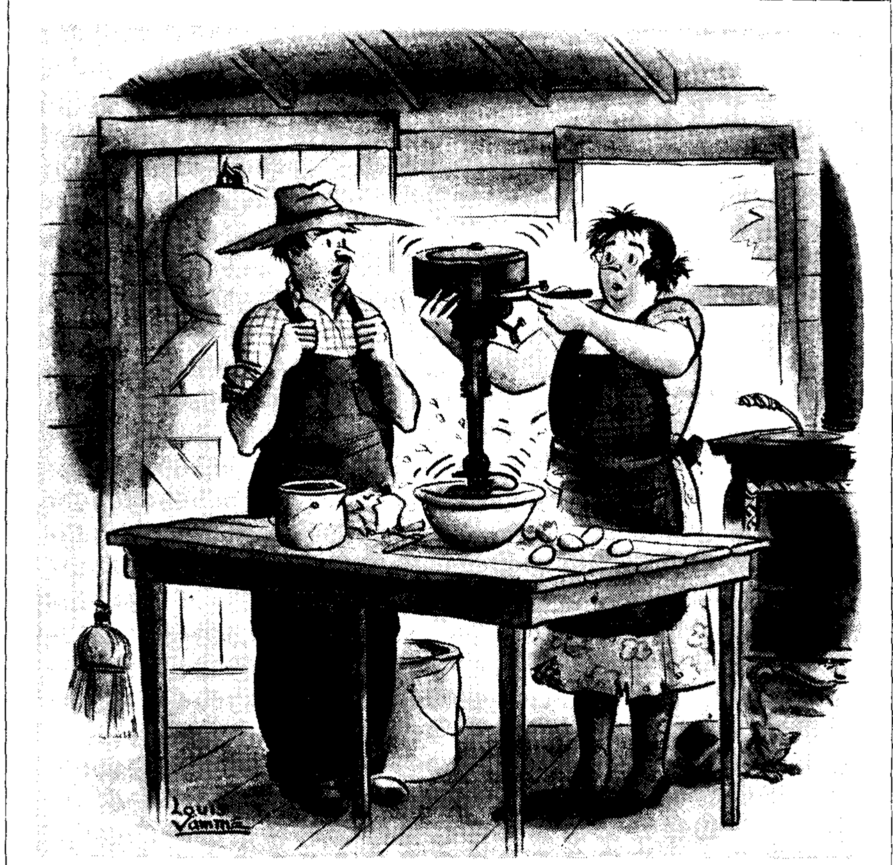
All around him the kids were going into tail spins, so he ran out and began slapping them on the shoulder or the seat as they came off the field. Johnny was taking his time, hobbling in like an old man, and Mac wondered what he'd say when the boy came in.

Johnny didn't get in. He reached third base and folded up as suddenly as if he'd broken a mainspring.

Even then Mac's first thought was: "The world's champion grandstander," but he started running just the same, and when he leaned over Johnny he saw that the kid's clear olive skin was a ghastly, inhuman green. Even a blind man could have told that Johnny was out like a candle.

Mac got suddenly and violently sick—from fear and remorse and a dozen other emotions. He yelled for Loring at the top of his lungs and made for the trainer's table in the dugout. When they laid Johnny on it he was about as lively as a sack of flour, so the first thing they did was to bring him around.

It took quite a while; much too long for Mac's taste. When Johnny's big eyes opened Mac was hanging over him like a mother.



"Are you sure you read the catalogue right, Maw?"

"Johnny!" he groaned. "What happened, son?"

Johnny managed a sickly grin. "It jus' kept hurting worse and worse, and finally everything gets black. That's all."

"But what'd you *play* for?" Mac knew why he'd played, but he hoped Johnny wouldn't tell him.

Johnny did. Even flat on his back he managed that Latin shrug. "You think I'm yellow. I got to play because you don' believe me about my foot." He winced and whispered, "Madre de Dios!" as Loring took hold of the foot.

"But you haven't!" Mac shouted. "You know I'd never have sent you out if I'd known you were still crippled!" He looked accusingly at Bill Loring, who was working with knitted brows.

BILL felt the look and came up to meet it. "I believe that arch has dropped. It doesn't show up in an X-ray; it doesn't even hurt much unless you put a lot of strain on it." He glanced down at Johnny. "Does it feel like a bone's coming through the bottom of your foot? Right here?"

Johnny nodded eagerly. "Yeah, that's it. It didn' hurt much at first, but it kept gettin' worse." He looked closely at McCombs.

"I know why you didn' believe me," he announced. "You think I play baseball just for money."

"We all play baseball for money," Mac said gruffly.

"Yeah, but Americans are funny. When they lose, they almost cry: sometimes they do cry. A businessman loses a contract or a big sale he don' cry or throw things: he says, 'Well, I can't get 'em all; other folks got to stay in business too. I'll get the next one. . . .'

"Me, I'm like that. Baseball's my business; I play it the best I can. I figure if a team wins every game, pretty soon nobody's left to play 'em, so I whistle and go on when we lose, even if I don' like it. . . ."

Joe Clancy burst out suddenly: "Johnny, why didn't you ever explain that to anybody?"

Johnny shrugged again. "Nobody ever asked me," he said simply.

Mac thought guiltily of the barrier that race and language had erected between Johnny and his fellows, and wished he had taken the trouble to know Johnny before this, and to spare him this baptism of fire. If he'd injured the kid permanently he'd feel like jumping off a bridge.

Johnny was talking again, trying to straighten it all out now that he'd started:

"Baseball's the only business I know, and—me—I'm all the capital I've got. When my foot hurts I don' play, because I can't work without my capital." He looked anxiously at Bill Loring. "Will it get well?"

"Sure," Bill said promptly. "It'll get well. We know what to do about it now." He finished taping it and straightened up.

"Then—" color flooded Johnny's dark face and he began to ease himself off the table, "I got to find—my girl."

Mac gasped, "Oh, Lord! I forgot all about her! Hold it, son; we'll carry you."

Tim Andrews and Bennie Helms made a packsaddle and Joe raced for the door. Lucia was standing outside, her face streaked with tears she hadn't bothered to dry. Joe grabbed her arm and pulled her to the nearest exit.

"He's all right, honey. . . . Hey, taxi!"

THE cab rolled up and Joe opened the door and pushed her in. "He'll be here in a minute," he said, and raced back to Johnny.

Johnny was still grinning valiantly when they brought him out and deposited him in the cab. Lucia sobbed his name and he gathered her in unashamedly.

"It's okay, baby," he crooned. "Everything's okay."

Joe watched them with his eyes suspiciously bright. "Take your girl home the longest way, Johnny," he ordered. "It's on the house. We'll be at the hotel to get you upstairs. . . ."

He shut the door and glared at Bennie Helms. "What the hell are *you* laughin' at?"

Bennie grimaced. "I'm not laughin'. I'm just wonderin' what he's got that I haven't."

"Plenty," Joe snapped. "Let's go eat."

Some Like It Here

Continued from page 26

of this America if these are Americans?

"Ha!" cried Koba, beating his brow.

Constitution, Texas (Pop. 2917) had a definite community opinion as to the Corrigans: "The boy and his ma are teched. The girl seems right bright and nice, jedging from the little we see of her. Old man Dan'l *means* well, but the feller's made too much money too fast. That spiles a man in many ways." This about sums it up.

Hence when word spread around the courthouse square on Constitution's one historic morning that them Corrigans had all turned up in Jedge Brumby's courtroom with a passel of city lawyers, the town took a lively interest. Sam Ashaway, druggist, said: "I reckon Corrigan's been cheating on his income tax." In the opinion of T. J. Byroads, dry goods and hardware: "It's an oil-lease swindle most likely." Mrs. Bertha Mahood, proprietor of the Plains Hotel, asserted: "The law's on Shaney Corrigan. I could say a thing or two about a certain young lady from Chicago that's in 207, but I won't!" Newt Heber Johnstone, owner and editor of the Constitution Weekly Texan, telegraphed the San Antonio paper of which he was local correspondent: "DANIEL J. CORRIGAN AND FAMILY IN FEDERAL COURT HERE THIS MORNING STOP AM ON THE ALERT." To which a sardonic telegraph editor responded: "WE ARE AGOG STOP BUT DON'T FILE ANYTHING UNTIL YOU HAVE OUR OKAY BY TELEPHONE."

NEEDLESS to record, there was a goodly crowd in Judge Brumby's courtroom when promptly at 10 A. M., the judge walked in, took off his cowboy hat, switched on an electric fan, nodded to bailiff and clerk and seated himself on the bench. After the bailiff had said his piece, the clerk nodded to a young immigration inspector from San Antonio.

Immigration Inspector Ben Smith stepped forward, fumbling excitedly with brief case and papers, and addressed the court: "Your Honor, Mr. Corrigan and his family are here—with, I believe, character witnesses. They wish to qualify, I am told, as applicants for first citizenship papers. The . . . uh . . . Immigration Service . . . sees no reason why Mr. Corrigan and his family should not be admitted to citizenship . . . and . . . uh . . . in fact, I have a telegram here from Washington—"

Federal Judge Brumby hunched over his desk and halted Inspector Smith with a look.

"Let's have the applications, Mr. Smith!"

Admiring residents of Constitution related, afterward, how the jedge did not even bother to look at Dan'l Corrigan and the missus and the kids and the big city lawyers. Instead, he read the application that happened to be on top of the pile. Then he muttered something to the clerk who, rising, said: "Mr. Shane Corrigan, step forward! Mr. Shane Corrigan!"

MR. SHANE CORRIGAN, neatly attired in white linens, his face clean but not shining, approached the bench. He nodded to the judge and the judge cocked an eye at him.

"Have Mr. Corrigan sworn!"

The clerk administered the oath.

"Take that chair, sonny," said Judge Brumby.

"Yes, sir."

"So you want to be an American citizen?"

"Well . . . yes, sir."

"You can read and write?"

"I'm a graduate of Massachusetts Institute of Technology. In electrical engineering."

"Got a job?"

"No, sir—that is, I'm doing private research."

"What's that?"

"I'm working on an invention."

"Patented it?"

"No, sir. I'm without funds to make a working model."

"What sort of contraption is it?"

"That's confidential, sir."

"H'mph. Who supports you?"

"Supports me?"

"Yep. Who buys your clothes and vittles?"

"My mother and sister lend me money . . . to be repaid as soon as I sell my invention."

"You live on borrowed money?"

"Yes, sir; I do at present."

"Have you ever been arrested?"

"Yes . . . uh . . . three or four times."

"What for?"

"Once for taking part in a riot on Boston Common. The other times for speeding."

"Oh, you were in a riot?"

"Yes, sir."

"What was that about, son?"

"I belonged to the Communist party at that time and we held a meeting to protest against Stalin's murdering old Bolshevists. Some Harvard students tried to break up the meeting and the cops arrested all of us."

"You still a Communist?"

"Ha! I mean no, sir!"

"Why not?"

"It's a bloody tyranny. I went along with them while they were liquidating bourgeoisie and kulaks, but when they started killing party members it sort of turned my stomach. As an American liberal, I oppose bloodshed on principle."

"Against killin', eh?"

"Yes, sir. I think we can destroy our American ruling class by taxation."

"H'mph. You want 'em destroyed, eh?"

"They'll have to go. You can't have a true liberal democracy and a ruling class of reactionary Tories and Fascists at the same time—"

At this juncture, the bailiff cried: "Order in court! Mr. Daniel J. Corrigan, sit down!"

Judge Brumby grunted.

"Just what do you mean by a true liberal democracy, son?"

"We've got to return to the eternal principles of Plato's Republic. That's what I wrote in our school paper when I withdrew my support from the present administration—"

"Oh, you don't support the present administration?"

"Ha!—I mean no, sir."

"You don't approve of our present form of government, son?"

"No, sir. As an American liberal it is utterly abhorrent to me."

"Just what form of government do you favor?"

"A true liberal democracy in which no man can earn more than say one hundred thousand dollars a year and no man earns less than five thousand dollars a year. Personally, I would settle for a top income of sixty thousand dollars a year and a maximum individual inheritance of one million dollars—"

THERE was disorder in court at this point, centering about Mr. Daniel J. Corrigan. Judge Brumby rapped for silence and said that if the outburst was repeated he would clear the courtroom.

"Go on, sonny!"

"I'd really prefer not to, sir. It's distressing my father."

"The Court is merely curious to hear details of your plan for saving America."

"Details? Oh, I haven't worked them out. You see, sir, I'm only eleven months out of Technology and I've given all my time to the invention."

"You reckon this country's *worth* saving?"

"It's really very doubtful, sir!"

"I don't suppose you would bear arms to defend the present government, sonny?"

"You mean against a foreign enemy?"

"Yep!"

"I don't know, sir. I'm pretty bitter. You see, the War and Navy departments turned me down cold on my invention—wouldn't even grant me the courtesy of an interview. I think they'd

Kay Karaffa

"You're lucky, Louie; there's just one seat left!" KAY KARAFFA

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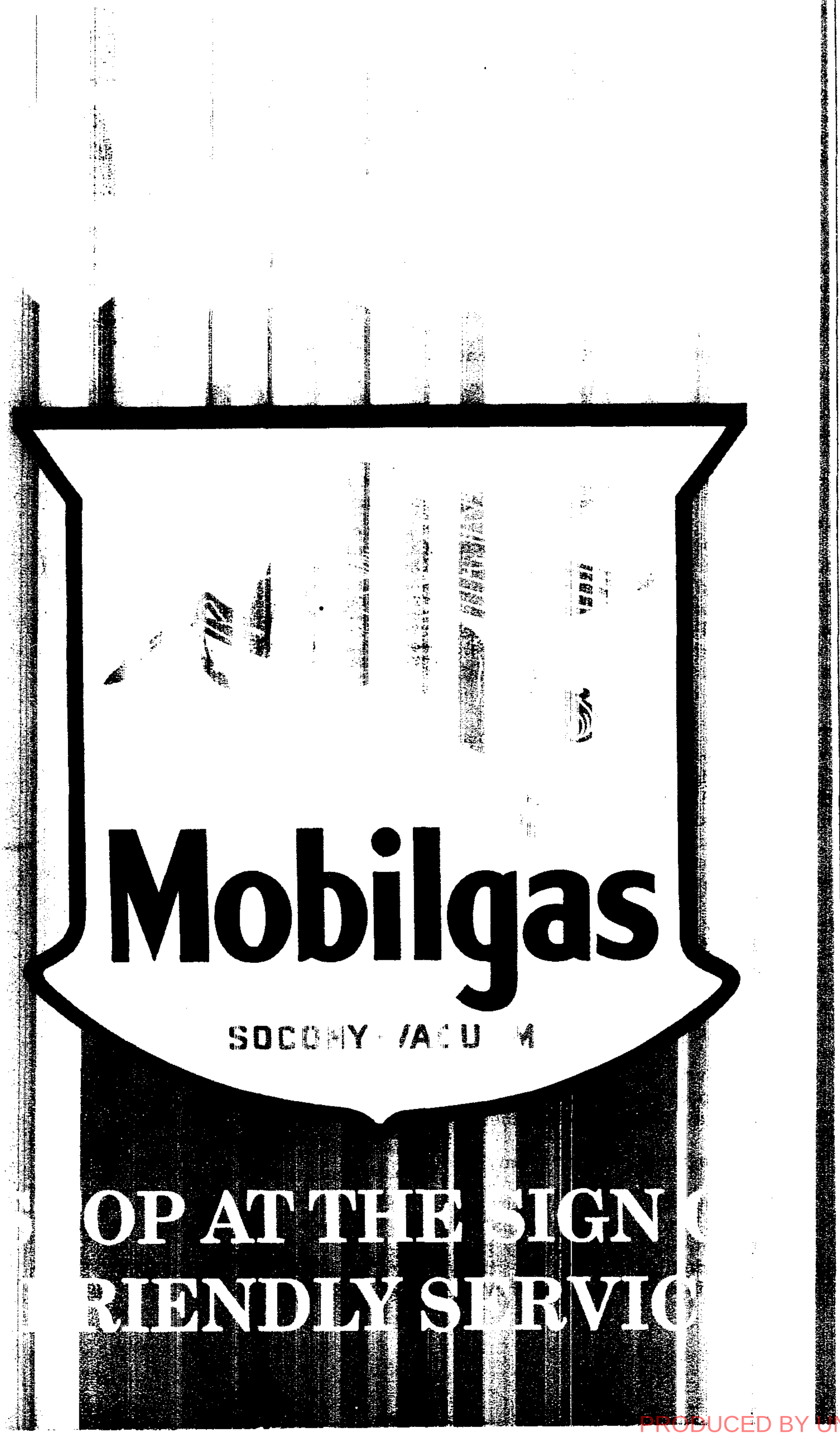


have a lot of crust asking *me* to fight for them!"

"You'd *refuse* to fight?"

"N-no. If there was any danger of invasion I think I'd try to do my duty. I've got nothing against the American people, sir. It's just those dumb-bunny brass hats in the War and Navy departments."

"For the Court's enlightenment, would you mind explaining the gener'l nature of your invention, sonny?"

"That would be impossible, sir—publicly!"

"H'mph. Well, that's about all—"

The witness suddenly sprang to his feet and pointed a long right arm toward a small, fat Oriental in the rear.

"That man is a Japanese spy, Your Honor. My mother hired him as a butler, but he's been spying on me ever since I came home!"

"Order in court!"

"Silence!"

Federal Judge Brumby spat tobacco juice into a large china spittoon beside his chair.

"Take it easy, son. You're a leetle excited—"

Attorney Purnoy approached the bench.

"If the Court please," he said, "as counsel for the Corrigan family I should like to be permitted to question Mr. Shane—"

"Nope. The Court will examine these applicants without assistance. Step down, sonny—"

Shane paused for a final word to the Court:

"I'd be very glad to tell you all about the invention in chambers, sir, and also what I've had to put up with in the way of intimidation from certain members of my family!"

Judge Brumby was already reading the second application paper. He looked up and said: "The Court appreciates your offer, son, but 't'ain't likely any more information will be necessary." Then, to the clerk, he said: "Call Mrs. Corrigan."

"Mrs. Corrigan step forward!"

MRS. CORRIGAN, dressed in formal black and white and wearing her pince-nez, swept up to the bench.

"Good morning, Judge Brumby," she said, a bit frigidly. "Before we proceed I should like to apologize for the behavior of my son—"

"Let the witness be sworn!"

"My son, Judge Brumby, is not himself this morning. He is on the verge of a nervous breakdown from overwork on his invention which, by the way, is a device to explode bombs on people and not *quite* the sort of thing his father and I would approve of—"

"Take the stand, Mrs. Corrigan, and be sworn."

The clerk swore in Mrs. Corrigan, while hubbub in the courtroom again brought a warning from Judge Brumby.

"Where were you born, ma'am?"

"In Victoria, British Columbia."

"How old are you?"

"Forty-two."

"H'mph. Er . . . you wish to become a citizen of the United States?"

"I do."

"Ever been convicted of a crime?"

"Certainly not!"

"Weren't you fined in a smuggling case at San Francisco a few weeks ago?"

"Why, yes, I was, but—"

"Didn't you attempt to . . . h'mph . . . I suppose you are willing to subscribe to the oath of allegiance to the United States of America?"

"What does it say?"

"The clerk will read the oath of allegiance."

This the clerk did while Mrs. Corrigan listened intently.

"Why, yes, I will accept that—as a *formality*."

"Formality, ma'am?"

"My first allegiance shall always be to the Empire, Judge Brumby!"

"What empire?"

"The British Empire—is there any other?"

"Several. H'mph. . . . You do not, I take it, believe in the American form of government?"

"Am I still under oath?"

"Yep!"

"Then, my answer is—definitely no. I do not approve of the present American government!"

AGAIN there was an uproar in the courtroom and the bailiff said: "Mr. Daniel J. Corrigan, sit down!"

Judge Brumby looked grimly at Mrs. Corrigan.

"And just what is your objection to the present government of the United States, ma'am?"

The witness blinked.

"Why, it's just a mess! Any intelligent person should know that, Judge Brumby—"

"What changes would you recommend, ma'am?"

"Am I still under oath—for all these questions?"

"Yep."

"Well, then, I am bound to say that I think the United States should join the Empire!"

"You favor a king, ma'am?"

"Of course I do. It's the only *respectable* form of government. I, for one, have had quite enough of this nonsense in Washington. In fact, I have already written a friend of ours who is highly placed in the British government suggesting that steps be taken."

"Any answer, ma'am?"

"Naturally not. The British government does not act hastily. They doubtless are making diplomatic overtures looking to a quiet and orderly absorption of this country."

"H'mph. You believe it should be quiet and orderly?"

"Absolutely, my dear Judge Brumby. I am opposed to violence of any sort—unless it be necessary to subdue those labor-union people. Personally, I think that if the matter were put to an honest vote this country would be happy to join the Empire. I believe we of the ruling class are inclined to underrate the intelligence and good taste of the masses. And, by the way, my son was very unfair to Koba. He is a butler, *not* a Japanese spy. Nor do I believe he means the poetry he writes to be obscene—"

Judge Brumby rapped for order.

"Let's stick to the point, ma'am. Pending our . . . er . . . absorption by the British Empire, you think you could be a loyal, law-observing citizen of the United States?"

The witness beamed.

"That's just what I promised my husband, Judge Brumby!" she said. "If you admit me to citizenship, I shall go even further. I shall pay the government the full value of those rose-quartz dogs and let bygones be bygones."

"That's right handsome of you, ma'am. Well, that'll be all!"

Mrs. Corrigan arose, extending her hand.

"I have changed my opinion of you, Judge Brumby!" she said. "I shall be most happy to receive you and your sister at my next at home!"

"Thank you, ma'am," said Judge Brumby.

Mr. Daniel J. Corrigan was called to the stand. There was a heated discussion in undertones between him and his lawyer.

"If the Court please, we wish to withdraw all these applications—"

"No!" said D. J. Corrigan, loudly. "We are not withdrawing anything, Your Honor. They've asked for a fight in open court and they're going to get it.

I'm going to blow the roof off! I'm going to expose the whole dirty plot—"

Judge Brumby's gavel sounded.

"Let the witness be sworn!" he said.

Corrigan marched up to the bench and was sworn. He glared at Judge Brumby and sat himself down in the witness chair, hands on knees and square jaw outthrust.

"Now, what's all this about a plot, Mr. Corrigan?"

"I charge the present administration with a deliberate effort to drive me and my family out of the United States! I charge them with seducing my son and intimidating my wife—"

"Hold on, now! This court will not be harangued, Mr. Corrigan. This court will not listen to accusations of bad faith against the United States Government."

"Oh, so *that's* it!"

"*Eh?*"

"I withdraw the remark, Your Honor."

"You'd better. Strike Mr. Corrigan's remark from the record. Now, sir, if you are ready to answer questions like a reasonable man, we shall proceed."

"I'm sorry, sir. But I've been persecuted for six long years. I've been hounded like a criminal—"

"Give the witness a glass of ice water!"

The witness gulped down a full glass.

"Now, Mr. Corrigan, this is not an action against the United States Government. The business before the Court is your application for citizenship. Do you still desire to become an American citizen?"

"Of course I do! I love this country. It took me in when I was a wild youngster with only the clothes on my back. It gave me a chance to work. It's been mighty good to me—until March 4, 1933. From that time on I've been crucified—"

"H'mph. You're still lookin' pert. A mite roostery, but pert."

"I'm still alive, yes. But—"

"Got a job, ain't you?"

"Yes, but—"

"Money in the bank, too, ain't you?"

"Yes, but—"

"Ain't had to work for the WPA yet?"

"No, Your Honor, but—"

"Continental Petroleum Corporation still doing a leetle business?"

"Our sales were down twenty-six per cent for the last quarter. It's slow attrition, Judge. Slow, merciless torture—"

"Torture, Mr. Corrigan?"

"Yes, torture! I worked for twenty-nine years building up my business. I started from scratch. Now, I discover that success is criminal; building an institution that gives 37,000 men employment was all a swindle. I have a new tax to face every morning. I'm indicted somewhere every week end. They've taught my son to be ashamed of me. They've hounded my poor wife—"

"HOLD on, Mr. Corrigan. Your wife admitted she smuggled a couple of pup statues into the country."

"I didn't know about that—"

"And did Mrs. Corrigan tell you she attempted to bribe a certain officer of the law the other evening?"

"B-bribe an officer of the law?"

"Yep!"

The witness jumped to his feet.

"It's a frame-up! I don't believe a word of it! Washington has employed agents provocateurs—"

"Sit down, Mr. Corrigan! I happened to be present when the bribe offer was made!"

"Order in court!"

"Silence!"

D. J. Corrigan sat down, mopping his brow.

"I—I hardly know what to say—except that Mrs. Corrigan could not have been serious. Perhaps it was just a joke, Your Honor."

"Maybe 'twas. This court decided to let it go at that."

"Very good of you, Judge Brumby."

"H'mph. Good thing it didn't happen in England."

"Yes, that's right. Hahaha."

"Order in court!"

"Mr. Corrigan, are you prepared to take the oath of allegiance?"

"Gladly, sir."

"And to bear arms, if called upon in time of war?"

"Of course."

"H'mph. Have you ever advocated violent action against our government or institutions?"

The witness jumped violently to his feet.

"Ha! Violence! They're the ones who advocate violence! Blood, that's what they want! What does this persecution of us Corrigans mean but violence? They want to deport us forcibly—"

"Sit down, Mr. Corrigan!"

"I want the newspapers to hear this. I want the whole country to hear it—"

Judge Brumby's gavel banged.

"Bailiff! Take charge of this witness. Remove him from the courtroom!"

THE Corrigan lawyers rushed to the witness stand and persuaded Corrigan to be silent. Muttering, his face an apoplectic red, he was led from the courtroom. Judge Brumby meditatively spat tobacco juice and looked at the final application.

"Miss Margaret Corrigan, step forward!"

Peggy, her face a misery of humiliation, walked to the rail and raised her right hand. She was sworn and took her seat on the witness chair.

"Your age, Miss?"

"I'm twenty-four."

"School?"

"Dobbs Ferry."

"That in this country?"

"New York State, Your Honor."

"You been persecuted like your daddy?"

"None of us have been persecuted, Judge Brumby. My father has a complex. I do hope you will forgive him. He's been under a long strain of overwork."

The judge sat back in his chair.

"You sound like a sensible young woman!"

"I try to be, thank you."

"H'mn . . . and what do *you* think is wrong with this country?"

"Nothing. I like it just fine."

"Eh? Like the government?"

"Yes, fairly well."

"Want to make any changes?"

"Yes, I'd like to make several. That is, if I *could*."

"Fer instance, now?"

"Well, I'd like to have the New Dealers stop hating my father and other businessmen. They're not villains, really."

"Any other changes?"

"Yes, I'd like Congress to go home and stay home. And I wish the newspapers would stop harping on bad times. It keeps everybody fidgety."

Judge Brumby shifted his quid.

"This court will allow you one more change, young lady. Shoot!"

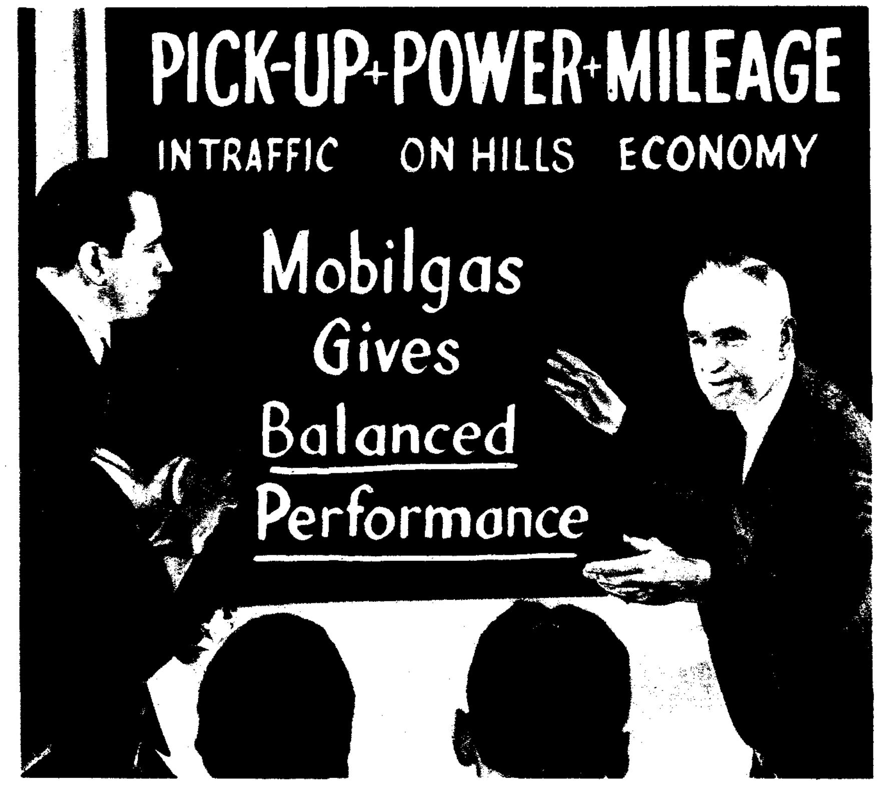
"Well, most important of all, I'd like to have a referee!"

"Referee?"

"It seems to me, Judge Brumby, that this country has got itself divided up into little factions all hating each other. New Dealers and Chambers of Commerce and labor unions and such groups. But *I* don't belong to any of them and I'm sure there must be millions of Americans just like me—people who don't hate anybody. And why shouldn't *they* be the referee?"

"H'mn . . . not a bad idee, young lady."

"It's such a wonderful country—if we



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only had a referee to keep the haters from spoiling it!"

"Yep. H'mn . . . are you an economist as well as a political philosopher?"

"Oh, mercy no! I flunked economics at school!"

"So did I . . . arumph . . . h'mn . . . er . . . but you do read and write?"

"Oh, yes."

"And will you take the oath of allegiance?"

"Yes, indeed!"

"Do you think you'd make a good citizen?"

"A fair-to-middling one."

"You have no other objections to this country?"

"It's the best country that God ever made."

"Mighty big national debt, though."

"Pooh. We could pay that off in five years."

"H'mn . . . well . . ."

The witness leaned forward as Judge Brumby picked up her application.

"Of course, I wouldn't want to be a citizen unless you also admitted my father and mother and Shaney, Your Honor."

Judge Brumby and the bailiff were obliged to quell courtroom whispering. The judge then cocked an eye at Miss Peggy Corrigan.

"The Court," he said, "will take these applications for citizenship under advisement. That is all, young lady!"

Peggy stood up.

"Under advisement? Does that mean you aren't going to—"

"The Court will now recess for ten minutes!"

Desperately, Peggy clutched at the sleeve of Judge Brumby's black alpaca coat.

"I know my folks behaved badly, Judge," she said, "but they're just as good Americans at heart as I am. You're not going to—"

Judge Brumby grunted.

"Ain't reached a decision in this case, young woman," he said.

And, rather grumpily, he stalked into his chambers and closed the door. The clerk touched Peggy's shoulder.

"Don't rile the jedge, Miss," he said. "He's peculiar in his ways."

"Y-yes, I know," Peggy said.

She stepped down from the bench and walked through the jam-packed courtroom. The citizenry of Constitution stood aside to let her through. A man said: *"You're okay,* kid," and a woman squeezed her arm and said: "Don't *you* worry. You done jest fine up there, honey." But this sympathy only brought the tears to spilling over. Peggy knew what they thought about the rest of the Corrigans. . . .

From Chicago:

BUSINESS LEADER AND FAMILY TO BE DEPORTED

Official Tyranny Charged by D. J. Corrigan, Oil Magnate, in Stormy Hearing Before Federal Judge

Wife, Son, Daughter Victims

Corrigan Was to Head Guardians of America, Patriotic Group Opposing New Deal

From New York:

CORRIGAN NOT A U. S. CITIZEN!

Violent Critic of New Deal Was Sinn Fein Radical Who Sneaked into Country

Oil Tycoon Ordered from Court

His Family May Be Deported as Undesirable Aliens After Texas Judge Sifts Case

From Los Angeles these headlines:

"RAW DEAL" TYRANNY IN TEXAS ALARMS NATION

D. J. Corrigan, Champion of Business Made Victim of Deportation Proceedings

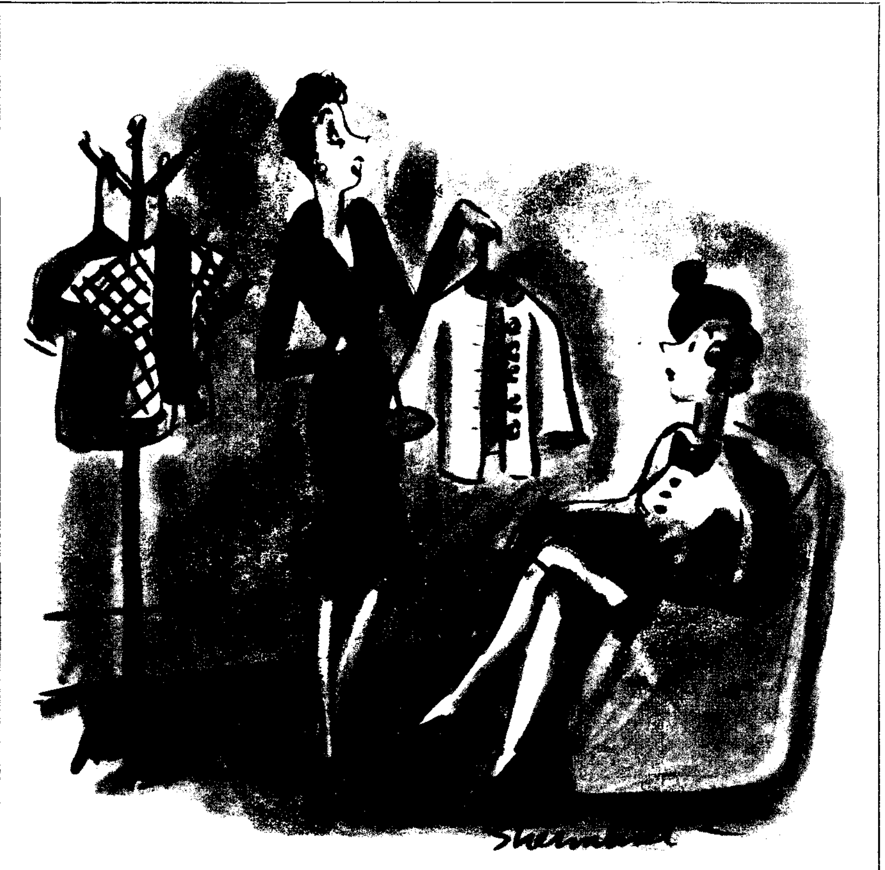
Star Chamber Action by New Deal Denounced

From The Daily Worker:

FASCIST SPOKESMAN GETS THE BOOT!

"America's Guardian" Not Even Citizen

Business Tories in Uproar as Federal Judge Rebukes D. J. Corrigan for Sneering at U. S. Workers



"It comes in green, brown, navy and a revolting oyster white"

BARBARA SHERMUND

First press reports of the United States vs. The Corrigans were limited and somewhat garbled. But reporters rushed from San Antonio to Constitution and obtained the full transcript of testimony before Judge Brumby. This transcript was placed on the wires for later editions. The gentlemen of the press were able to add only that "Judge Brumby refuses to discuss the case. Mr. Corrigan and his family have gone into strict seclusion at their three-million-dollar ranch home, Los Corrigana, and declined to see reporters."

NEWSPAPER editorial comment was nationwide and almost unanimous in defending the Corrigans. Said the New York Star: "Surely this is official ruthlessness which smacks of OGPU and the Kremlin. Mr. Corrigan was quite justified, we think, in boldly voicing his indignation and disgust. His emotions will be shared by all sober Americans."

In the opinion of the Kansas City Herald: "Was it necessary to drag forth an able and patriotic American businessman and pillory him for a youthful indiscretion? Was it in keeping with the American sense of fair play to hale his family into court, their only 'crime' being an ignorance of the fact that, technically, they were not citizens? The country will hear more of this case before it is finished."

Other editorial commentators, notably the Boston Beacon, took the more personal angle. "Much was made of the point," declared the Beacon, "that Mr. Shane Corrigan admitted taking part in a Communist riot on Boston Common. This, in spite of the fact that Mr. Shane Corrigan very decently regretted this affront to the people of Boston and repudiated the Communist party as bloody murderers. A repudiation, we might add, more true to the American spirit than the official silence of Washington." Similarly, the Milwaukee Times observed: "So far as the court record shows, Mr. Corrigan and every member of his family acquitted themselves of the charge that they are not good American citizens. We particularly liked the fine irony with which Mrs. Corrigan suggested that the United States be absorbed by the British Empire."

The St. Louis Eagle, in a sprightly editorial headed "Who's An American?" declared: "Miss Peggy Corrigan is the lass for our money. A girl who has the courage to admit that she flunked economics at Dobbs Ferry has the right stuff in her. We predict that she will not be deported, but will be invited to Washington to prepare the next budget."

However, to the London Eye (England) the Corrigan case held a more serious significance. Said the Eye, rather severely: "Much as English citizens will relish Mrs. Corrigan's flattering suggestion that the United States become part of the Empire, there are difficulties in the way of her plan which, we fear, are insurmountable. And her widely publicized recommendation, coming at this time of stress and strain and anxiety, may have unfortunate repercussions on the vital cause of Anglo-American friendship."

Another solemn note was sounded by the Philadelphia Argus. Its editorial headed "What Will Judge Brumby Do?" predicted: "This administration has sown the dragon's teeth in the Corrigan case. Daniel J. Corrigan spoke for American business when he said: 'Violence! They're the ones who advocate violence! Blood, that's what they want!' Strong words, these, and perhaps properly censurable in the decorum of a federal court. But they were words that needed to be said. The country owes Mr. Corrigan a debt of gratitude for his dauntless courage."

And the Vancouver (British Columbia) Journal summed up the case in a leading editorial; graphically demonstrated how the deeper implications of the United States vs. The Corrigans had aroused a continent.

"An amazing family!" concluded the Journal's editorial. "The father a hard-working, respectable and conventional American businessman. The mother, a former resident of our neighboring city, Victoria, led into strange ways by her life in the States. Canadians must wince a little upon reading Mrs. Corrigan's confession of smuggling and attempted bribery. Yet still is she a loyal daughter of the Empire. The son, judging from his rather confusing utterances, is of that weird species known as an American liberal, half-Communist disillusioned and half-Socialist pixie. The daughter, we must confess, sounds stodgily middle-class in her social and political philosophy. She seems of the opinion that an American middle-class movement must arise to referee the increasingly bitter clashes of special interests. Forlorn hope, indeed!"

OFFICIAL Washington was silent. The only man connected with the government who had anything to say was Assistant United States Attorney General Robert P. Derrill. Reporters found him at an airport about to board a night plane for Texas. Questioned about his rumored romance with Miss Peggy Corrigan, Derrill said: "I hope to make Miss Corrigan my wife." He refused to comment on the Corrigan case except to say: "The question of citizenship was a private matter. No official in Washington had anything to do with it. This talk of a New Deal crack-down on Mr. Corrigan is absurd."

And at Los Corrigana, all was silence so far as press and public were concerned. The huge iron gates of the estate were closed. Two Texas rangers turned back newsreel, radio and newspaper people who tried to gain admittance.

Wrote Miss Sally Lunn, sob sister of the San Antonio Light:

FAMILY WITHOUT A COUNTRY KEEPS LONELY VIGIL AS JUDGE WEIGHS FATE

By Sally Lunn

Constitution, Texas, May 11, 1938. They sleep tonight, this family without a country, in the rambling $3,000,000 mansion which was Pa and Ma Corrigan's dream of happiness—the dream for which they labored over the long years in sunshine and shadow. An American dream, this mansion, they believed; a dream Pa Corrigan often saw a-shining as he spat on his hands and "Begoorah, Ma, it'll come true some day, it will, it will!"

Now, with their children Peggy and Shaney, they face a fate which has been so graphically described by Edward Everett Hale in his powerful story The Man Without a Country. Without a country . . . how this phrase must beat with hammer blows upon the Corrigans this night as they rest for the last time, mayhap, under a rooftree on American soil. . . .

But Miss Sally Lunn was wrong. The Corrigans were neither asleep nor resting.

They were holding a council of war.

(To be continued next week)

Cabin Nineteen

Continued from page 21

he didn't, and I just give him a nod and went on by.

Both couples was holed in like they couldn't close the doors on each other quick enough. I went to 15 and rapped on the door, and before I could even feel the wood on my knuckles the fat woman hollered: "Don't come in!"

Of course I didn't, and her husband come out and got his change and the towels. He took them back in, and I carried some more towels on to 16 and laid them on the rail. When I turned back, the 15 husband had come out again, and was standing by the steps. He looked at the Armisted kids, which had gone back to playing with their piñon nuts, and then at the mountains, and then at me. He looked friendlier, now that his wife was off his mind for a while, and I could see that in a minute he was going to say something. But he don't never say it. Because there is this terrific scream.

I AIN'T never in all my days heard such a shriek. The fat woman in 15 let it go, and then another, and then some more so fast you couldn't count them. And a noise like houses falling, and more shrieks.

I stood absolutely rooted to the ground. And before anyone can make a move the door of 15 crashes open, and the fat woman comes riding out, without another damn' thing on but her corset and upper harness.

I say riding, but of course she wasn't actually on the pig's back. It just looked that way. She was sort of up in the air, and the pig was under her, and I knew in a flash what it was Luke Armisted had been looking for. It wasn't a full-grown hog, but hefty, and it came down the steps like a black thunderbolt, and the fat woman kicking for the ground and not finding anything but fast-moving pig to tread on.

She kept screaming, "It was under the bed! It was under the bed!" till the pig reached the bottom step. It got a fair holt on the ground then, and lit out from under. The fat woman come down sitting, with a jar that fairly shivered the landscape.

It didn't hurt her, but it did knock the breath clean out of her. Which was a mercy. I left her husband to pick her up, and got the hell out of there.

I didn't hesitate. I just went up to the house and got that five-dollar bill out of the cash drawer. I could tell without asking that Clara had seen the whole thing. She just looked at me and didn't say a word.

I hung around the porch a little, but it didn't take them long. Three-four minutes, and they was out of the cabins and all piled into the car again. Then the Number 15 husband come up toward the house, and I went down to meet him. I give him the five and he give me the one, and they got into the car and drove away.

I went down to the cabins to straighten things up again. Time I got through with 15 and come out on the porch, Luke Armisted come around the corner of the cabin, dragging this hog by one ear.

He looked at me as straight as a man can that's holding onto a pig, and begun to apologize in that soft, bottom-land drawl of his. He said: "I'm powerful sorry, Mr. Stillwell. Hit just got outen the car someway."

I knew Armisted himself slept in the car, and let Milly and the kids have the cabin, but I didn't see any point in going into that now.

Armisted took a fresh holt on the hog's ear, and said sorrowfully, "I declare now, I can't figger how he come to git into that cabin. Hogs is the very devil sometimes."

He looked at it like it was a wayward but beloved child, and said, "I sort of figgered to fatten him up and pay off some of my debt in spareribs. But I spec it wouldn't work so good."

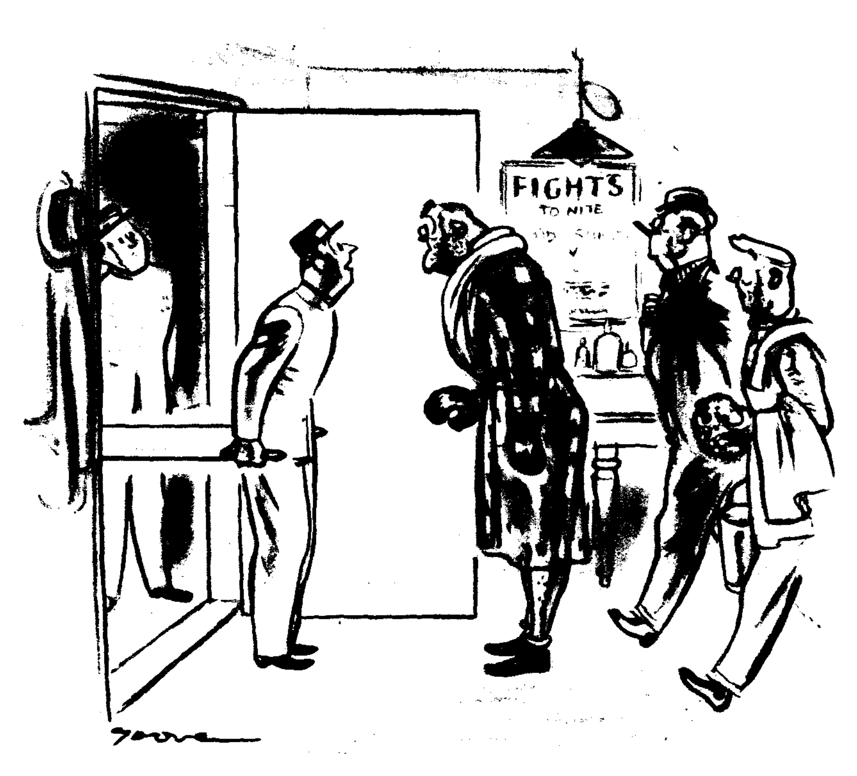
I said, "I reckon not, Mr. Armisted. Maybe you'd better trade him in for something a little less lively."

I went back up to the house. Clara was waiting for me at the front door. She said, "Well?"

I made out like I didn't know what she really meant. I said, "He's got it corralled up all right. It won't get out again."

"Again!" Clara said. "Again!"

I said, "Well, all right then. I'll go



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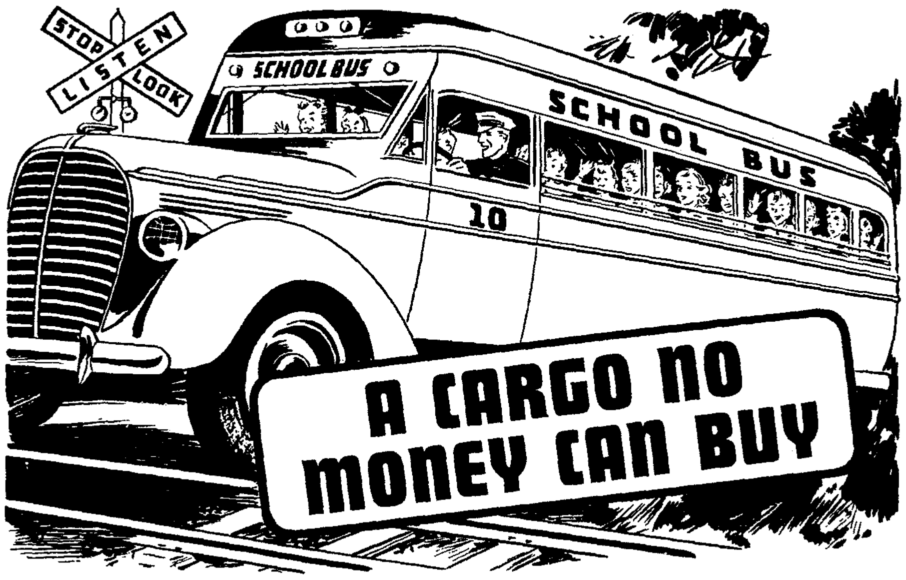

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BY THE MAKERS OF MOBILOIL

tell 'em. But it ain't goin' to be no fun."

But for the second time inside an hour I was saved by a miracle straight off the highway. I heard this motorcycle throoshing up the grade from Lastrap, and I figured it was the State Patrol making the evening run. When the motorcycle come over the rise, and I seen who was on it, I let out a yip.

"I'll be durned," I hollered. "Look who's here again!"

The trooper swung up the gravel to the steps, and it was Christy Farman, sitting up as straight and grinning as wide as if he hadn't ever spilled himself down a forty-foot gulch and into eight weeks in the hospital.

He clumb off his bike and said, "Hiya, Mom. You been treating the old man right while I been gone?"

Clara said, "I see, whatever else happened, that tumble didn't bang none of the freshness out of you."

He sort of edged up to Clara sideways, and she give him a snort and a shove. I said: "We got to celebrate. Leave me get some beer off the ice. And you better stay to supper."

"Maybe beer," Christy said, "but no supper. I got to report back from the phone at Forty Mile on schedule."

I said, "Schedule, hell. Don't tell me you got converted to good behavior in that hospital. Tell 'em you had to stop off and chase rustlers."

Christy said, "What kind of rustlers?"

"Woman-rustlers," I said. "They been leaving notes, threatening to kidnap Clara."

Christy laughed and Clara looked mad, but she surprised both of us by saying, "Go on and stop, Christy. I can get something together in a jiffy."

Christy refused again, but weakening, and I went to get the beer. When I come back with three bottles and glasses, Christy was marching off toward the cabins, and Clara was standing on the steps looking one half pleased and one half just plain ashamed of herself. I put the glasses down on a table and said, "Clara Stillwell!"

She tried to meet my eye, but couldn't. I made out like I was listening toward the mountains, and then I said, "If your old man ever knew that a daughter of his called in the law to do what she hadn't the nerve for herself—"

Clara said, "He never had to try and run a business with no help but a willawand husband."

I said, "You mean I got to stand by here and watch a right-out eviction?"

"Why not?" Clara said. "Standin' by's the best thing you do anyway. And it ain't an eviction. I told Christy how it was. He said sure he'd fix it."

I JUST shook my head at her. I knew she was pretty mad about the pig and losing that trade and all. But I knew she wouldn't stay that way. By morning, she'd be so ashamed of what she'd done that I wouldn't be able to do anything to suit her for weeks.

I watched Christy bearing down on Number 19. It wasn't really dark yet, but he had his flashlight out. Luke Armisted wasn't in sight, or the kids either. Christy flashed his light all over the cabin, and then into the door. He held it right there then, because it was dead focused on Milly Armisted. I figure it must have been all of half a minute before he remembered his manners and turned the damn' thing off.

Clara was back in the house for a minute. I poured some beer, and felt a lot more comfortable.

After about ten minutes, Christy come back up to the house. Clara heard him, and come out. Before she could say anything, I said, "Have some beer, Christy?"

He said, "Thanks," and took the glass I poured for him. I said, "You have a little talk with Mr. Armisted?"

He said, "Uh . . . yes . . . I talked to him."

"Nice man," I said. "Little down on his luck, but nice."

"Yuh," Christy said. "He's nice, all right."

I said, "You sort of figure on staying to supper, don't you?"

Christy sort of jumped. "You know," he said, "I don't mind if I do."

In the doorway, Clara said, "Christy Farman!"

I looked surprised. I said, "What's the matter, Christy? You ain't been neglecting your duty, have you?"

Christy blushed pinker than the scar by his ear. He put his hand in his britches pocket. He said:

"Look here now, Mis' Stillwell. I sort of had a talk with Mr. Armisted. You know, he's expecting money any day from back East. It'd be a shame to—I mean, maybe you'd let me—"

Clara didn't wait for him to finish. She just turned around and slammed back into the house.

SO IT went on like that for a couple of weeks. Luke Armisted took the pig off next day, and traded it for a wheelbarrow, and the wheelbarrow for an old washing machine, and then I sort of lost track for a while. Christy Farman stopped by once a day except the days he stopped two or three times. Twice he took Milly to the movies in Lastrap when he was off duty, and he brought the two youngest Armisteds chocolate bars and played that piñon nut game with them, and if a preacher had happened by to catechize them kids, they'd have told him that God wore a gray uniform shirt and britches.

And then things got not so good. The tourist season set in hard, and then some nights we was all full. That made a difference, of course, because before it was just a cabin that nobody else was using, but now it was money right out of our pocket. One night I had to tell a car no we was full up, when Luke Armisted was standing right within earshot.

Next day he went off to town as usual, looking maybe a touch more tired and a little less hopeful. I hoped he'd find some kind of a job to work at, so's he could pay me maybe a dollar or so on account, and feel better about it.

Long about two o'clock, things got peaceful for a while. The two youngest Armisteds was off up the canyon where I'd showed them a sort of cave in the rocks, and Milly Armisted was sitting on the steps of 19 sewing. Clara come out to where I was sitting on the porch, looking at the mountains, and said, "Bert, you'll have to go to town. The phone's give out and I just got to have more hamburger."

I was just about to go in and see if maybe the phone hadn't come to life again, when I heard this noise over behind the mountain.

I didn't waste no time thinking maybe it was a car backfiring. I guess I still know a gun when I hear one. There was one shot, and then another, and then a whole clutch together, and by the noise, someone was coming hammers to hell up the mountain from Lastrap and shooting regardless.

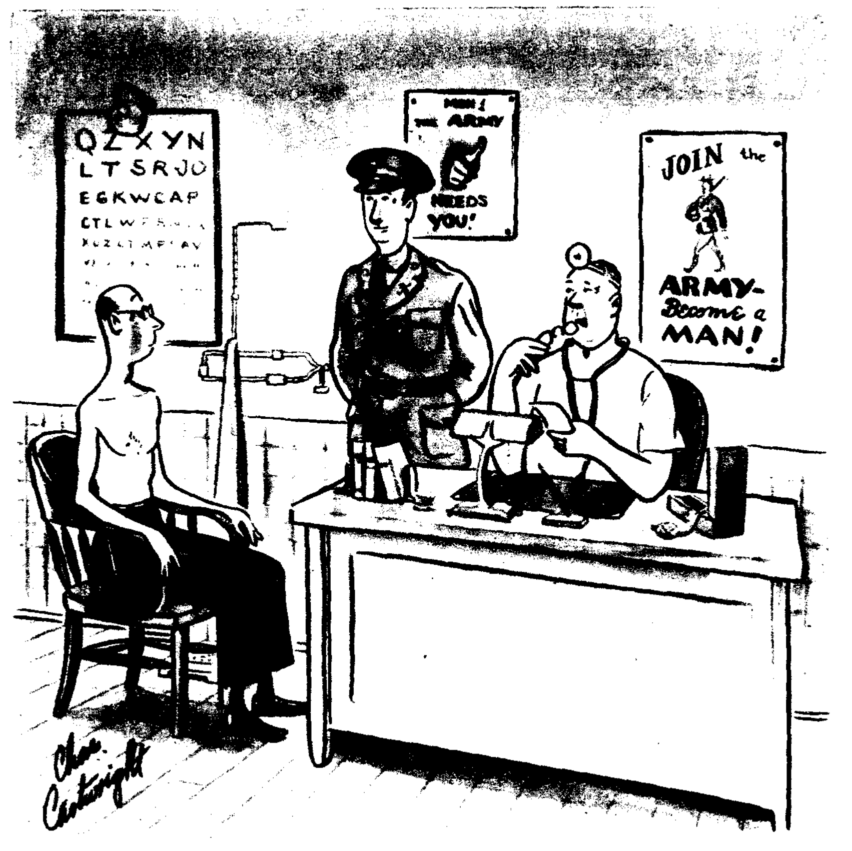
I jumped up and yelled at Milly to get into the cabin, and shoved Clara ahead of me into the house, and grabbed my rifle and bust out on the porch again.

This big sedan come roaring over the crest, swaying and lurching, and I could see a man crouching in the back seat shooting out of the smashed-out rear window, and two other men in the front.

Then the motorcycle come over the crest, and I see it was Christy Farman, and hoped Milly was hiding under the bed where she couldn't see, but she was still there on the steps, too scared to move.

The sedan came whamming past, and I got a leading bead on the driver, but kept the other eye on Christy, waiting for him to shoot first and sort of deputize me. But he wasn't shooting. He had his gun out, but he was waving it at me instead, and yelling, "No! No!" at me. I just had time to think, "Well, this is the damnedest," when the guy on the back seat let drive again.

He got Christy's front wheel with that one. The tire went pow! and that big motorcycle bucked off the road just like a Brahman steer, and then it and Christy parted company. He spread-eagled thirty feet through the air and landed



"The army would like to make a man out of you, Mr. Critchley, but we're awfully busy right now. I suggest you consult your local Y.M.C.A. gym"

CHAS. CARTWRIGHT

hard on the gravel not a dozen yards from where Milly was sitting. I guess she started running even before I did. Anyway, she got to him first.

The sedan was clean gone. We rolled Christy over, and the gravel had clawed his face up some, but I didn't think he was really broke anywhere. But Milly thought he was dead, and said so. I see Clara come piling out of the house.

So I hollered at her to fix some hot water and bandages, and said to Milly: "You go fetch 'em. You can move quicker'n she can."

She didn't no way want to leave go of Christy, but she seen the point and went streaking. Christy kind of groaned then, and managed to work one eye open. He was plain dazed at first, and I got my arm under his head, and said, "It's all right. What happened?"

He grunted and groaned till he'd got back the wind that'd been knocked out of him, and then said, "Bank robbers. They cleaned out the First National in Lastrap."

I said, "What'd you holler not to shoot for?"

He twisted his head around, and said, "Bert, they got Armisted. They grabbed him coming out of the bank and used him for a shield. They've still got him!"

And before I could say a word, Milly come tearing back with assorted first aid. He tried to push her off, and said, "I'm all right, Milly. Let me go now. We got to get Bert's car and get after 'em."

But when he tried to stand up his left leg wouldn't hold him, and he'd have gone on his face again if me and Milly hadn't grabbed him.

It didn't make any difference anyway, because in a minute another car come tearing over the rise from Lastrap. It was the sheriff and his deputy and Sergeant Milo from the state barracks. Christy told 'em quick what'd happened, and Milo swore. He said: "They got a fifteen-mile start at least, and no phone to head 'em off with. Let's go, Sheriff."

The sheriff put his car in gear, and his dumb deputy that don't know hell from a haystack said, "Let's just hope we don't find that Armisted in the road with a bullet through him."

And of course Milly heard him. She went white with gray edges, and you couldn't really tell then if she was holding Christy up or the other way. Christy begun to swear, and then the sheriff said, "Hold on, now. Look at that!"

AND we seen this car coming back down the road to us. You couldn't really tell that it was the car Christy had been chasing, you just had to guess at it. The fenders was bashed in, the radiator was stove, and the windshield was busted out in a way that looked very much like somebody's head had gone through it.

And Luke Armisted was driving.

He tried to pull her into the drive, but the wheels wouldn't cramp over that far, and he just sidled over to the edge of the concrete and stopped. Of course we all piled around, and I seen that Armisted had one little scratch on his right cheek, just about where his tobacco rested, and not another thing the matter with him.

But the other two was quite otherwise. Especially the one that'd put his head through the windshield. They was alive, though. Of course everybody was talking at once, and dragging the men and the loot out of the car, so you couldn't possibly tell what really had happened. And then Clara come rushing down to see, and got a look at the bloodied-up one, and fainted. I had to lug her up to the house and throw water on her. When I got back, the sheriff was saying to Armisted, "But what *happened?* What'd you *do* to him?"

Armisted said, "Nuthin' much." He shifted his quid from one side to the other, and said, "I just sort of spit in his eye. The other one was loadin' up, and when the driver turned to look back, I just hauled off and give him a charge of ole Double Mule. It shore blinded him."

The sheriff said, "You mean you took a chance like that—wrecking the car on purpose—"

Armisted said, "Sho! I didn't think it'd wreck it. I thought I could grab the wheel and ease her down some. But she was goin' a mite faster'n I figgered."

Milo looked up from where he was swabbing off one of the men on the ground, and said, "Well, you're the spittingest man I ever saw. Next time you want a chew, you can bite off a hunk of U. S. Post Office reward. This here is Rowley Nelson."

Armisted said, "Well, dawgone! Don't that beat anything."

Which was just about what I thought too. When they'd hauled the robbers off to the hospital, and things showed signs of quieting down some, I got me and Armisted some beer and sat down on the porch.

Armisted said, "Well, I declare if it don't look like we might get to California after all."

I seen Milly and Christy Farman sitting down there on the steps of Number 19, talking except when Milly was fussing over Christy's scratches, and I said, "If it ain't one thing it's another, though. You got one less mouth to feed, but it looks like you'd have to buy a new suit for a wedding."

Armisted said, "Hit does look like that, don't it now?"

WELL, they had the wedding, all right, and then after a bit Armisted and the two youngest Armisteds pushed off for California. I was really sorry to see them go, but of course we did see Milly pretty often.

It got on toward autumn, and the trade begun to thin out a little. This one evening, I was down at Number 17, getting some people settled in there. When they was fixed up, I went out, and there was this same old car in front of 19. And Luke Armisted.

I said, "Well, I'll be durned!"

He grinned sort of sheepish and clumb out and shook hands with me. I said, "Didn't you like California?"

He said, "I reckon it's all right if you know someone."

I looked at the car, and asked what about the youngest Armisteds.

Luke said, "I put 'em in a school. A feller said it was a good school, and I ate a meal there and the food was all right. I figured they could use a little learning."

I said, "What kind of a school?"

"Just a school," Luke said. "Some kind of a religion runs it."

He sort of looked around like he was home again, and I knew he was planning to stay a while. Then I heard this noise from the back of his car. I looked at him. He sort of blushed and said, "I don't figger to keep it. I just figgered to make a trade tomorrow in Lastrap."

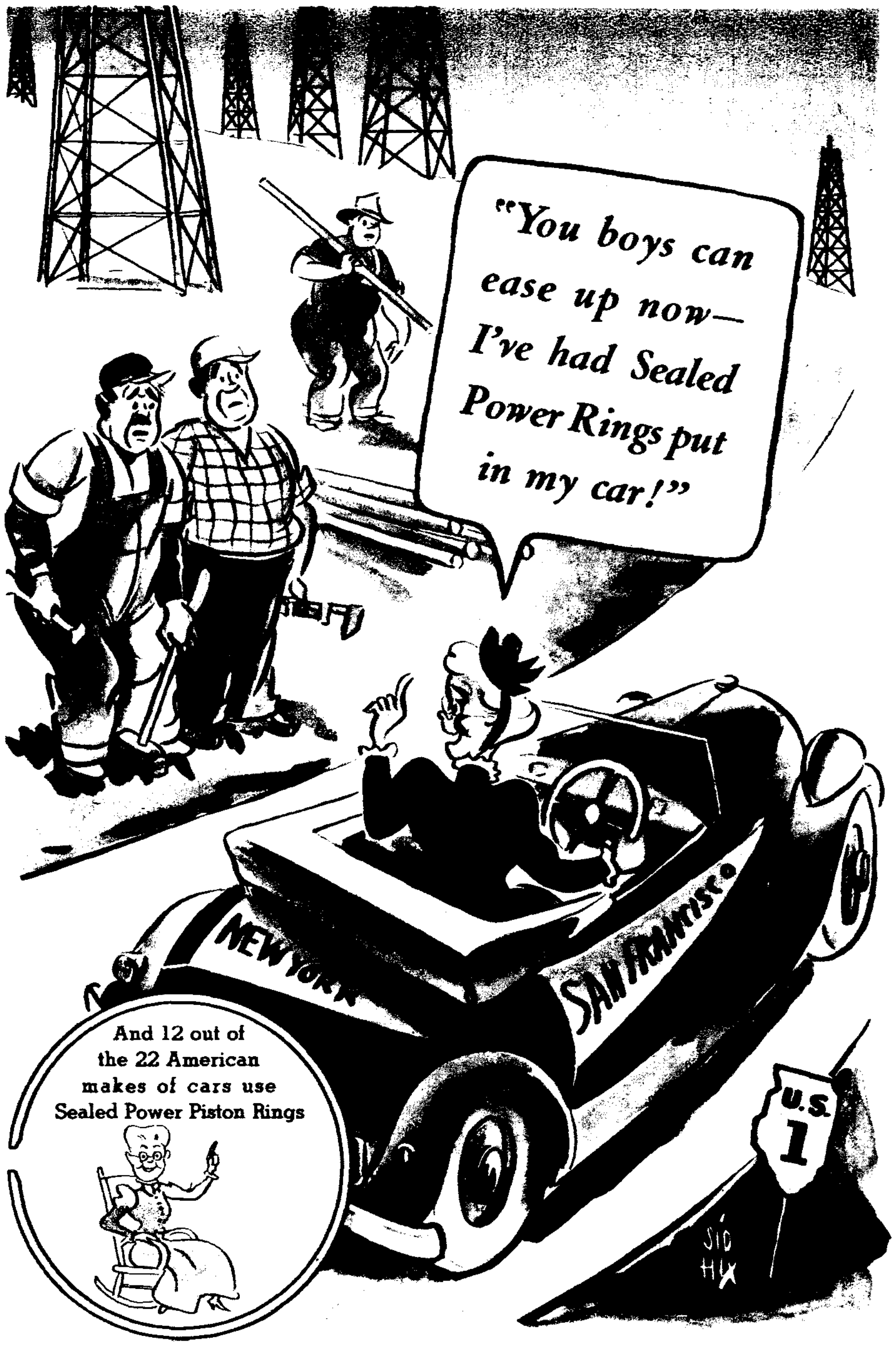
So I said, "All right. You know how Clara feels about them things."

So I went up to the house to get him some towels and break the news to Clara. But I wasn't no more than to the steps before I heard this awful noise and squealing, and the woman in 17 yelling bloody murder.

I ran back, and Armisted was holding this black shoat by the ear, and the woman in 17 was raising absolute hell and damnation.

And Armisted said, "Dawgone it! I don't know just *how* he got outen that car. Hogs is certainly the very devil."

And the pig was squealing, and the woman in 17 carrying on, and Clara hollering what was the matter. And I never felt happier in all my durn' life.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SEALED POWER PISTON RINGS

BEST IN [illegible] CARS! BEST IN O[illegible]

A Girl Must Wait

Continued from page 16

wild rumors waking strange things in his heart, the hearse that came down Grover from the church, bearing Nellie Wells who had taken carbolic acid because of a married man. All of his youth was here.

Going downstairs, he snapped off the living-room light and settled in a porch rocker. People strolled through the darkness, bound toward the church whose bell sent long, iron-solemn echoes briefly across the town; then silence folded in, layer on layer, insulating this little town from the rumors of war and the crying of madmen abroad, from the speed and shock of living, from a world whose cried-out alarms meant nothing, really. Bathed by this stillness, loosened by it, it was as if the last ten years of his life were vague, as though nothing were important but the slow rhythm of the town and its people, their humors and quarrels, their tragedies and silences, the slow sweep of the seasons and, at last, some kind of peace.

A woman came up Pennoyer from the church, her steps quick and free-swinging. She stopped at the gate.

"Well, Beau."

He rose and was nearly at the gate before he recognized Erica Graham; and was slowly astonished by the effect of her steady voice and her shadow-dimmed face on him. Her hand was warm when he took it, warm and firm, and quick to withdraw.

"Did I hear you singing in the church?"

"Just practicing."

NOW that they were together, he had nothing to say to her; nor did she bother to break the run of silence. They had grown up together but somehow throughout youth they had been held apart by a coolness or distance he could not really explain. He remembered that he had always thought her a reserved girl; well, he had thought her aloof, a kind of snob. Still it was strange that when she moved along the walk he kept beside her all the way to the Graham house, which sat on a higher part of the hill, and he was astonished again by the ease and the voiceless understanding that seemed to tie him to everything and everyone in this town.

She said: "Would you like to come in for a drink?"

"Yes."

He followed her across a wide yard that was the particular pride of old Eric Graham, the lumberman, who had been more or less the autocrat of the town for thirty years, and through the long living room to the kitchen. Beau Hale lifted himself to a kitchen drainboard and sat there, watching Erica Graham fix the drinks.

"Dad," she said, "has been in California for a month. The lumber business isn't very happy these days."

They went back to the living room. He lifted his glass, saying: "Good luck."

"To memories, Beau."

"Why should you say that?"

"You were always a rather quiet, a rather thoughtful boy. What else would bring you back?"

He drank a little and slowly jiggled the glass. He sat deep in his chair, his feeling of ease livened by interest. She was a long-legged girl, the lines of her hips firm against the dress she wore; there was the impression of something active and strong and direct about her, of something urgent behind repose. Her eyes were gray—they watched him and they showed him nothing; she had long lips faintly upcurved and her cheekbones, strong against her skin, gave her an air—a little willful, a little stern.

He said: "One of us has changed, probably I. I used to think you—"

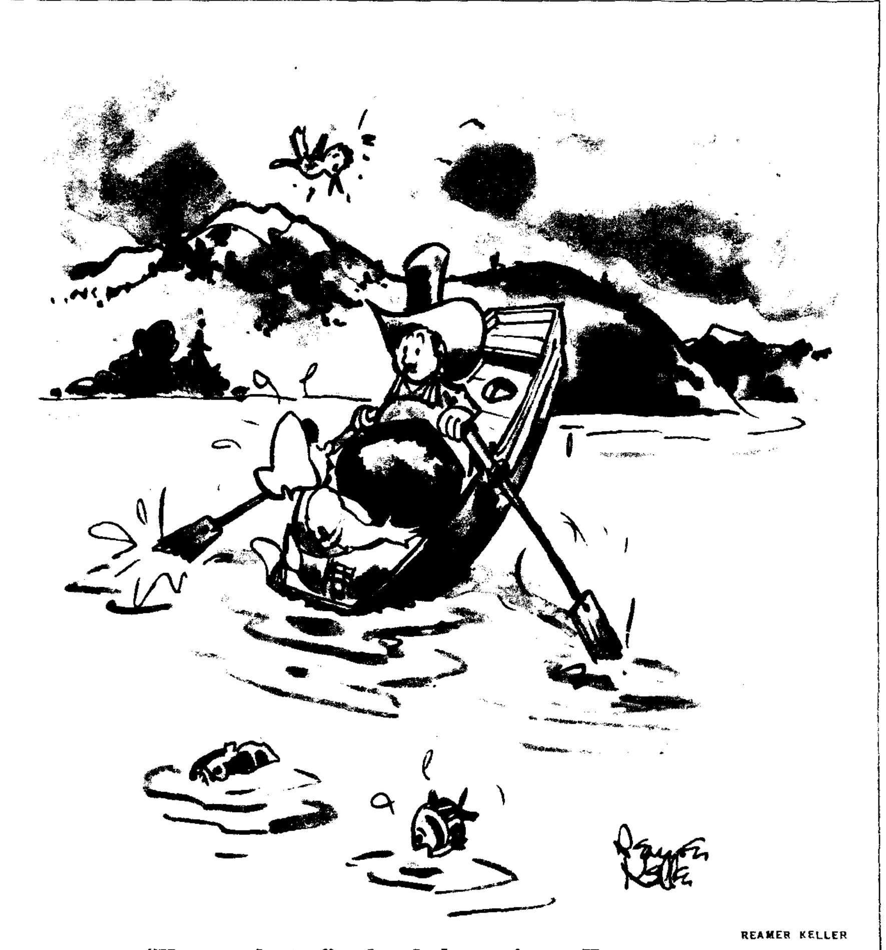
"You never liked me. I always was aware of that."

"I always noticed you. I think I was afraid of you."

She said, slowly and undecidedly, "You seem taller to me now. Perhaps that is because you are a little thinner. How long will you be here?"

"Six days."

PEOPLE strolled idly back from the church. She rose, almost brusque. "Your folks will be home." He got up and moved around the room, high-shaped in it, and reached for his cigarettes, offering them to her. She took one. When he lighted it for her he noted the length and the amber tan coloring of her fingers. The blackness of her hair was distinct against her temples. Her eyes, by the matchlight, were very bright. They held him a moment and dropped away and her voice afterward was small, deep in her throat: "Thanks." But she walked with him to the door. He turned for a moment here, saying: "Good night."



REAMER KELLER

"You ought to fix that hole up front, Kennesaw—it gets awfully uncomfortable holdin' this rock"

She murmured, "Good night." At the moment he looked straight into her eyes; they were round and so bare of feeling that he had the shocking hint of an emotion as strong as hate running against him.

Stillness drew around this town like constricting bands. Across town, automobile headlights probed the curve of Monitor Hill. His people were waiting for him on the porch, as they had waited for him for so many years; and now rose silently and walked into the living room. He said, "I saw Erica Graham," and knew from his mother's faint lip pressure that she smelled the whisky on him. He stood a moment, watching his father wind the mantel clock and lock the door, then went up to his own room.

Lying in bed, catching the smell of the climbing rose outside the window, he heard them gently speaking below. Presently his mother came up; she sat on the edge of the bed, looking down with her half-sharp, half-affectionate glance. "You never liked Erica Graham. It's odd that you should go there."

He said, curiously: "Why didn't I like her?"

"I was never able to find out." His mother studied him closely. "Your father hasn't been in good health. It is his heart. Stay as long as you can, Beau." She bent down and kissed him and when she rose she obeyed an old habit and pulled the sheet across his chest and tucked it under the mattress. She said: "It is a nice town, Beau. You might think of that. One thing I know. You should be married." Switching out the light, she left the room.

MORNING'S sun brightened the store windows and summer's drowse cushioned its warmth against the street and the smell of the roundabout country drifted in. When Beau Hale passed the doorway of Doctor Wolverton's office, the odor of antiseptics drifted out, reviving in him the old dread he had felt when, as a boy, he had gone in there to have his tonsils removed. He drifted idly from place to place, renewing acquaintances; he saw Will Bonnecastle at the drugstore, and Wax White, and Harry Shannan, the town marshal, and Red Smith who now ran his father's grocery. Red Smith was fat and laughing and still showed the flash of the old deviltry that had made him the town's problem as a boy.

Beau and Red had played football together, in high school, in the university. They stood in the coolness of the store, talking about this, with Red's eyes bright and narrow from memory, and then Red Smith said in a different voice: "Well, Beau, we were both goin' to tear this old world apart. I guess you got a handhold on that job, but here I am, sellin' a pound of butter and a loaf of bread. Funny thing to see what a bunch of kids turn out to be."

"What have you got to regret?" said Beau Hale.

"Nothin'," said Red Smith. "Nothin' most of the time. But now and then—"

"You've got everything," said Beau Hale. "Everything that matters."

"Me?" murmured Red. "In this little town?" His solid laugh shouted disbelievingly at the thought. "Remember when we got caught up in the church belfry? Remember when we harnessed those two dogs to the sled and they ran away with Mrs. Patton's baby in the sled?"

On the street again, Beau Hale saw Tab Patton, the banker, and spoke to him. Tab Patton had been a power in this town, but looking up at the sign on the bank, Beau Hale saw the difference now. The bank was a part of a chain system and Tab was really only the messenger boy for somebody in Portland, or in San Francisco. There was change here after all. He watched Tab Patton walk away, his profound gravity wrapped around the empty place where authority had been. There were gaps in this town, Beau Hale presently realized; some of his old friends remained, but most of them had drifted away, as he had drifted away. Maybe this was the reason for the town's soft peace. It could not hold its fresh blood; it lost its youngsters to that outer world which shouted its exciting cries and beckoned with its endless promises—and fulfilled so few of them.

HE WAS bound across the bridge to the swimming pool when the fresh scent of paper and ink drew him like a magnet into the newspaper office. A press clacked steadily in the back shop and Tom Settle came forward, his heavy glasses glittering against the light. He said, "Hello, Beau," and his handclasp was brief and unimpressive; at sixty he looked worn out. He had turned gray. He said, "I wanted to see you," and stood at the counter, drawing a short slice of copy paper before him. "Your mother never was quite clear on the exact job you had."

"Political reporting for the New York Star."

Tom Settle's voice indifferently asked its questions. The day had begun to heat up and a shine of sweat showed on Tom Settle's nose as he wrote out little half-completed sentences of the story. "Out here on a vacation? No business?"

"I'll go back by way of California. Boss wants me to see how the Ham-and-Egg movement stands down there now."

"Must be mighty nice to sit in on everything, to travel around. You know Al Smith and Lehman and Farley—those folks? What's this man Dewey like?"

"A young fellow on the build-up, with the benefit of excellent publicity."

Tom Settle said: "I guess this town seems pretty tame to you now."

What Beau Hale caught in the phrase was that same shadowed sense of incompleteness he had heard in Red Smith's talk; the same vague feeling of something missed, of something they wanted and could not have.

"No," he said, meaning it and trying to express his meaning. "This—this is everything anybody could want."

Tom Settle lifted his eyes from the paper. On the undistinguished face of this spirit-weary man a small and quite gentle fragment of a smile appeared; it was a smile crossing the gulf of thirty years' difference in age. "I guess we both have our illusions, Beau."

Beau Hale left the shop and stood in the middle of the bridge, watching the dark, still water pooled behind the board dam. Up there in the grove of trees stood the bathhouses and the springboard and the little island in the center of the water; and at once it seemed to him he could hear the round echoes of his own voice calling boylike across the water to Red Smith: "Around the island and down to the dam and back!" He turned and caught up with his father, down Main; his father moved with a bent-kneed slowness. This, Beau Hale remembered, was the man who once had carried him pick-a-back through the town, who had pulled him to the loft of the hop drier, who had taught him how to cast a fly and to hold a gun, whose hand had been a strong, stout support as they had walked through the summer twilight in boyhood.

BEAU HALE put his hand through the older man's arm, silently saddened from realizing that the support should now be the other way around. He said: "Any ducks in the marshes?"

"I haven't been there for five years." Hale suddenly held up his hands so that his son might see them tremble and spoke slowly: "Can't hold a gun." They were at the turn of the street when he added: "I would not want your mother to know this, so say nothing. I am having a little trouble with my heart. Well, it is strange. Most of the Hales lived very long. You must go see your grandfolks before you leave."

After lunch, Beau Hale sat on the porch with his people. There was something on his mother's mind. He could tell it by the slight change of her manner, as he had been able to tell it in his boyhood. She said:

"I wish I knew how you ate and how you lived. You never took much care of those things. Do you make enough to live comfortably?"

It was a little difficult to say that he made a hundred and twenty-five dollars a week and that the next upward step for him, when it came, was the top job in the department at twenty thousand a year. Money meant different values in different parts of the country. So he only said, "Yes."

She said: "I have heard it is so difficult to save in the East. If you were married, and living here, your wife would take care of that. You are too old to be single, Beau. Are there no girls on your list?"

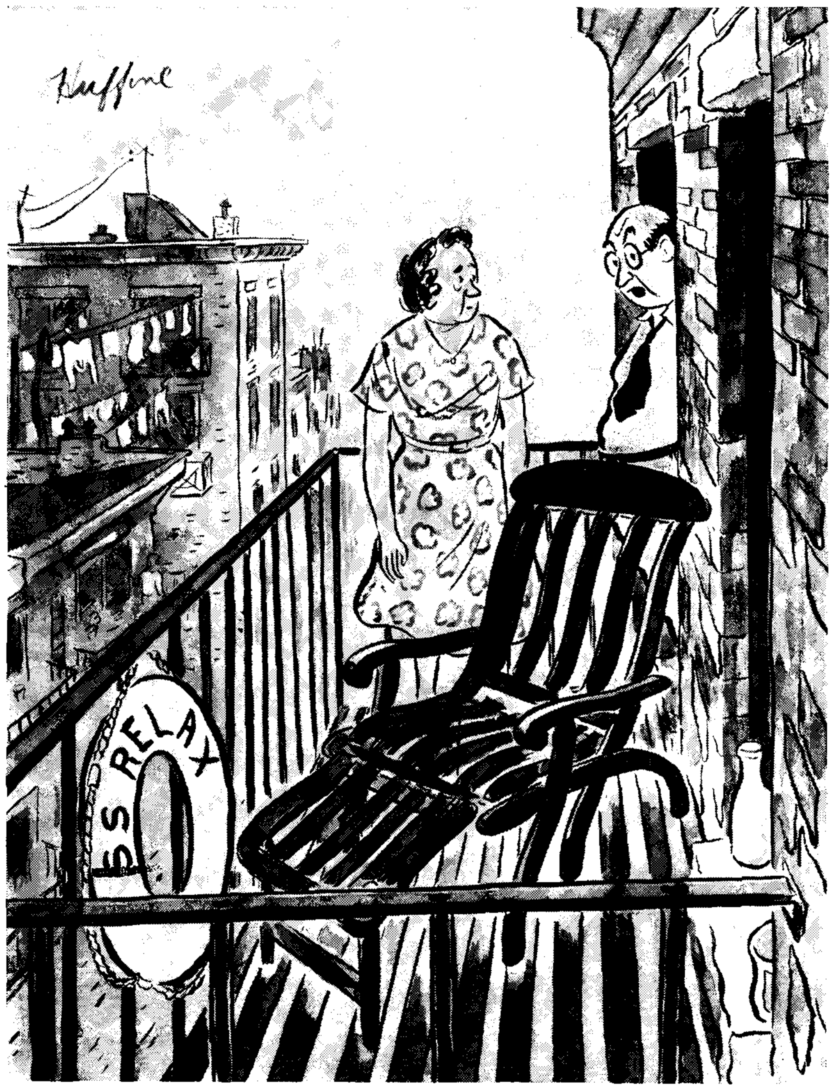
"No."

"I hope you are not a man to be casual with women."

He saw the freshening interest in his father's face and gave him a small smile. His mother said: "Why don't you talk to Tom Settle? I know he's rather tired of the paper. If you needed a little money to buy it your father and I could help you. How nice that would be."

In Beau Hale's mind the same vague thought had stirred—to be back here, deep in the slowness and the peace of this town, to fish in the hills when the spirit moved him, to sit here in the spice-warm nights, to cut loose once and for all from the sense of impermanence, from the restlessness, from the blind tomorrows. He didn't answer, but he thought of it with half a mind while his body rested and his senses caught the edged impressions of this familiar land.

In the late afternoon he returned to town and bought swimming trunks, and ate supper, and watched the shadows slide across the pocketed town. When the lights began to break through the dusk he turned to Erica Graham's house,



"I still think it looks better just as a fire escape" D. HUFFINE

Guess it's high time I tried this "dry" Paul Jones everybody's talking about. I know *dryness* is what I like about good champagnes and sherries. And I don't go for sweetness in my whiskey. So *dryness* must be the answer in whiskey, too...Wonder how much difference it really makes...

Mm-m-m... say, it makes plenty! Man, what a swell tang! I'll say it's *dry* —not a trace of sweetness! Yet it's *rich,* too . . . the way a whiskey *ought* to be. Guess that's because Paul Jones is *all whiskey*...

Paul Jones IT'S DRY*

This dry-rich combination is going to put real zest in highballs and cocktails . . . *that's* something to look *forward* to! But right now that flavor seems almost too good to mix...This occasion calls for another little spot *straight*—"To a new-found friend...a really *dry* whiskey...Paul Jones!"

DRY means not sweet

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seeing her move along the border of roses.

"Maybe," he said, "you'd like to go swimming."

He couldn't see her face clearly, and he wasn't sure she had heard, so long the silence held. Then she said, soft and small and cool, "Wait," and went into the house. He felt easy again when he saw Erica come along the walk, moving as a straight, slim shape against the darkness. He had something in his head to say but it died and he felt thoroughly comfortable as they strolled through town, silent all the way to the park.

After he had changed in the bathhouse he stood at the springboard, remembering that this deep pool of water was cold; the smell of the water and the smell of the water-soaked brambles at the edge of the pool were strong in the night, and she was beside him again. She went out to the springboard's edge, white-shaped, strong-shaped in the night and lifted her arms, turning tall and slim, and was a kind of marble glow as she dropped into the water.

HE FOLLOWED, going deep under, shocked alive, and came up shouting. She was beside him; he saw her head turn, he saw the break of laughter on her face. He said: "Around the island and down to the dam and back." Now and then, raising his face from the water, he caught the glow of her face and bright bathing cap, abreast. They turned the island and drifted and swam and drifted, the pressure of the water pulling them gently against the dam. He had to lay his head down and swim when they left the dam; later, looking up, he saw that she had gone ashore. He went over, floating in the shallows. She stood above him and what he saw was the lengthened curves of her body, the roundness of her body beneath the tight sheath of her suit, and the still, dark surface of her face as it tipped toward him, held by that strange, set calm. Suddenly she turned toward the dressing room and disappeared.

They had said nothing, but something had changed in that moment. He didn't know why. Dressing, he came out and found her waiting and they walked through the town again, speechless. She went through her gate and left it open and walked on. He stopped at the gate until he saw her look back, and then he followed and sat on the porch steps, cool and hungry and feeling the earth's soaked-in heat rise around him. She was on the porch behind him, but he didn't turn, and presently she came down the steps, to sit beside him, her arms caught below her knees; dreaming and still, and apart from him. This was what he felt most strongly—that she was apart from him, resisting him.

She said: "Your people will be badly hurt when you go."

"I wish I could stay. This is as real to me as anything ever will be." He looked at her, straight and careful and caught by fresh interest. "Why didn't we get along? I've been trying to figure that."

She said: "When I was thirteen your mother made you take me to a picnic. You didn't want to go, but you had to go."

"Nothing like that lasts," he said.

"Things that happen at thirteen cut deep."

"I'd forgotten."

"I remembered."

She stood up and he rose with her, seeing her face by the outthrown living-room light. He had always thought of her as being cold and proud and above him. This was youth's way of looking at it. What he saw now was a gravity hiding a thousand dreams. She said, "Good night," and left him.

Saturday he borrowed a car and drove his people to the old Hale donation land claim where his grandparents still lived. Emigrant Road ran beside the creek and here silvered shadows of the creek and here the world seemed to march backward into the dusty, lonely rawboned past. They passed through the sagged arch of a covered bridge and came upon the Hale clearing. A gristmill sat beside the dammed creek; the old log hut, which had been the first structure in these hills, adjoined the small white house.

His grandmother was small and darkly weathered, with the look of a Missouri woman about her; his grandfather's huge chest and great height had fallen away so little, his hair was still sorrel-colored and his cheeks had a ruddy polish; he was a sly, good-humored man with the bubble of irony in him. It was a remarkable thing that these old people, both past eighty, had preserved so much of their vitality. He said so.

His grandfather said: "In the early days, Beau, a man died young or had a chance of livin' forever." He looked at his son, at Beau Hale's father, and spoke with an impersonal judgment: "Your hands shake. You never was cut out for town life. That was your mistake."

Beau Hale walked to the gristmill, watching the water slide over the dam, as clear and motionless as a curved sheet of glass. Inside the gristmill was the odor of flour dust and the smell of cider and everything here was still with the weight of the years.

These were the generations of his state; his grandfather, who had crossed the plains as a youth, to clear this farm and build this mill in the middle of solid forest; his father, who had left the farm to set up a business in the little town at the base of the foothills; and he, who had drifted out. The next generation, his son, would never see this farm, never know the feeling of a small town, never feel this tie of the past.

When he came to go, he kissed his grandmother and felt the callous grip of his grandfather's hand. His grandfather was a tough man, hearty and unsentimental, as matter-of-fact as the cattle and the land he had been tied to all his long life; as wise and as simple, and as direct. And his grandfather said, "Goodby, Beau," in a way that everybody understood. This was a final goodby.

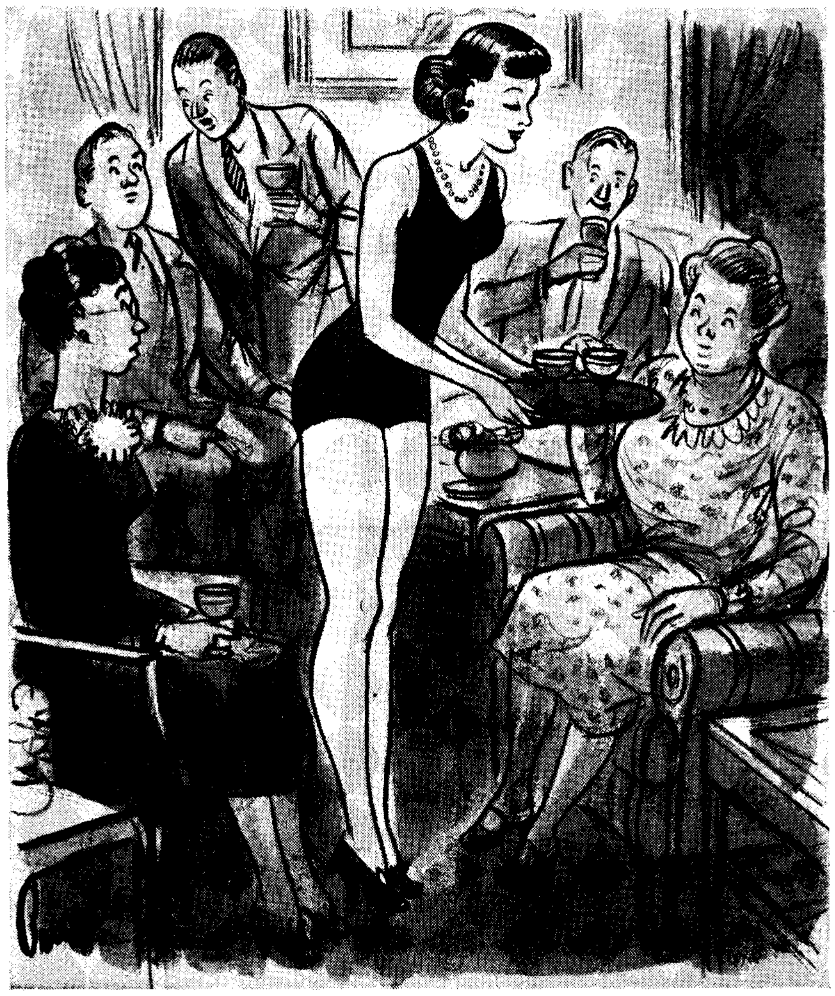
It was the finality of it that clung to his mind. Sitting on the porch again in town as twilight sank into coming dark, he felt the pull of memory and the abiding peace and the complete familiarity of all the roundabout country. The impulse to stay was quick and eager in his body. If he left, he cut all the ties that bound him. If he stayed, his roots would go down where they belonged, in the same soil that had nourished his people for three quarters of a century. He sat there, hard-pulled by it, watching Tom Settle come slowly up Pennoyer and turn in. Settle dropped on the steps, round-shouldered and vague. He said, in the same inclusive voice:

"For thirty years I have wanted to see a national Republican convention."

"Sound and fury," said Beau Hale. "Tobacco smoke and favorite sons and a lot of parades down the aisle, while the platform makers hunt up words that mean different things when read forward or backward."

"I'd like to see it," said Tom Settle. "I'd like to see it all. If I were thirty years younger I'd never be here. I'd be doing what you are doing."

HE ROSE and went slowly out of the yard, down Pennoyer. He heard his mother singing under her voice in the kitchen and for an instant loneliness hit him, quick and hard, and he turned toward the light shining from the Graham house, strongly impelled to go there. But he sat still, not sure of what he wanted, slowly bringing his thoughts into some kind of pattern, and at last, in the late dark, went to bed.



"Winning a beauty contest was the worst thing that ever happened to my wife"

LOUIS PRISCILLA

He sat in church on Sunday morning, between his people, listening to the organ music lift and fall. Erica Graham rose from the front benches and stood by the organ, facing the people, with her head lifted. Morning's full light slanted through the high windows. When she sang, she looked across the rows of the congregation to a point above him and beyond him, her voice filling the room completely; window light covered her but her eyes were shadowed again. When she had finished he sat back, relaxing from a kind of strain.

Out in the street, later, he waited for her and they fell in step, walking along Pennoyer without talk until they had reached her gate. They stood here while other people walked by. A boy scurried up Pennoyer and came on, stopping in front of Beau with an envelope in his hand. He gave it to Beau and trotted away. New York, Hale thought, had caught up with him again; for this was a wire from the office, with new instructions.

The peace of the day was gone; it was as though a cool wind sharpened through the drowsy warmth; he stood with his eyes fixed on Monitor Hill, thinking of California and the office. When he turned he found Erica Graham watching him. There was no expression at all on her face; it was strict; it was inexpressive, the high cheekbones of her face giving a faint touch of slanted, iron pride to the darkness of her eyes. Her short question had no color in it:

"Traveling orders?"

He said: "Tuesday morning, I guess. They want me to stop off in New Orleans." He thought of something else; it was pretty clear to him, and very strong. "That old burn where we used to pick blackberries—I'd like to see it again."

All her thoughts seemed to be guarded and distant; she looked up at him as though she listened to the things behind his words. Nothing came out of her to show what she felt; she said, "Wait," and went into the house. A little later she backed her car into Pennoyer and he got in and they went through town, coming to Emigrant Road. Beyond the covered bridge a side lane led them upward through the scars of an old logging camp where the maimed remnant of the forest stood as scarred stumps, with here and there a spar tree stripped clean. They left the car, walking through ferns waist-high and on out to a tangle of deadfalls on which blackberry vines lay matted, their fruit red and purple black. A clump of alder lay in a short ravine; a small spring made a pool in the alder shadows. The edge of memory brushed him and he said: "This was where we came on the picnic. I had forgotten."

HER voice had a distant melody in it, unfathomable, beyond him. "You took me because your mother wished it —but you hated me for it."

She dropped gracefully, her back to an alder, arms folded about her knees; she watched the small, round crystal of water lying in its cup of dark mud. The grayness of her eyes was blacker at the moment than the heart of the spring; she was motionless, her body still and tight. "Your people," she murmured, "will be sad when you leave, Beau. Remember that often, when you're in the East."

"Every root I've got is here. It is something I'll never find in another place. That's what I'm thinking about."

She raised her eyes; they were reserved, holding everything away from him, but they were wise and still. "Those are memories, Beau. They're not enough. Of course you'll go. You'll never change your life like that. People can't walk backward. For you it would be a tragedy, if you stayed."

He said: "How do you know that?"

She shook her head. She said, "Well, this is enough, isn't it?" and looked at him with her lips close together. Her skin was brown-dusted by the sun; there was an edge of whiteness at her throat where the dress slipped faintly away from her neck. Rising, he held out his hand to help her up; and then she had come and he had wheeled toward her. This was the change in him, this blind, rash quickness that impelled him to pull her forward and kiss her. She was weightless; for a moment she was relentlessly aloof from him, refusing what he offered; but afterward he felt the complete pressure of her body and the strong grip of her hands holding to him. She was silently crying, the tremor of it coming to him. He moved back, seeing the sparkle of tears in her eyes and the straight line of her mouth.

"Why?" he said.

She shook her head. Her lips came up to him, out of her own desires, and he held her this way, the whole fury of unsatisfied completion running through him. It would always be so, he realized. She would never be a woman to tire a man, she would never reach an end, nor ever grow less mysterious to him. This was her strength, this tremendous silence, this deepness that had no window for casual, careless eyes.

He said: "I've got to leave Tuesday. Is that too soon, Erica?"

She drew back, showing a smile. She was thinking that after carrying the memory of a boy in her heart for fifteen years, silently and secretly, it was not too soon. This was why she had cried—to have it come about when there was never anything but a dream—and this was why she said, "No, not too soon, Beau." She would, she knew, never tell him of the wait.

THEY were married Monday evening. On Tuesday, with Erica's car standing before the house, Beau Hale kissed his mother, knowing that she would never show him tears. He shook his father's hand, wishing that boyhood might come back for one brief moment so that he might put his arm around this man and speak as a boy. But he could not. All he could say was: "In another year we'll be back."

His father said: "If I do not see you again, son, good luck."

Erica was driving. They went slowly down Main Street, through the town and out along the hill. He had not said anything but at the top of Monitor grade she drew the car from the road and stopped, and from this viewpoint he saw the town of his youth covered by morning's golden haze, every detail of it falling into the exact and well-worn grooves of his memory. He said: "Ten years from now, Erica, we'll come back for good."

But he knew he never would. This was the way of the generations. Some stayed and some broke the old ties and went away. Well, it was a cycle, begun by his great-grandfather who, leaving Missouri, must have looked back with a regret like this regret. And it was an illusion, like the illusion of Tom Settle who saw distant places clear and fresh. This was in the heart of all people, to be where they were not.

He turned to see her watching him, gravely and with so much understanding on her face. Suddenly she took her hands from the wheel, saying, "You drive, Beau," and lifted herself to change places with him. Suddenly she was in his lap and her face was against him and she had whispered a slow word and the weight of her lips was strong and willing. A car came around Monitor grade, its horn crying at them, and she slid onto the far side of the seat.

He said: "We'll eat lunch at Eugene and put up for the night at Ashland." She was smiling, a rare excitement showing through, and when she turned her face to him he saw, in her eyes, the break of reserve and the unspoken things beyond.

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THOUSANDS of people who used to come home all dragged out by the day's work, now have the energy and enthusiasm to "step out" in the evening. It is all because recent scientific tests proved that the addition of a small amount of pure, unflavored Knox Gelatine to the daily diet enables them to do much more work before they feel fatigue. Reason is that gelatine is a concentrated muscle food, readily stored in the tissues.

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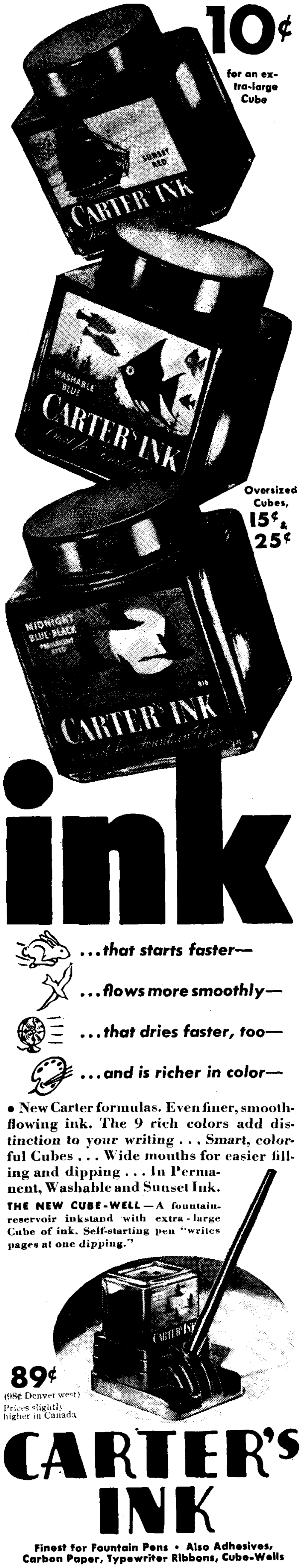

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Some Day He'll Come Along

Continued from page 10

plenty, but he was still in there trying, black eyes, streaming mouth and all.

He wouldn't go to the box office to get the purse; he wouldn't take a penny of it. He tore up his contract with O'Hagan and threw it in the gutter. He put on his battered hat and packed his bag, and O'Hagan laughed at him as he went. He remembered the laugh.

Mac was never one to go here and there with his hat in hand asking for a little money, a little credit so he could hire his hall and stage his shows. He needed all his own brand of courage and patience to get started again, with that big family in the frame house. But after a time he found he had a friend or two, and so he was able to begin all over again as promoter of a small-time club in Kensington, Philadelphia.

As for O'Hagan, he took his twenty or thirty thousand dollars and gave it a ride. It didn't last long. Six months later he was fighting again, and for chicken feed. He never did get a shot at the championship: he fought, and won, and lost, and drew, and caroused, and sold himself, and began to slip down the ladder. It was no Martin McDonnell managing him now, no one who would nag, wheedle and cajole. O'Hagan slipped. For three years he slipped down the ladder, two steps forward and three steps back.

And with his eye on Johnny Geehan, Mac waited. For that's one sure thing in any form of art: the promoters who help a man up will be there to catch him on the way down, gently and compassionately, perhaps, or maybe with a sneer.

So at last O'Hagan's manager, looking around anywhere for fights, approached Mr. McDonnell. Two hundred dollars, he wanted, and he also wanted to know the boy who would be across the ring from O'Hagan in the final.

"Fellow name of Geehan, I guess," Mac said.

"Geehan? What's he done?"

"Small-town boy," Mac said. "Just a kid, no experience to talk of."

O'Hagan's manager said it was okay, and Mac called on Geehan. Four days passed, and it was Saturday night, and the little club was crowded to the doors.

IN HIS silk mandarin's robe, now a little faded, O'Hagan heard the house roar while Johnny Geehan was coming in. He winked at his manager and his handlers, jerked his head and smiled.

Five minutes later he rolled like a lord down the aisle and jumped up into the ring and went to his opponent's corner.

"Hello, palooka," he said.

"Who ever heard of you?" said Johnny Geehan, touching the two taped hands politely with his own. O'Hagan yawned and went daintily to his corner. He looked over the house, insulting them all with his cool disdain. He looked down over the ringside seats. His glance paused just for an instant on the occupant of one of those seats, the fat, dumpy, bald-headed little man sitting there. O'Hagan knew who was running the club, naturally; he knew who'd be sitting close to the ring. "Who the hell are you?" his eyes seemed to say.

And Mac let out his belt a couple of notches and settled back in his seat and tried to look as cool and disinterested as the sleek black-haired cheat and rounder up there in the corner. He tried to give the appearance of a man who has just dropped in casually to see a couple of bouts in a third-rate club, of a man who hasn't the faintest notion in the world who it is he's going to see throwing punches at each other in a couple of minutes.

But he had to grip his knees to keep his hands from trembling. Three years is a long time. It's a long time to wait with the memory of black treachery on your mind.

Now they stood in the center of the ring; the referee laid his fat, friendly hands upon their necks and pattered his instructions as if praying. O'Hagan's black eyes roved insolently over the mass of waiting men beyond the lights' glare, and Johnny Geehan stood easy and relaxed. Then back to their corners, to grasp the ropes and squat and rise, flexing the lumped muscles of their legs to make them supple for the battle.

Then the bell; and in his seat Martin McDonnell leaned forward, his pudgy, sweating fingers bunching the cloth of his trousers.

Here came O'Hagan, blithe and debonair, O'Hagan who'd fought a hundred fights and didn't have a dime to show for them. Here came Johnny Geehan, tall and firm; his clean, broad shoulders like cut marble under the lights, no more nervous than a statue in a park. O'Hagan curled his lips at him and reached out his left like a snake's tongue and cuffed the youngster's jaw for him. And cuffed him again. And again, and again. And fell back, and did a little fancy work, as cool and as light as a bubble; and then bent and shifted smoothly as metal gears meshing, and crossed his right to Geehan's jaw, and the left, and the right again, and faded like a shadow as Geehan shot his own right and didn't miss by more than a foot.

That was all right. Johnny Geehan missed plenty. He always did. Certainly he did, Mac told himself; always, in the first few rounds. That was nothing. Johnny could take twenty rights like those O'Hagan had flashed into him, and toss them off like raindrops, and come on, patiently, unwaveringly. Don't worry about Johnny Geehan missing a right now and again. Wait till that left lands. Just wait.

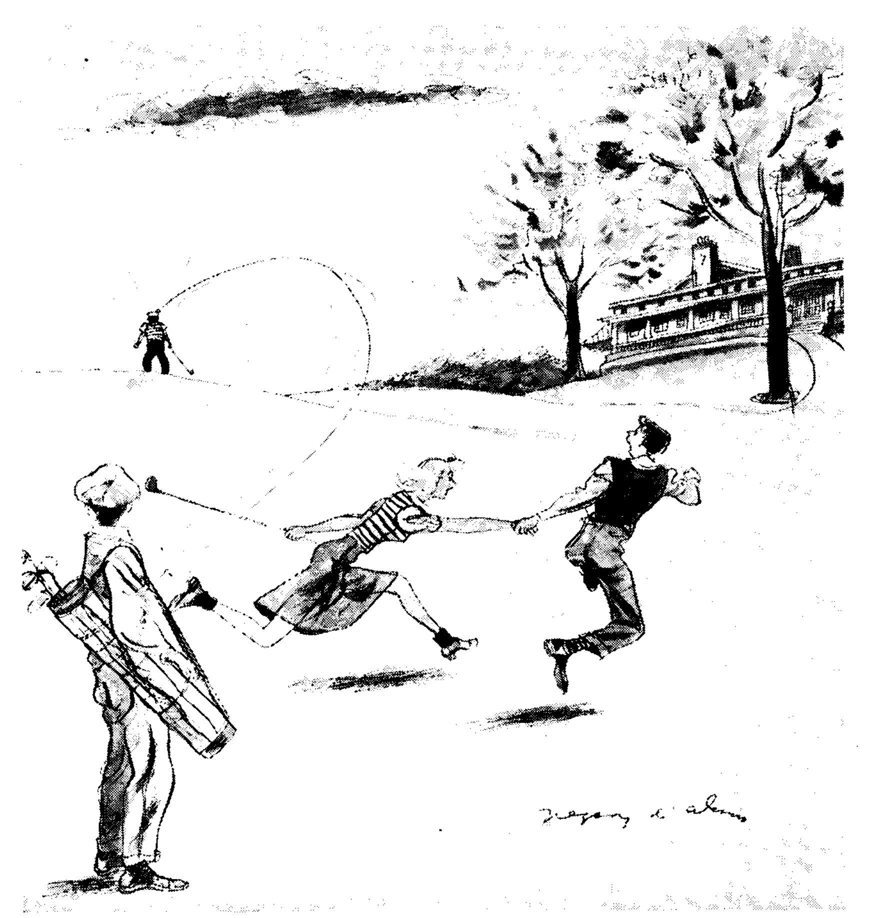
Now here was O'Hagan toying around in the center of the ring, airy, feathery O'Hagan, weaving his web of blows, masking the hard rights, rolling easily when Geehan shot at him, boxing like a kid of twenty, as if there were ten fights behind him, not a hundred. That won't last, Mac told himself grimly; oh, no, that won't last, Joey. We know what your wind's like; sure, we just have to take a look at you to know how long you can keep up this fancy stuff. Sure, you look fine and cool now, but wait, just wait a few rounds. You can't get out of that ring now, Joey. You're in there for ten rounds, hell and high water, and Father Time is right there with you.

O'Hagan shot the snake-tongue right again and smiled mockingly as the bell rang. O'Hagan's round by a mile.

THERE was more sweat on Martin McDonnell's dripping, pudgy face and bald head than on the bodies of the two men up there in the ring.

Bong.

Class. Class, all right. Oh, sure, the bum always had class. That's pure class, that smooth-flowing roll of the shoulders, that quick shift and feint and stabbing right. Eyes are puffy, the once hard, flat belly muscles now soft, the blue-jowled cheeks a little too full—but you can't lose class, not altogether. Look at him, that easy swing and duck and play of the hands, poised as a bare knife blade for throwing; look at him make poor Johnny miss. Poor Johnny? Hell, no, Mac swore to himself, the sweat streaming from him, his fingers digging into his knees; Johnny don't care for all this, Johnny don't mind. Come on, Johnny Geehan, come on, Mac muttered; don't box with him, he's too



"Oh, I see—it's like baseball!" GREGORY D'ALESSIO good, he's still got too much class for that. Get in there close, Johnny. See that mid-section on him? That's your meat. That's where he don't like it. Down below, Johnny. That nice ripping left hand of yours, slug it in there, Johnny.

O'Hagan was grinning scornfully, flicking the cutting edge of his left into the sober young face that kept coming forward, jabbing, jabbing, jabbing. Geehan hadn't touched him yet. Geehan hadn't come closer than two inches. And here was the second round half gone. And O'Hagan jabbed him again and crossed the right beautifully and seemed to saunter there idly in the middle of the ring. And suddenly danced back as Geehan ripped his left.

Class stays, yes, but speed cannot stay the rush of time; now the feet are not quite as fast as they once were.

"Ah!"

The crowd roared, for Johnny Geehan's left had found a home. And Mac was out of his seat.

"Ah!"

Another left, a right, a left; another left into him, up to the wrist, you could swear; and another. And he's down, he's down.

One—Two—Three—Four . . .

THERE is Joey O'Hagan, squatting on the canvas. His puffy eyes are blinking and his body is heaving for air. The grin is wiped off the blue-jowled face; the curl has been ironed out of the lips; the black eyes, just a few seconds before confident and insolent, are dazed and staring. Then his arms and legs flex and push, and he's up.

Bam! "Ah! Ah-h-h-h! *Ah-h!*"

Oh, what a left! What a swipe! Flat on his face, O'Hagan—ah, that Johnny; ah, baby, what a left. He's down to stay now. Who could take a left like that and get up?

Who could? Mac knew the answer; knew it if no one else in that whole roaring mob did. He knew what would happen to that panting, convulsed body on the canvas; and here it came. Here came O'Hagan, staggering, heaving, three-quarters blind if not blind altogether, the crimson constellations whirling before his dazed eyes, dumbly pawing his leaden gloves before him, dumbly reaching to ward off the killing left he couldn't see, waiting like an ox for the hammer, but waiting, anyway, on his feet, and trying to fight.

Bong.

Geehan's hands dropped; he shrugged, as if to say, "Next round," and walked to his corner. O'Hagan fumbled blindly to the ropes, and they had to help him to his stool. His chest was heaving like a bellows and the puffy eyes were blinking; there was a red welt across him where the mortal blows had struck. He sat, waiting dumbly.

Bong.

O'Hagan comes out with forlorn bravado. He falls into a clinch. Geehan shoves him away. He touches him with the left, measures him with the right, and pivots and sinks the left again, flush into its target. O'Hagan rolls desperately into another clinch; the referee hammers on his back; O'Hagan nods, and Geehan steps back, and here it comes again. Bam!

What's holding him up? Why doesn't he go down? "Stop it!" someone is yelling, and the whole house is roaring as Geehan comes in once more with the left, the right, the murderous left.

What's holding him up, anyway?

Mac knew. Just class, pure class; and that is a quality that some men put above all else in life. And so Mac was swearing a blue streak, for the first time in quite a few years, and scrambling over the chairs, for he could not watch the ring any more. He had to be somewhere else.

He got there as the bell rang, as O'Hagan's manager sprang into the ring to help his man to his stool. "What you doin' here, you?" he snarled. And Mac snarled back.

"Get the hell out," he said. "Get!"

And he leaned through the ropes by Joey O'Hagan's stool and put his lips close to the bruised and welted face.

"Joey," he said. "Joey, boy."

O'Hagan's head turned drunkenly.

"Joey. Joey. Listen. Listen, boy, you're fighting him all wrong. Ride your bike. Keep away from him. Don't walk into him like that. Make him come to you. Joey, you hear me, Joey?"

O'Hagan opens his one good eye wearily.

"Hello, Mac," he says. "What—whadya know, Mac?"

"Joey. He's got no class. All he's got's a left. He's a bum, outside a'that. He can't put you away. You can still take him. Keep away from him, this round. You hear me, Joey? Hear me?"

Bong!

"Come ah-h-hn—Joey!"

That was Martin McDonnell, screeching at the top of his lungs, as he had yelled many times before, when his boy was advancing to the kill. A quiet man, McDonnell, except when his boy was fighting. And his boy was fighting now. He wasn't riding a bike, he wasn't backpedaling as Mac had told him to; no, he was driving in there crazily, his arms pumping, flashing, whirling in as if ten years had dropped off his shoulders; and Geehan's left was shooting by him and missing, as it had missed before.

"Come ah-h-hn—Joey!"

Where did that punch come from?

"Na-a-ow, Joey!"

O'Hagan wheeled and the right slid over like quicksilver, and Johnny Geehan was down.

One—two—three—four . . .

Geehan is up. O'Hagan is feinting with the left, measuring him. He pivots; oh, baby, what class, what class! Out it comes: Bam!

Eight—nine—ten.

Geehan is out, and Joey O'Hagan is in the center of the ring, his hands over his head, waving at the gallery. And in the gallery, and everywhere else, they're saying, Some comeback, huh? Ah, he was stalling. Ah, he's got too much experience for him. Ah, he's got too much class for him. And did you see that Mac? Runnin' down to his corner? Used to manage him, you know that? Guess he couldn't stand seein' his boy gettin' it, so he got down there back of him again. Some comeback! Say, that Mac sure knows how to run that guy! Say, he could make him champ.

MARTIN McDONNELL went back to his little office. He sat there for five minutes or so, staring at nothing. He let out a long, wheezing sound, a sigh. He unnotched his belt a couple of links and looked around for his battered derby. Then the door opened. O'Hagan came in.

"Mac," O'Hagan said. His face was twisted; there was sweat on the dark brow. "Mac."

Mac looked up at him.

"Mac, I—I never had no luck, since you left me. I—when you get in my corner, something—something happens. I—I—I want you for my manager again, Mac. All that—that other stuff I fooled around with—it's all over now, Mac. Whadya say, Mac?"

"You got a manager," Mac said.

"That punk," O'Hagan said.

Mac looked him up and down.

"You bum," he said. "You tramp. I wouldn't manage you if you was going to be champion of the world."

And he turned and picked up the battered derby and banged out through the door, and O'Hagan stood looking after him, the fat little man walking away.

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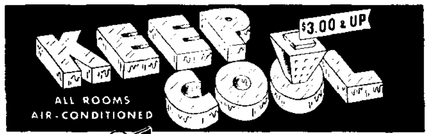

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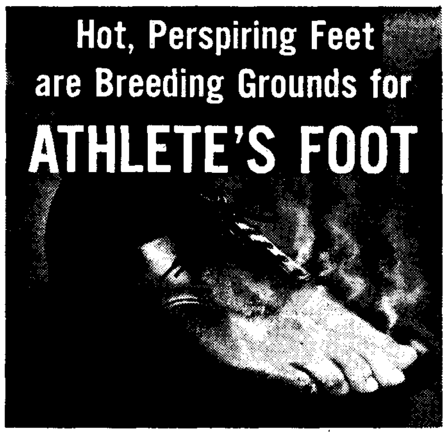
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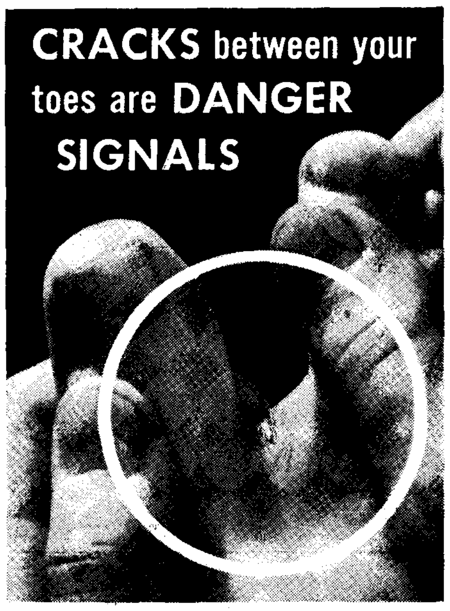

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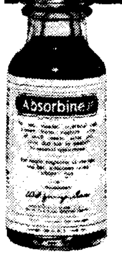

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Flotsam

Continued from page 22

French. After a while the porter came up.

"What's wrong?" Kern asked in excitement through the crack in the door.

The porter looked at him in tired surprise. "Nothing, just a drunk who didn't want to pay."

"Nothing more?"

"What more should there be? Things like this happen occasionally. Haven't you anything better to do?"

He opened the next door and admitted a fat man with a pitch-black mustache accompanied by a billowing blonde. Kern closed his door and felt his way back. He bumped against the bed and as he steadied himself he suddenly felt Ruth's soft breast under his hand. Prague, he thought—and he was filled with a surge of love. At the same moment Ruth's breast moved as she propped herself up on her elbows. In choked and dreadfully frightened tones she whispered: "What—what is it? For God's sake—" The sibilant voice dragged into silence and there was only the sound of her gasping breath in the darkness.

"It's me, Pony," Kern said softly and lay down on the bed. "It's only me and I have frightened you."

"Oh, yes," she murmured and lay back.

QUICKLY she fell asleep again with her hot face on Kern's shoulder. What have they done to you? he thought bitterly. That other time in Prague you only asked, faintly disturbed: "Who's that?" But now in the same situation you tremble and gasp.

"We're not here at all," Kern whispered. "Pony, we're not here at all. We are lying in a field in the sunshine and around us camomile and red poppies are blooming. A cuckoo is calling and yellow butterflies are playing around your face—"

Something banged against the wall and Ruth trembled. "What's that?" she asked, drunk with sleep.

"Nothing, nothing. Go to sleep, Pony."

"You're still here, aren't you?"

"I'll always be here and I love you."

"Yes, love me."

She went to sleep again. "You are with me and I with you and no filth can touch us, none of the filth through which they drive us," Kern whispered amid the bawdy uproar. "We are alone and young and our sleep is clean, Pony—beloved Pony, from the wide, blossoming fields of love—"

KERN came out of the office of the fugitives' aid. He was very depressed, for they had given him little encouragement. A permit to remain was out of the question; as a matter of fact, at just this moment a large number of emigrants who had formerly received such permits were being expelled from the country.

He stopped in the outer office, desperately loitering there before going on to the hostile streets. The room was crowded with people waiting in suppressed excitement. After a while he plucked up courage to speak to a man sitting a little apart. He asked him where one could live without being reported to the police. He didn't want to go back to the Hotel Habana.

"Have you any money?" the man asked.

"A little."

"Can you pay six francs a day for a room?"

"Yes. For the time being I can."

"Then go to the Hotel Verdun in the Rue de Turenne. Tell the landlady I sent you. My name is Klassmann. Dr. Klassmann," he added in wry amusement.

"Is it fairly safe from the police?"

"Nothing is safe. They get you to fill out an undated registration slip. But they do not send it to the police. Their story is always that you arrived the day before. You understand?"

"Yes. Thanks a lot."

Kern went back to Ruth, who had been waiting below, and they set out at once. It took them a long time to find their way. Kern had bought a cheap map of the city with which they oriented themselves. Now that they were together they felt their courage returning. Kern had received twenty francs from the fugitives' aid and this seemed a propitious start.

"We'll get along, won't we, Pony?" Kern asked. "It's such a big city."

Ruth nodded bravely. She did not tell him just how sinister this great, alien city seemed to her.

The Hotel Verdun was an ancient, dilapidated building with a narrow entrance. Kern explained his needs in faltering French. The landlady, a lanky woman dressed in black, examined them both from head to toe.

"With meals or without?" she asked.

"Without—"

The landlady eyed him speculatively.

"What does it cost with meals?" Kern asked anxiously, fearing they might be turned away.

"Twenty francs per person."

"Then perhaps we can take it with meals. What do you think, Ruth?" Ruth nodded. "All right then, with meals," Kern said to the landlady.

"Forty francs."

Kern got out his modest wallet and paid. He thought: we can live this way for ten days.

"Forty-one and forty-two," said the landlady, throwing two keys on the counter.

KERN filled in the registration slips and they went up to their rooms, which were narrow single bedrooms opening on a court. "Very nice, aren't they?" Kern asked uncertainly.

"They're fine," Ruth replied, smiling. "Anywhere you're not alone is fine."

"We'll make out, won't we, Pony?"

"You will. You can accomplish anything."

"What shall we do now?"

"I don't know."

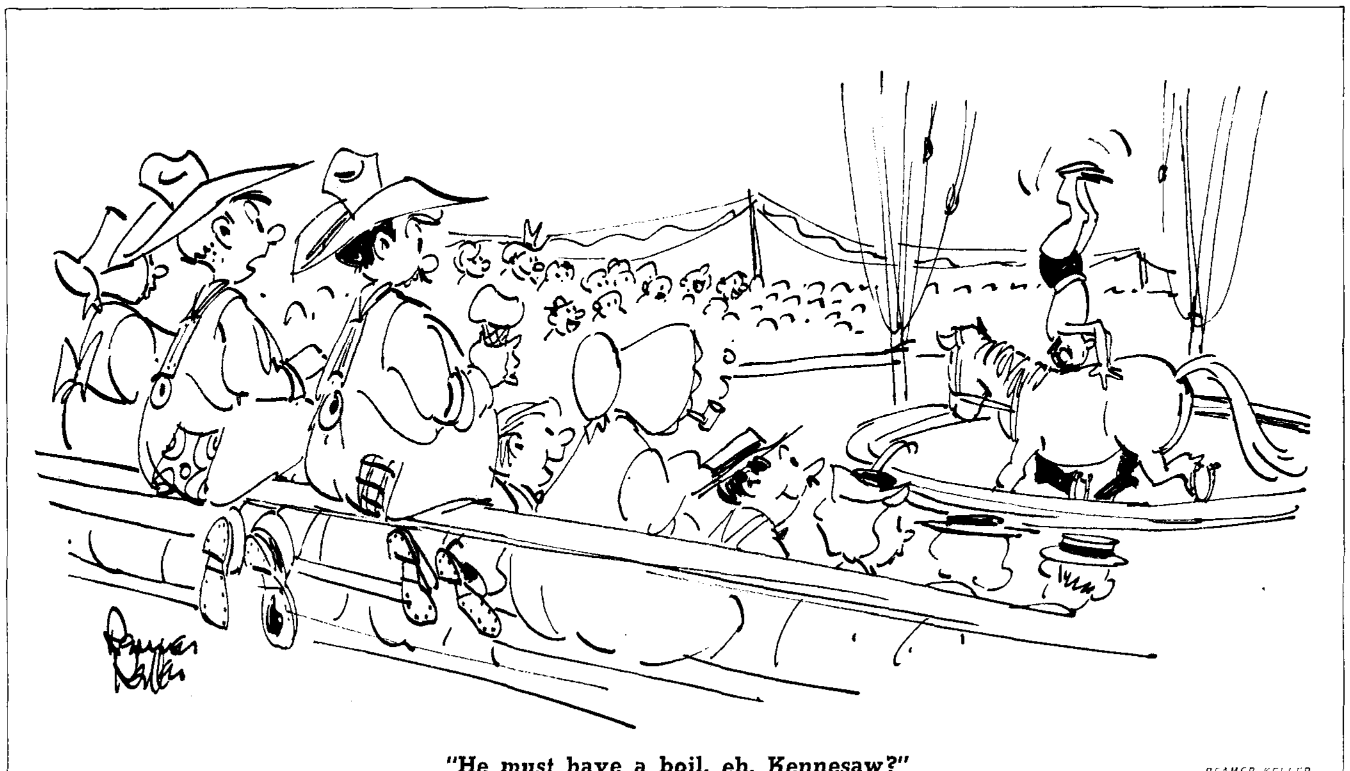
"Shall we study French? Steiner told me once a person ought to be doing something all the time."

"Steiner," Ruth said.

"We could write him a letter in care of Lilo—Tatjana Volkoff; then he will know where we are."

"Good. Now we have a lot of things to do."

Kern got the grammar and some writing paper out of his valise. They wrote the letter and then studied French until noon. Kern transformed himself into a count, conversing with the wife of an ambassador. He made use of whatever stage props came to hand. When soft piano music came swelling over from the next house, he bowed ceremoniously



"He must have a boil, eh, Kennesaw?"

REAMER KELLER

and asked in incomprehensible French, "Madame, may I request the honor of this dance?"

"With pleasure, dear count." Ruth got up and they began to circle slowly around in a space hardly larger than a pocket handkerchief, to the ghostly strains of the distant music. They bumped into the bed and into the bureau, but there was a magic lightness in this gentle movement in each other's arms.

"His Royal Highness appears very moody today," Kern said in courtly tones.

"It is the political complication with Poland," Ruth answered mysteriously. "His Excellency, the Russian ambassador, told me about the situation just now. One fears a religious war."

"I am afraid the true cause lies in your beauty and in your virtue, madame. The latter puts the former beyond his reach."

Ruth gave Kern a slap on his shoulder with an invisible fan. "Flatterer!"

Kern stopped and laughed. "Shall we go to the buffet now and refresh ourselves with caviar and champagne?"

THE dining room of the Hotel Verdun was in the cellar and was reached by winding passages. It was fairly large, for it also served the Hotel International, situated next door and, despite its pretentious name, just such a shack as the Verdun.

"Why, there's Marill!" Kern said as they made a rather uncertain entrance.

Marill had already seen them and was waving to them. He came over and shook hands. "The babes in Paris! Well! Well! Come over to my table. How did you happen to discover the old Verdun?"

"Dr. Klassmann told us about it."

"Oh, Klassmann. Well, the first thing for you to do is to get something to eat. You were perfectly right, by the way, to leave Prague. It's getting more dangerous there, especially near the border. It won't be possible much longer. Nor will Austria, for that matter."

"How are things here?"

"Here?" Marill ran his hand over his head. "My boy, Austria, Czechoslovakia and Switzerland represent a war of movement for us exiles, but Paris is a war of position. The front line of the trenches. Each successive wave of exiles has rolled this far. Do you see the man over there with the bushy black hair? He's an Italian. The bearded one beside him is a Russian. Two places farther over a Spaniard. Two beyond that a Pole. Next to him four Germans. Paris represents their last hope and their final fate."

"What sort of hope is possible?"

Marill turned around. "I will tell you how some of these people live. It's simple for the Russians because they have Nansen passports and almost all of them have permits to work. The big man over there, who used to be a lawyer, is a waiter in a night club; the one with the beard is a doorman; the Spaniard gives language lessons; one of the Germans lives by writing and translating, on the sly of course. The Italian is a dancer. Some of them try peddling. The Pole plays the piano. A few of them still have a little money. Some of them have to beg. This place is the last stop before shantyville. What do *you* expect to do?"

"I don't know. Probably there won't be many customers here for Kern's chypre perfume."

"How about you?" Marill asked Ruth.

"Anything at all. Scrub stairs, take in washing—anything I can get."

"Have you given up the university?"

"No."

Marill nodded and pointed to a pale man. "That fellow over there is a dishwasher. He was a German student. Now he has taken a French Ph.D. Do you find that a comfort?"

"Yes," Ruth said firmly.

"We don't want to let it get us down," Kern added.

Marill smiled a bright, sympathetic smile. "Nobody wants to."

RUTH was sitting in her room knitting. She had bought wool and was going to try to make sweaters and sell them.

On the table in front of her lay a book from which she was memorizing chemical formulas. The young man who had taken his French Ph.D. had got it for her from the library.

There was a knock at the door and Ruth got up nervously to answer it; every time someone knocked the hot blood rushed to her heart. A fair-haired man of about forty was standing in the hall. "Excuse me," he said.

"What do you want?" Ruth asked. Fear made her harsh and abrupt.

"My name is Brose," the man said in embarrassment. "I live on the floor below. My wife is sick and I have to go out to look for work. So I wanted to ask whether you—"

Ruth eyed him in silence.

"Whether you wouldn't—she's always so sad when she's alone. It's so much easier for her if she has someone to talk to. I thought perhaps you, too, would like a little conversation for a change. My wife is intelligent—"

Heavens, Ruth thought, how he praises her in his helpless embarrassment! She had about decided not to go but the words "my wife is intelligent" made her change her mind. "I have time," she said, "and I can take my knitting along."

They went down the stairs. "She has spells of being very sad. I should be thankful to you if you would explain to her—well, that everything is bound to get better."

Ruth smiled. "That's easy to say—but not so easy to believe."

"Often it's enough just to say it."

"Yes, perhaps."

Frau Brose was lying in a small, evil-smelling room. "Lucie," Brose said, "here's Fräulein Holland, who would like to keep you company for a while."

Two dark eyes in a waxen-pale face turned suspiciously toward Ruth. The man said hurriedly: "Well, I'll be going. I'll be back tonight. I'm sure I'll get something today."

He waved to them, smiling, and closed the door behind him.

AFTER a while the pale woman said, "He asked you to come, didn't he?"

Ruth started to contradict her but in the end all she said was, "Yes."

"That's what I thought. Thanks for coming; but I can get along all right by myself. Don't let me disturb you in your work. I can get some sleep."

"I wasn't working," Ruth said. "Just doing some knitting and I can do that just as well here. I brought my wool and needles with me."

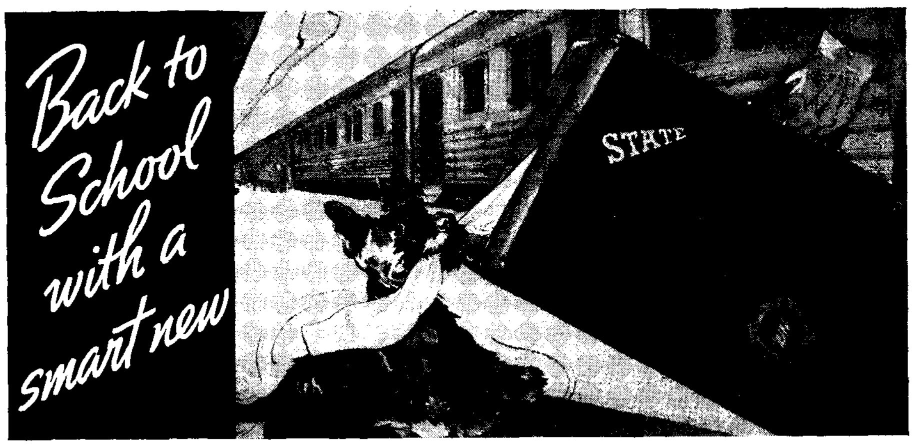
"There are pleasanter things than sitting with an invalid."

"Certainly. But it's better than sitting alone with one's thoughts."

"You're just saying that to comfort me," the woman murmured. "I know, people are always trying to comfort the sick. Why don't you admit that it's repulsive to you, to sit with an unknown, peevish invalid and that you are only doing it because my husband persuaded you to."

"That's right," Ruth answered calmly. "And I have no intention of comforting you. But I'm glad to have a chance of talking to someone for a change. If I went back to my room now I should feel dreadfully lonesome. So let me stay here."

She seated herself on a chair near the bed and began to knit. The sick woman



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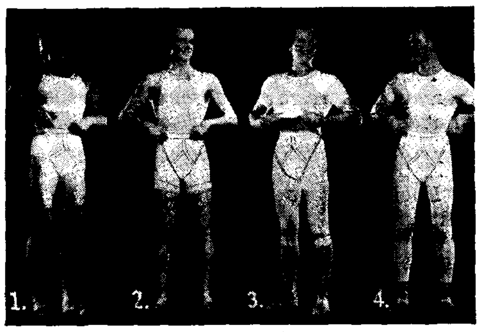

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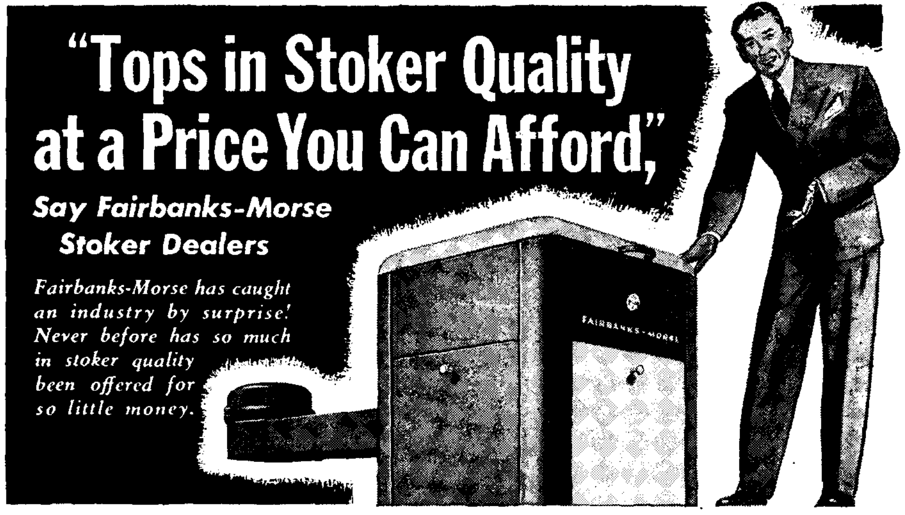

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watched her for a time. Finally she said, "You're not holding the needles right and that's slowing you up. This is the way to do it."

"You see," Ruth answered, "here I am learning from you. I haven't knitted since I was a child."

"That's easy to see. You've dropped two stitches here. We'll have to unravel."

The sick woman's face suddenly became animated and happy. Ruth looked at her, thinking: Should I marvel that a trifle like this can change a person so, or should I shudder at the depths of misery she has reached for this to mean so much to her? The marvel perhaps is that she wants to help me despite her own wretchedness. Perhaps that is the purest impulse of which a human being is capable. . . .

WHEN Brose returned that evening he found his wife and Ruth both knitting peacefully, and a look of joy lighted his face. Ruth got up. "I'll be back tomorrow to learn some more. Thanks for what you've shown me. Goodby."

She shook hands with the woman and nodded to the man.

"Lucie," Brose said, seating himself cautiously on the edge of the bed.

"My dear." She patted his hand. "Did you find something?"

"Not yet, but something will turn up."

Her face darkened. "I'm such a burden to you, Otto."

"How can you say anything like that, Lucie? What would I do without you?"

"You would be free. You could do what you liked. You could even go back to Germany and work."

"Could I?"

"Yes," she said vehemently. "Get a divorce from me. Back there they'll think very highly of you for doing it."

"The noble Aryan finally took thought for the purity of his blood and divorced the Jewess, eh?" he asked sarcastically.

"Yes, they'll say something like that. After all, they haven't anything against you, Otto."

"No, but I have against them."

Brose rested his head against the bedpost and stroked his wife's hair. He remembered the time when his boss had come into the drafting room and had spent a long while talking about the times and about his ability and what a shame it was that they would have to give him notice simply because he had a Jewish wife. He had taken his hat and left. A week later he had given a bloody nose to the dirty, bleary-eyed houseman, who was also a janitor-spy, because he had called his wife a dirty Jewess. That had very nearly turned out badly. Luckily his lawyer had been able to prove that the houseman had made drunken speeches against the government; whereupon the houseman had disappeared. But his wife no longer felt safe on the streets. She did not like to be jostled by muscular young men in uniform. And so one day they left for Paris. On the way she had become sick.

"Have you been in pain, Lucie?" Brose asked.

"No. I'm just dreadfully tired. But soon I'll be able to get up. Then I can help you."

He continued to stroke her hair. "It will be fine when you're able to get around again."

"What can it be, Otto? I've never had anything of this sort before. A cold doesn't last for months."

"Something or other. Women often have things like this."

"I don't think I'll ever get well again," his wife said in despair.

"You are going to get well soon. You just have to keep your courage up."

Tears streamed over her face. "I'm a burden to you and nothing more."

"I love you, Lucie," Brose said softly, without changing his position.

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"Need I say more?"

JACK COLE

"No one can love a sick woman," she murmured.

"A sick woman is to be loved doubly, for she is a woman and a child at the same time."

"That's just it," the woman wept. "I'm not even that. Not even your wife. You don't have even that. I am only a burden."

His face was above hers. "Don't you love me any more?" he asked with his mouth close to hers.

"Otto—" she murmured weakly and pushed her hand between her breast and him.

"Don't you love me any more?" he asked softly. "Say it. I can understand that you mightn't love such a worthless fellow, someone who can't earn a living. Tell me right away so that I can throw myself out the window."

"Oh, Otto."

"Tell me right away, beloved, beautiful, only one," he said, playfully threatening her wasted face.

SUDDENLY her eyes overflowed with happy tears. "Do you really love me still?" she asked with a smile that tore his heart.

"I love you so that I am jealous of the bed you lie on."

"Oh," she said softly, "my blue and blond Otto."

"Say you love me."

"You're my whole life."

She put her moist lips against his mouth as timidly as a young girl exchanging her first kiss. She lay quietly, forgetting her tortured body in which, in ghostly silence, a cancer flourished.

In the evening Kern and Ruth were invited to a celebration on the second floor where the Rosenfeld family occupied two rooms. The family consisted of the mother, a woman of over sixty with silver-white hair on which she always wore a little cap, a daughter and three sons. Through the help of the fugitives' aid committee the daughter and one of the sons had finally secured positions: the daughter, who had formerly been in the advertising business, as a housemaid in Scotland, and the son, who was a surgeon, as a doctor in China.

Kern could not find work. He tried everywhere, but could get no employment even at twenty francs a day. At the end of a week their money was gone. Ruth received a small allowance from the Jewish committee and Kern from the Jewish-Christian one; together it amounted to fifty francs a week. Kern had a talk with the landlady and arranged for them to keep the two rooms for this price and to get coffee and rolls in the morning as well.

He sold his overcoat, his valise and what was left of the things Potzloch had given him. Then they began to sell Ruth's things—her mother's ring, some clothes and a narrow gold bracelet.

Kern would look for work until afternoon and then go back to the Verdun, where he would find Ruth poring over her chemistry books or knitting in Frau Brose's room.

"Come, Ruth, we'll make our excursion into high life."

They brushed their clothes, washed their faces and went out through the streets. They called this their excursion into high life because they carefully selected the most fashionable streets in Paris. They looked in shop windows and discussed what they would do if they owned the things displayed there.

ONE afternoon, in front of the palatial automobile showrooms in the Champs Elysées they encountered one of the Rosenfeld brothers and a technician named Waser. They were engaged in a heated argument. "Rosenfeld," said the technician, "just try to be sensible for a minute. For old people who live in the city, a big car's not bad at all, but what would you want with sixteen cylinders? They drink gasoline the way a cow drinks water. It's preposterous!"

"Suppose it does use gas," Rosenfeld answered excitedly, "that's not the point. It's chic, it's comfortable and it's marvelously safe and reliable."

"Man alive! Those are arguments for life insurance. A car must be a thoroughbred. Don't you even understand that?"

Waser dragged him to the next show window. "Look at that car! Four cylinders, but a nervous creature, a little puma, a panther when it springs. The eight-cylinder job is too heavy for my taste. And look at those lines, the sinuous way it creeps along the ground!"

Rosenfeld broke into derisive laughter. "And how do you expect to get into that baby's coffin? Waser, Waser, that's a car for Lilliputians! Picture a woman in evening clothes with an expensive fur coat and perhaps a dress of gold brocade or sequins, in December, say, with snow and slush on the street—and you in this radio cabinet on wheels. Can't you see you'd just be ridiculous?"

Waser got bright red in the face. "Herr Kern," he said, "which would you choose?"

"I'd be satisfied with a bicycle," Kern declared.

The two experts exchanged a glance. "Aha, so you haven't any feeling for cars, eh?" Rosenfeld suggested in disgust.

"Or for motor transport in general?" Waser asked coldly.

Kern cheerfully shook his head.

"Well, then, we beg your pardon."

They went away together, reconciled through Kern's ignorance—two friends in shabby suits on their way to quarrel about the merits of racing cars before going to collect their twenty-five-franc allowance from the fugitives' aid committee.

Kern looked after them in amusement. "Aren't human beings wonderful, Pony?" he said.

Ruth laughed.

KERN and Ruth had finished supper—a cup of cocoa and a slice of bread apiece—and were sitting in Ruth's room. Aside from their morning coffee that was all they had eaten each day for a week.

There was a knock at the door. "Probably Brose," Kern said to overcome the unavoidable feeling of dread.

"Come in," Ruth called.

Kern leaped up as the door opened. "Steiner!" he stammered.

"A reliable memory is the basis of friendship and the destruction of love," Steiner replied. "I beg your pardon, Ruth, for marching in with a maxim—but I just ran into my old acquaintance Marill downstairs; and so something like this was inevitable."

"Steiner, Steiner is here!" Kern shouted, starting to dance around the room.

"I seem to turn up in the role of Santa Claus," Steiner suggested. "That must mean that something's amiss. Let's have a look at you, my boy. And you, too, Ruth. Aha, hollow cheeks and half starved to death! And you haven't said a word to anyone about it, eh?"

Kern shook his head in embarrassment.

"I seem to have come in the nick of time. Get your things on, we're going to dinner."

"We've just had dinner," Ruth said.

"So I see," Steiner replied grimly. "Get on your things at once. I'm lousy with money."

"We've got our things on already," Kern said.

"Aha! Sold your coats to a co-religionist, who undoubtedly gypped you in the bargain—"

"No," Ruth interrupted him.

"My child, there are dishonest Jews too," Steiner grinned, "holy though your race seems to be at the moment as martyrs. So come along. We'll investigate the racial problems of roast chickens."

THEY went to a rotisserie and Steiner ordered dinner for them. "You can't have too much," he said; "it would make you sick. It's a blessing that Lilo forwarded your letter."

He looked on paternally as the two, in some embarrassment, attacked their food. "Now for some cake and coffee," he announced.

"I can't eat another bite," Ruth said.

"Yes, you can. Smoke a cigarette meanwhile. I bet Kern can, eh?"

"To be perfectly honest, yes."

"Well, then." Steiner saw to it that everything was eaten up, then he took them to the Café Maurice. "Have you ever been here before?" he asked.

Kern shook his head. "So much the better. This is the little Emigrants' Exchange. One of many. We'll just see what we can find."

Steiner spoke to a middle-aged man who looked sharply at Kern and Ruth, then nodded and went away. "He was once a mayor and a representative in the diet," Steiner said. "Now he supports himself and his five children by a trick. He spends his mornings, dressed just in trousers, shoes and a raincoat, going around to rich people, whose addresses he gets from acquaintances, asking for old clothes. Of course, almost always they start to send him away or throw him out. Then he opens his raincoat and shows his bare, hairy chest. You see, that's his psychological trick—for then he often gets something, discarded clothes and so on. That's the way people are. He sells the things and uses the money to buy bread for his children."

The man came back carrying two coats over his arm. "I think these will do."

"We'll just try them on and see."

Steiner forced Kern and Ruth to put on the coats. They fitted. Ruth's even had a little, worn sealskin collar.

"Good for you, Henrich," Steiner said. "How much are these things?"

"Give me anything you like," the man replied. "I never name prices for emigrants. If you have no money, keep them anyway."

"I'll be back again tomorrow. How are things in general?"

The man shrugged his shoulders. "I get between forty and fifty francs a day, and that's enough for me and the children. But if you can get me work at thirty francs I'll gladly spend ten hours a day in a mine to get it."

"I can't do it, Henrich," Steiner said.

"It's disgusting to have to live this way," the man said, "by chicanery."

"Don't get sentimental. All economic life is built on much worse chicanery. Look at me, up to now I've been a cardsharp, a forger of documents, a vagabond. I have been found guilty of assault and battery, resisting the police and a whole raft of similar crimes—and feel none the worse for it."

THE man nodded absent-mindedly. "My littlest one is sick," he said, "grippe, fever of 102. But they say fever doesn't mean much with children." He looked at Steiner beseechingly.

"Not a thing," the latter replied. "Quick healing process, nothing more."

"Well, I'll just go and have another look at her." He said goodby and left.

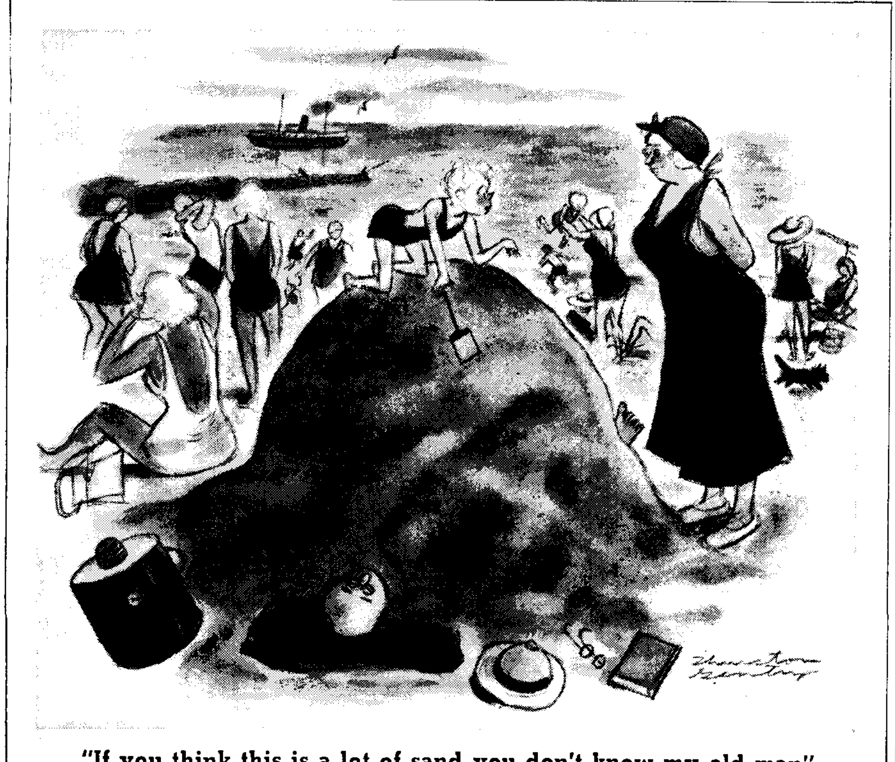
"I guess we'll go too," Steiner said. "It's damned gloomy here. And your eyes are practically shut already."

"We're not used to so much food."

"That's it, of course." They went out into the cold, windy night. Ruth turned up her collar and pulled the coat close around her.

Steiner laughed. "Warmth," he said, "everything in the world depends on a little warmth."

(To be continued next week)



"If you think this is a lot of sand you don't know my old man"

THURSTON GENTRY

GOING AWAY FOR LABOR DAY?
YOU BET I AM— WITH YOU AND SP

SPAMWICHES ARE FUN TO MAKE! All you need is cold sliced SPAM, bread and butter. You may add sliced hard egg, Russian dressing . . . watercress and mayonnaise . . . cream cheese and horseradish . . . chili sauce . . . sliced tomato, cheese and mustard . . . sweet pickle, chopped olives, pimiento, mayonnaise . . . or invent your own combination!

HERE'S ANOTHER TIMELY BALLAD! LUNCHES CALL FOR & SALAD
SOME LIKE IT COLD, SOME LIKE IT HOT EITHER WAY, ANY WAY SPAM HITS THE SPOT

RECIPE: Arrange thin slices of SPAM on each plate. Add Waldorf salad, radish rose, pickle fan and stuffed olive. Serve with finger rolls.

RECIPE: Cut SPAM in slices a quarter of an inch thick. Brown quickly in hot frying pan, and serve with fried eggs. Try it tomorrow!

TO OPEN: TEAR LABEL HERE
WIND OFF THIS STRIP WITH KEY
Good Housekeeping Bureau
SPAM
THE MEAT OF MANY USES BY HORMEL
NET WEIGHT INCLUDING JUICES 12 OZ.

FREE RECIPE BOOK! Like to know other quick ways of enjoying SPAM, Hormel's pure pork meat of many uses? Write for free copy of the new 20-page book, "Hormel Invites You to Dine." Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Dept. B9, Austin, Minn.

HORMEL GOOD FOODS

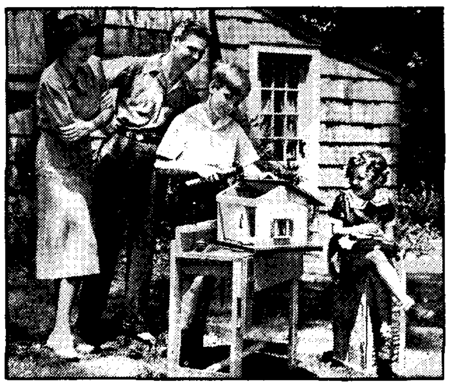
CHILI CON CARNE • HAM • CHICKEN • SOUPS

SPAM is a registered trade mark of Geo. A. Hormel & Co.

HAPPY DAYS AHEAD!

LUCKY LITTLE BOB AND MARY – THEIR MOTHER MADE A GRAND BREAKFAST DISCOVERY!

IT'S A FAMILY FROLIC nowadays, when Bob and Mary get together with Mother and Dad! First thing every morning, Mother serves a wonderful breakfast treat—delicious Post's 40% Bran Flakes! And Post's Bran Flakes do a lot toward keeping the family feeling top notch, too . . .

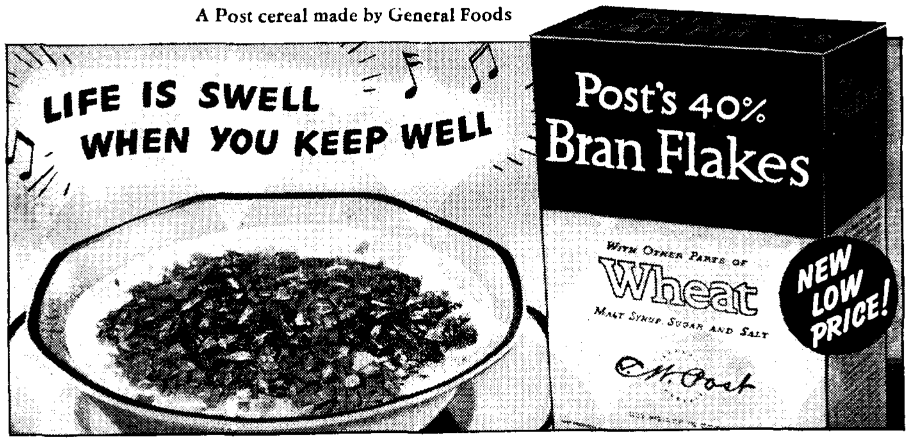


FOR MOTHER KNOWS that Post's Bran Flakes offer TWO EXTRA BENEFITS important for young and old. *First,* Post's Bran Flakes provide bran, a natural regulator. People whose systems are irregular, due to lack of bulk in the diet, find Post's Bran Flakes, eaten daily, a wonderful help. And . . .

FOR ACTIVE BODIES, big and little, the *second benefit* is of utmost importance, too. It lies in the *food* value of Post's Bran Flakes; they are a good cereal source of phosphorus, iron, Vitamin B1 to help maintain good appetite, and Vitamin G to help promote growth and vigor.

IT WAS IN SNOWTIME last winter that Mother discovered Post's Bran Flakes—and she's been serving them every day since then, either as a cereal or in bran muffins. "Those TWO EXTRA BENEFITS," she says, "seem to have been just what we needed—all four of us have *never* felt better in our lives!"

A Post cereal made by General Foods


LIFE IS SWELL WHEN YOU KEEP WELL
Post's 40% Bran Flakes
With Other Parts of Wheat Malt Syrup Sugar and Salt
C. W. Post
NEW LOW PRICE!

IMPORTANT: Post's Bran Flakes, due to their bulk, are a *regulative* cereal. Constipation due to insufficient bulk in the diet should yield to Post's Bran Flakes, eaten regularly—as a breakfast cereal or in muffins. For cases not corrected in this simple manner, a physician should be consulted.

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Unholy City

Continued from page 13

however, Clinton's fellow jurors denounced him as a smut hound, a notoriety seeker, a Peeping Tom and an ill bird; and the daily press ridiculed him as a "one-man grand jury." Plainclothes men were sent on expensive journeys to find out about his past life, returning with infamous slanders that were circulated by word of mouth or through the medium of "throw-away" sheets. Undaunted, Clinton organized a committee called CIVIC, and set it in motion as a clearinghouse for information and action.

Bombs and Bullets

And still the people of Los Angeles were not aroused, remaining smugly complacent even through murder and attempted assassinations. For instance, Les Bruneman, a notorious gambler, was shot down for some infraction of gang rules, as he swaggered the promenade in Redondo Beach, girl on arm. It was a poor job, for the killers missed his heart by an inch. In October, however, three months later, Bruneman and his nurse made the mistake of leaving cover to visit an obscure beer joint. As he sat buying drinks for the house, four men drove up and two walked in, carrying automatics. Down went the gambler at the first fire, and the trigger lads riddled him with lead as he writhed. The nurse was wounded in both legs, and a rash young man who ran out to get the number of the car met death at the door, seven bullets reaching vital spots.

In early November, Clinton himself had a narrow escape from assassination, a bomb blowing up a wing of his home. Only the chance that he and his wife and three children were in another part of the house saved them from a ghastly end. Just as the police had done nothing about the Bruneman murder, so did they dismiss the Clinton explosion as "an advertising stunt." Incredibly enough, public opinion accepted the explanation despite the fact that it was the fourth in a series of bombings, with every one of the victims a critic of the Shaw administration.

Just as if to see how much a people would stand, Clinton's witnesses were "third-degreed" in scandalous fashion. Some were arrested on fake charges, some saw bullets fired through their homes, and others were beaten within an inch of their lives. And in December, by way of climax, the grand jury ended its labors with praise of the Shaw administration, and denunciation of Clinton as a "malicious, unbridled, reputation-smearing gossip."

More than enough to make anybody quit, but still the Cafeteria Kid plugged away, and in recognition of his courage, Lady Luck smilingly decided to give him a break. One Ralph Gray had been suing Police Commissioner Harry Munson, a Shaw campaign manager, for $3,000 that he claimed as wages for political work. Harry Raymond, a private detective, helped Gray with the suit, and soon the whisper spread that "Hard-boiled Harry" had gathered enough facts about the syndicate's campaign contributions to ruin the city hall machine.

On the morning of January 14, 1938, exactly two weeks before a hearing at which he was to be the key witness, Raymond was virtually blown to bits by a bomb that had been connected with the ignition of his car. How the man managed to live is still a puzzle to surgeons, for during the course of nineteen operations exactly 156 pieces of metal were removed from his body.

Diving headfirst into the pool of blood, Clinton came up with proof that Captain Earle Kynette, commanding the police department's so-called intelligence unit, had been occupying a "spy house" next door to Raymond's home for several months. At first Kynette was arrested for telephone tapping only, but later evidence compelled his indictment for attempted murder, and after a brawling trial of three months, he was found guilty and sentenced for from one year to life. His defense, by the way, rested on the theory that Raymond, like Clinton, had bombed himself!

Now, with a regular Hollywood splash, came the dawn. Public opinion, aroused at last, furnished volunteers to circulate petitions for Mayor Shaw's recall, and in the face of every known harassment by the police, 120,000 signatures were procured, and September 16th set as the date of a special election. This done, Judge Fletcher Bowron was drafted as a candidate over his anguished protest, for no recall election had ever succeeded, and it was certain that Shaw would have the support of the daily press and the largest slush fund in history. Never in the United States was there a bitterer, more hate-filled campaign, but when the votes were counted, Bowron had won by the whopping majority of two to one.

A Creditable Showing

Now for the comparison between things as they were when the new mayor took office and as they are today. Some "houses of call" and "escort bureaus" still persist, but there are no longer any wide-open brothels; all gambling establishments have been wiped out, likewise the slot-machine racket, and the syndicate admits liquidation. Mr. Gans has retired, pleading ill health, Mr. Parrot and Mr. Cradick are now "just plain lawyers," and Mr. McAfee has transferred his "investments" to Nevada. (His Ninety-one Club near Las Vegas, by the way, represents an initial expenditure of $500,000 and the Frontier Club, another glittering gambling establishment hard by Boulder Dam, cost almost as much.) The new council may be expected to clean up the beer parlors and B girls, and while the gambling ships and Clover Club are not within his jurisdiction, Mayor Bowron accepts them as Los Angeles problems, and is still trying to clean them up.

What makes the record even more creditable is that he has been forced to devote most of the time to getting his hands untied. For example, he found at the outset that he was powerless to clean up the police department, a principal cog in the Shaw machine and the syndicate's principal asset. Every member from the chief down was a civil service appointee, not removable except on charges, and then with the Civil Service Commission acting as judges and jury. And the Commission, Bowron had charged repeatedly during the campaign, was every bit as rotten as the police department.

Happily, an honest grand jury swung into action, and soon proved that city jobs had been on sale at prices ranging from $100 to $1,500. Joe Shaw, the ex-mayor's brother, was indicted and convicted as having been chief salesman, and another high official skipped a $15,000 cash bond rather than stand trial. A new Civil Service Commission has cleaned house thoroughly, and as a result, the chief of police and twenty-three high-ranking officials are now among the missing. Eighty-five commissioners of various kinds were also kicked out.

Since Southern Californians, Inc., the Manufacturers' Association and other employer groups had fought him just as vigorously as organized labor had supported him, there was a natural expectation that Mayor Bowron would cast his lot with the unions. Instead of that, he put himself squarely on the side of the public, "the third party in every industrial dispute." What he proposed was neither mediation nor arbitration, but the appointment of an independent committee to ascertain and publish facts.

Fletcher Bowron realized that good government movements operate by fits and starts, usually just by fits. So before he was warm in his chair, he began to drive to *organize* the voters, not as Democrats or Republicans, but as *citizens.* "Few American cities have any real unity," he explained. "The part is generally much more important than the whole. That's the way it was in Los Angeles, and I knew I would fail unless I could work up a real *community sense,* backed by an alert, informed public opinion. So I set out to get it."

A Lesson for America

A difficult task in any city, but peculiarly so in Los Angeles, with its 450 square miles. Sheep and cattle ranches, virgin forest and mountain ranges, as well as Hollywood, are actually included in the corporate limits. At least twenty-five or thirty small towns go to make up the Big Town, each sufficient to itself.

The successive waves of immigration are responsible for the city's amazing growth. During the earlier years, retired farmers poured in from the Mississippi and Missouri basins, with a generous sprinkling of retired rich men. The aging millionaires huddled in restricted areas after the fashion of their kind, and the farmers clumped themselves in small settlements equally removed from the city's heart. None of these, quite obviously, had any large interest in the municipality itself, having picked it as a place in which to die rather than one to grow up in.

After 1929, however, the character of the immigration changed quickly and radically. Instead of retired farmers and retired millionaires, the roads into southern California filled with the army of the indigent and the unemployed, either riding in battered jallopies or hitchhiking. With no fuel problem, no clothes problem, cheap housing and cheap food, what better place in which to be poor than Los Angeles, the City of Perpetual Sunshine? Here again were no city builders, vital and vigorous, but whipped men and women looking for nothing more than a chance to exist.

One of Mayor Bowron's first approaches to the problem was to set up a Citizens' Assistance Bureau, operated by volunteers, for the reception of complaints and suggestions. Bowron has also put aside Thursday afternoon of each week for an "open house" when anybody willing to take his turn in line may see him. His principal contact with the people, however, is through the medium of radio, for the indomitable Clinton, while refusing to accept office, still keeps up the fight, and spends $4,000 a month on broadcasts. Twice each week the mayor reports to the citizens of Los Angeles, telling them what he has done and why, and what he proposes to do.

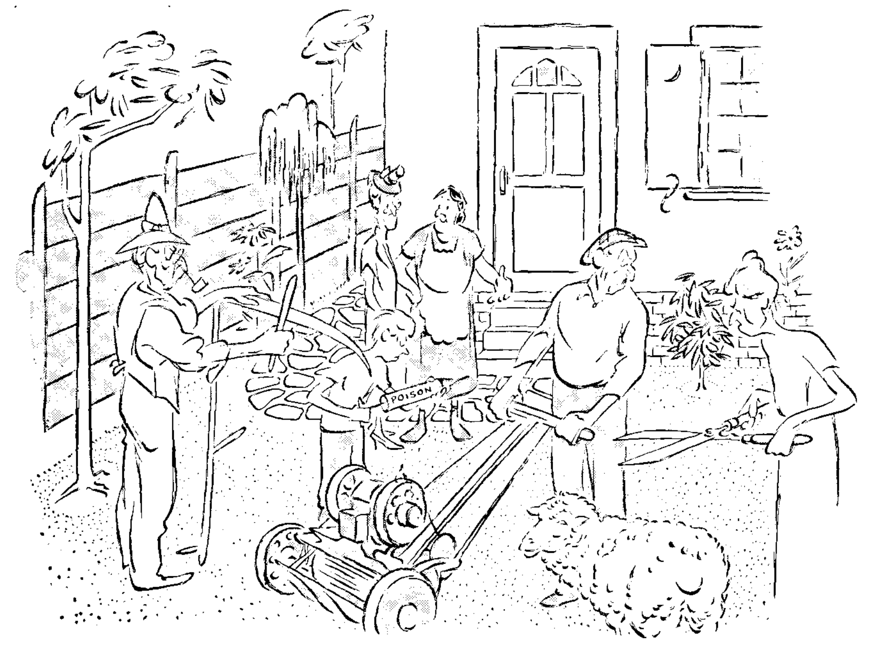
Mayor Bowron himself seems satisfied with his progress, and journeys over the city's 450 square miles support his optimism. Naturally enough, Right Wingers, Left Wingers, the Zealots, radical laborites and die-hard employers are not satisfied, for belligerents have never had any use for a neutral.

The solid people, however, hold him in liking and respect. And, despite the antics of the "nuts," and the years of Shaw and the syndicate, there are a lot of solid people.

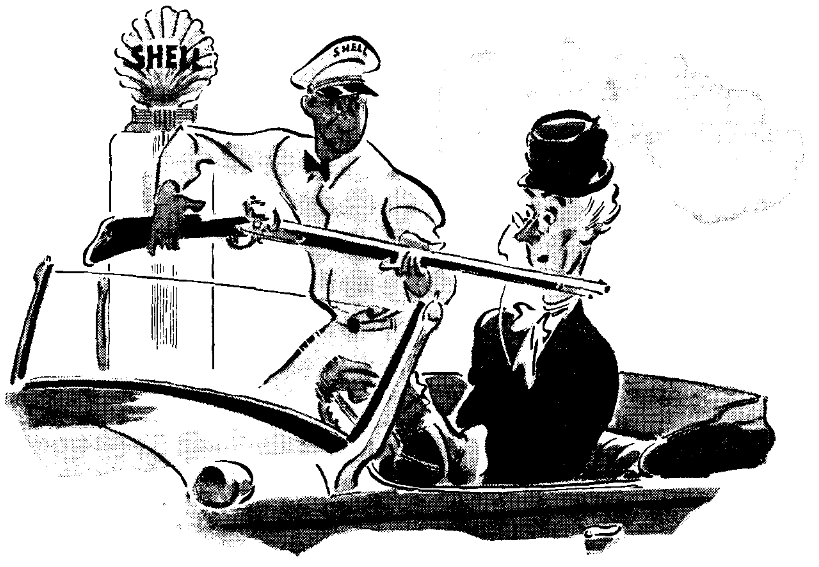
This popular support, of course, has had its effect on the daily press, and while the newspapers still resent Bowron, they take it out in picking and nagging. What also cramps editorial style is that the mayor, early in his administration, called the publishers together, and gravely asked *their* recipes for good government.

Mayor Bowron means to stay with the job. "You can't see a nation or a state," he said in parting, "but you *can* see a city. Municipal government is the real test of democracy. We've got to make a go of it. And we will. New York has thrown off the yoke of Tammany, Kansas City is rid of Pendergast, and for our part, we've ended the rule of a plunderbund and liquidated a vice and crime syndicate."

It's an interesting experiment to watch. If Fletcher Bowron can make Los Angeles like sound, sane, honest, economical business methods, instead of red fire and rockets, there's hope for every American community. Provided, of course, that it can dig up a Clinton, simple enough not to know the penalty for being a good citizen, and courageous enough to go on after he learns.



"Let one weed dare show its face and—zip!" GEORGE PRICE



Shades O' Daniel Boone!

According to the Historical Society marker, this highway my station stands on has been here for a long, long time.

Washington marched down it after fightin' at Brandywine Creek, an' the first settlers headin' for Pittsburgh an' Ohio rode by here in their covered wagons, but not on any pavement.

I like to think of some of the people who stop here as bein' like them old pioneers.

"Mister," I'll say, (or madam) "you got a long way to go, an' while there aren't no Indians to threaten you, there are plenty of tough hills. Why not protect *yourself* with Golden Shell Oil—it's *fast-flowin'* an' *tough*—takes care of every movin' part *all* the time!"

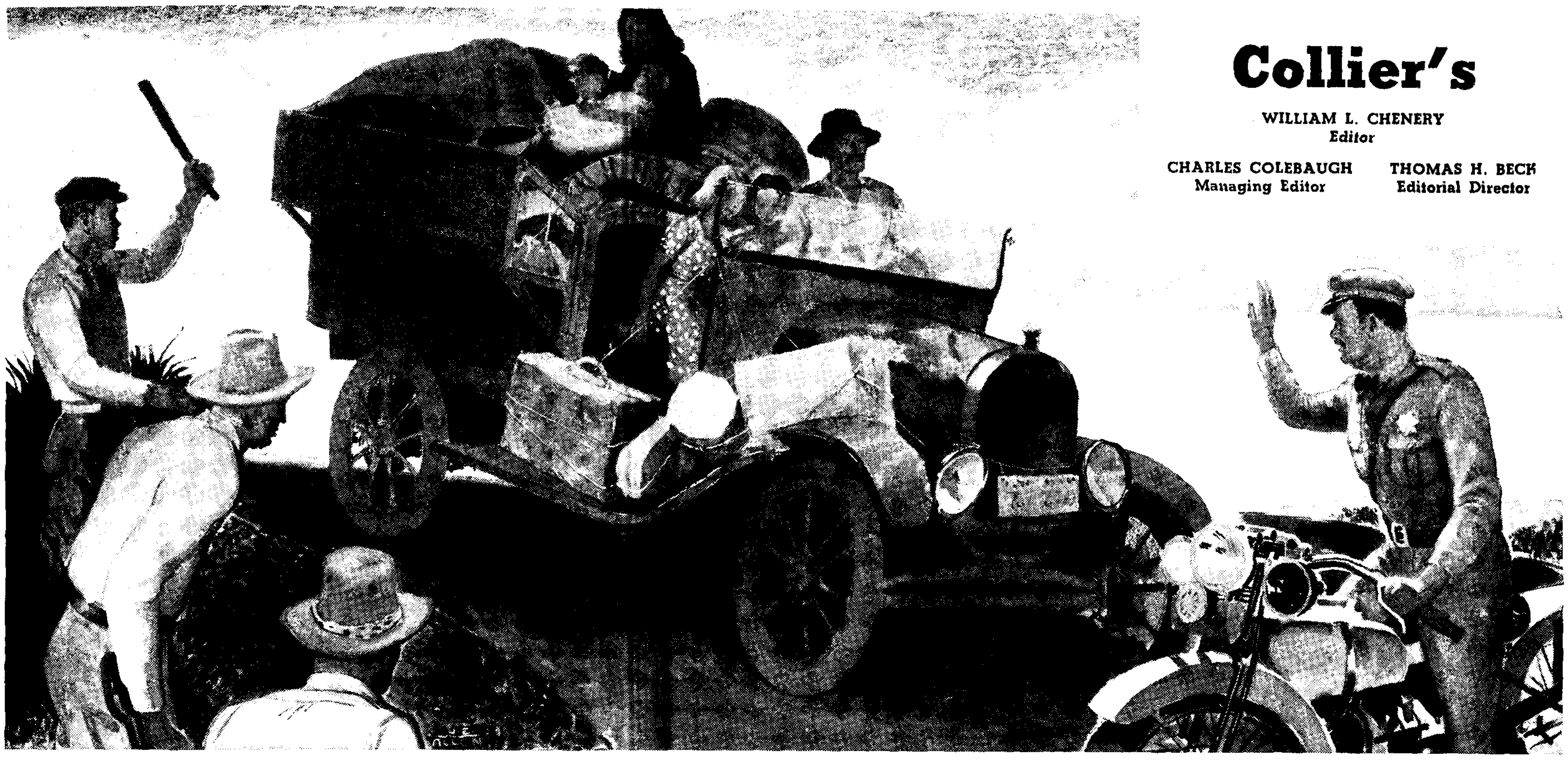
Or maybe I'll pull out the old flintlock I got stickin' under the desk. Handin' it to the customer I'll say: "Here's what our ancestors used to protect a covered wagon. Today, to protect an automobile engine, Golden Shell Oil is mighty comfortin'. At 25¢ a quart it's just about the most protection against motor wear you can get!"

You know, sometimes when I get thinkin' about it, I'm kinda sorry that they didn't have Golden Shell in *those* days. Why, if we could've lubricated the axles of those wagons with *that* oil—this country mighta grown *twice* as fast!

Sincerely,

Your Shell Dealer

P.S. Gosh, here it is almost Labor Day again. That's a big day for us Shell dealers. But if there's anything we can do to make your trip pleasanter—why, we can always find room for one more.



Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY
Editor

CHARLES COLEBAUGH
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THOMAS H. BECK
Editorial Director

"Grapes of Wrath"

SOME say that John Steinbeck's best-selling novel, The Grapes of Wrath, is a twentieth-century Uncle Tom's Cabin and then some. Others call it a despicable piece of propaganda. The debate is moving a lot of people to read the book, so we'll tell what we think of it.

For one thing, we think The Grapes of Wrath is a very moving book, crammed with human tragedy and comedy (plus considerable dirt), and written in an extremely graphic style. It has to do with poor, broken Southern share croppers forced out of Dust Bowl cotton fields into a flight to California by drought and tumbling cotton prices. You can't help feeling sorry for the poor, harassed devils. A social system that can work such hardships on any substantial number of people unquestionably has its rotten spots.

But we also think that The Grapes of Wrath, as charged by many critics, is propaganda for the idea that we ought to trade our system for the Russian system. It is Mr. Steinbeck's or anybody else's privilege to publish such propaganda in this country—which fact is one of the glories of America.

But it is also anybody's privilege, of which we here avail ourselves, to point out that a similar novel could be written about Russia.

The locale would be the Ukraine, Russia's best wheat and farm area; time, winter 1931-32. The characters would be salty Russian peasants, in place of Mr. Steinbeck's hymn-roaring, hell-raising share croppers.

Instead of American deputy sheriffs dusting around to shoo evicted hiders-out off foreclosed cotton lands, there would be droves of Red army soldiers and OGPU operatives beating up and down the Ukraine. They would be stripping the peasants of every movable foodstuff, and simply leaving the peasants to starve. Selected peasants would be sent to Siberia.

The score in the end would be between three and four million Russian peasants actually and literally dead of starvation—as against perhaps 300,000 American share croppers forced out of the Dust Bowl and into a California which, while it didn't welcome them with glad cries, at least didn't let them starve to death.

Responsible for the Russian tragedy would be the government at Moscow—quite a contrast to the government at Washington, which strives endlessly to prevent or alleviate such miseries as The Grapes of Wrath depicts.

The reason for the tragedies in our imaginary Russian Grapes of Wrath would be that the Moscow government had had no luck in selling the peasants the idea of socialized farming, with nobody but the government really owning anything. Hence, the peasants had gone on a sit-down and kill-the-cattle strike, and were raising nothing beyond their own needs. So the government was forced to confiscate everything it could find on the farms to feed the city populations—city populations being harder to keep down than scattered farmers.

As we say, we don't defend the flaws in our system that are to blame for the share-cropper tragedies.

But we do suggest that a country where everybody is free to think, talk, write and act (short of violence) against every social ill has a better chance to work out a just economic system eventually than has a country where all power resides in one man, and where you are shot or tortured or exiled or starved to death if you are caught as much as thinking that things might be a little better run.

The Insolence of Office

WE QUOTE from a recent Associated Press Washington dispatch which we wish the newspapers had front-paged and streamer-headlined:

> Life became a much more serious—and polite—business today for a lot of employees on the House side of the Capitol.
>
> The matter came to a head when a high government official asked an elevator operator the way to the Senate and got this reply: "Hell, I ain't no guide. Go find one."

Hearing of this, Chairman Millard F. Caldwell (Dem., Fla.) of the House Patronage Committee read the riot act to various Capitol workers who got their janitor, elevator, doorman, etc., jobs by knowing their congressmen well.

The public, said Caldwell, had to be treated henceforth with the utmost courtesy. Snubs were out. So were feet parked on desks and cigars drooping from lips when citizens asked questions. So were various other kinds of top-lofty treatment often dealt out to taxpayers by taxpayers' servants puffed up with a little brief authority.

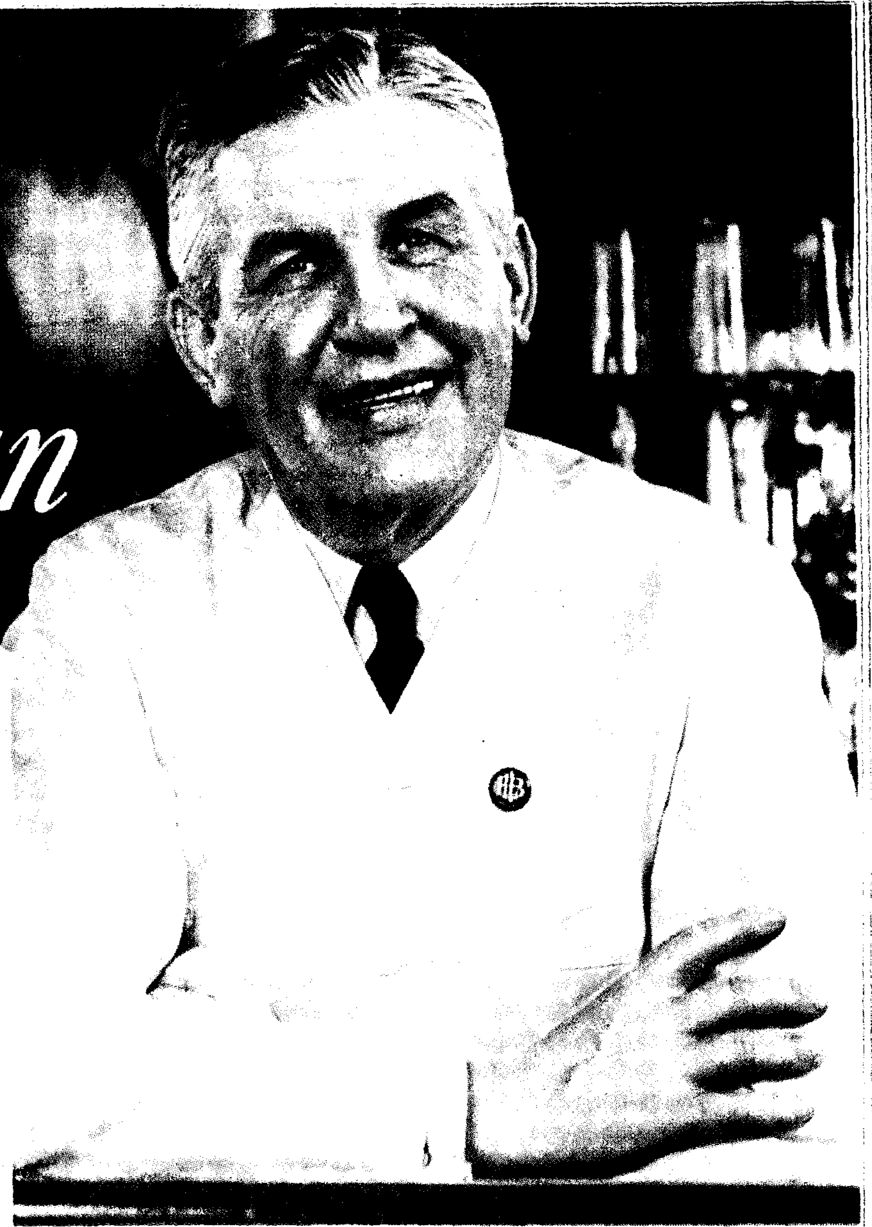
Caldwell's order is the best news in this line that we've heard since Jim Farley became Postmaster General and sent a similar order out to his entire force.

There is something about a job on the taxpayers that moves a person to be snippy and snappy toward those who pay his or her salary. Too many of our public servants habitually obey that impulse—though we believe a slim majority of them took their manners into their public jobs with them and continue polite.

Shakespeare had a name for this tendency of job holders to high-hat the public. He called it "the insolence of office;" and it was listed by Hamlet in his soliloquy as one of life's irritations that might conceivably justify suicide.

We think such stuff merely justifies (1) loud objections by its victims, and (2) strenuous efforts to crack back at any little stiff who dishes it out, such efforts consisting in forceful complaints to the political big shot who got the little stiff his job, or hers.

Your Favorite Bartender is a *Moderate* Man



THE BETTER BARMEN of America are fully aware of the social responsibility involved in the sale of liquor. Theirs is no easy task.

To practice moderation in their own lives is not enough; they must also *serve* in moderation!

Knowing how to refuse the unruly patron, politely but firmly, requires not only tact—but moral courage.

The great majority of barmen and liquor dealers realize that the future of the liquor industry is in their hands—that the livelihood of more than a million persons depends upon the orderly manner in which they collectively conduct their business.

All they ask is your cooperation. In return, they pledge themselves to operate their establishments in a respectable and law-abiding manner.

They want your good will—but they know they must *earn it!*

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This message is sponsored by the House of Seagram in the interests of "America's Finest" Bars and Stores

Canada's Finest
Distillers since 1857
Seagram's
V.O.
CANADIAN
RARE OLD BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY
Distilled, Aged & Blended under the supervision of the Canadian Government
YEARS 6 OLD
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a distinctive whiskey of rare bouquet and full flavor — smooth and mellow
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Ancient Bottle
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SEAGRAM'S 7 CROWN Blended Whiskey. "America's Finest" rich whiskey. Very light with full, rounded flavor. 28% straight whiskies 4 years old. 12% straight whiskies 5 years old. 60% Grain Neutral Spirits. 90 Proof.

SEAGRAM'S 5 CROWN Blended Whiskey. "America's Finest" mild whiskey. Popular priced. Deliciously delicate. 15½% straight whiskies 4 years old. 12% straight whiskies 5 years old. 72½% Grain Neutral Spirits. 90 Proof.

SEAGRAM'S ANCIENT BOTTLE GIN, "*The World's Finest.*" Pale golden in color. Mild as a vintage sauterne. Makes the most delicious Martini you've ever tasted. Distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits. 90 Proof.

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Easy on Your Throat–
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